PHOTOPLAY

20¢

NOVEMBER

Elizabeth Taylor

The Secrets
Behind Hollywood's
Heartbreaks

The Three Loves
of SUSAN HAYWARD

Howard Keel's
Untold Story

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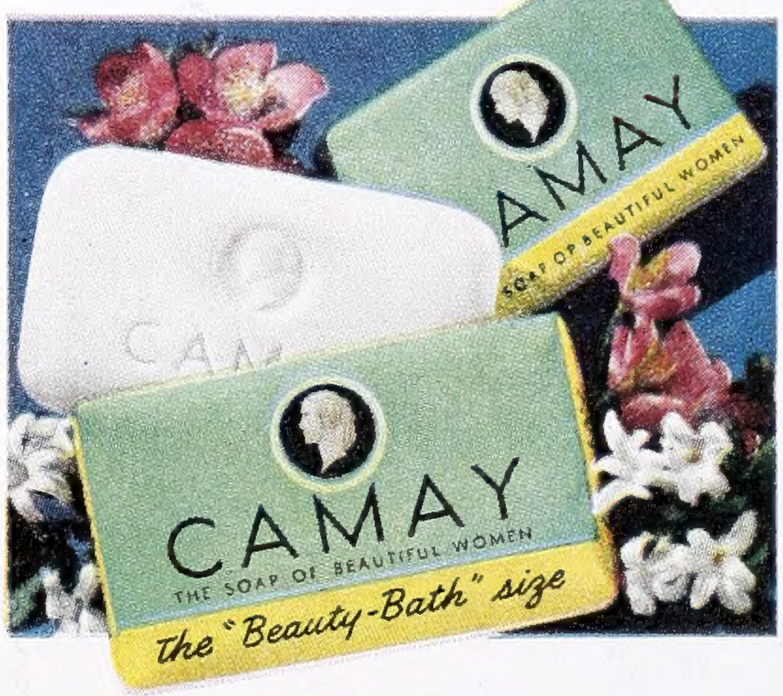
Bring your skin "Out of the shadows" with Camay...

INTO THE LIGHT OF LOVELINESS!

MRS. JEROME JOSEPH KALMUS—a stunning Camay Bride—says: "Camay keeps my skin 'out of the shadows,' all right. As soon as I changed to Camay and regular care, a clearer, fresher skin was mine!"

This lovely Camay Bride can tell you—the First Cake brings a brighter, clearer skin!



ROMANCE is often only a dream—marriage merely a hope—for girls with cloudy and dull complexions—skin that's "in the shadows," so to speak.

So why should you let shadows hide your charm? Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Your complexion will have a fresher, clearer look—be smoother to the touch, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

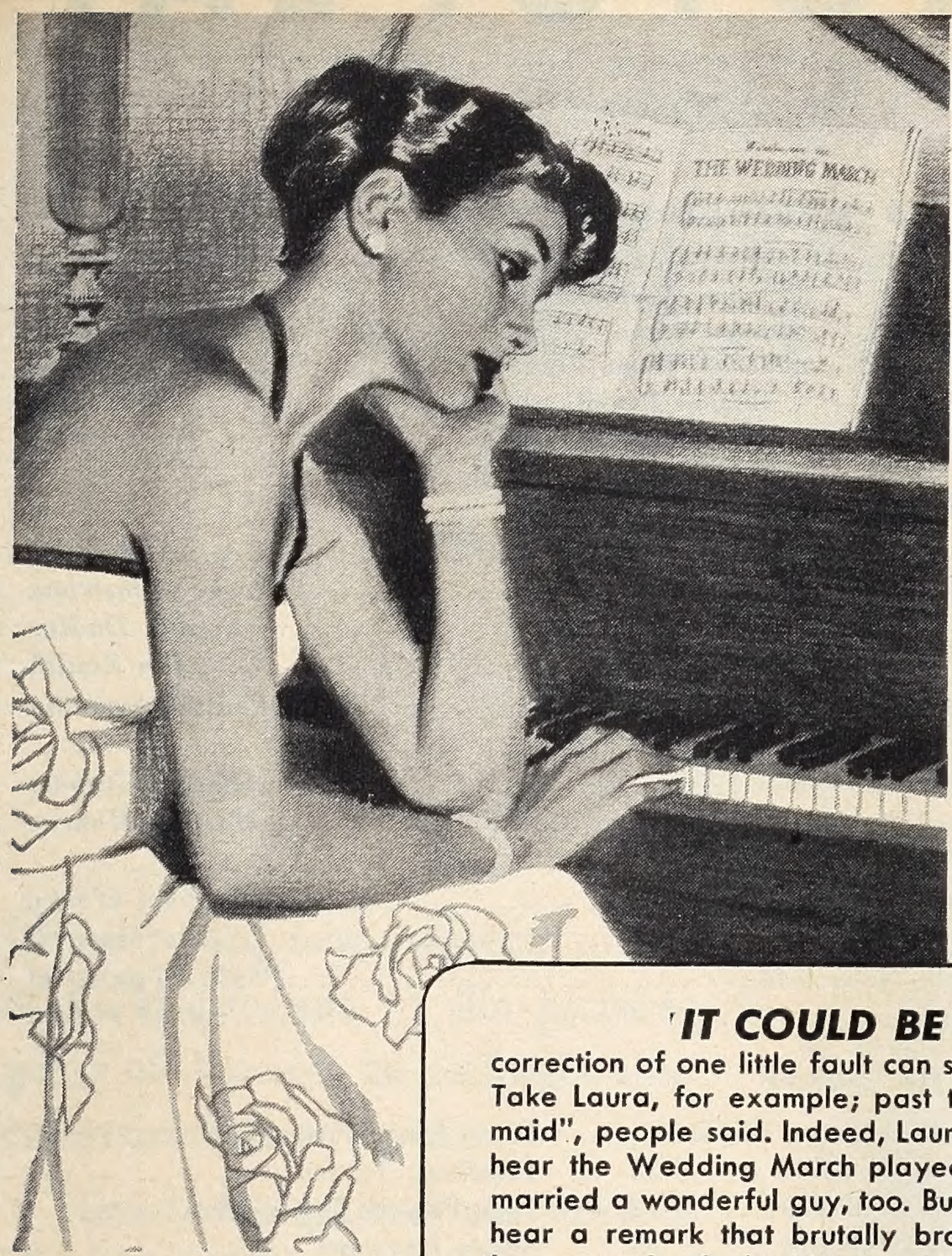
For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay has such a gentle touch—and its lather is rich, creamy, abundant. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty—top to toe!

Chase the shadows from all of your skin with a daily Camay Beauty Bath! Bring your arms and legs and back that "beautifully cared-for" look! Camay's fragrance is so flattering, too. Buy big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more luxury!

Camay the soap of beautiful women

She thought she'd never hear it . . . . . BUT SHE DID!



IT COULD BE YOU . . . It's wonderful how the correction of one little fault can sometimes change a girl's entire life. Take Laura, for example; past thirty, and not a prospect! "An old maid", people said. Indeed, Laura, herself, thought she would never hear the Wedding March played for her. *But eventually she did . . .* married a wonderful guy, too. But only because she chanced to overhear a remark that brutally brought home what her trouble* had been . . . why she had been unable to hold a man. Laura's case is not a rare one. It could be anyone. It could be you!

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

NOTHING repels a man like halitosis (bad breath)*. And everyone—even you—can be guilty without knowing it. Why risk offending needlessly . . . why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it?

Clinically Proven Four Times Better

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and oral bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste Kills odor bacteria like this—instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, *St. Louis 6, Missouri.*

THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

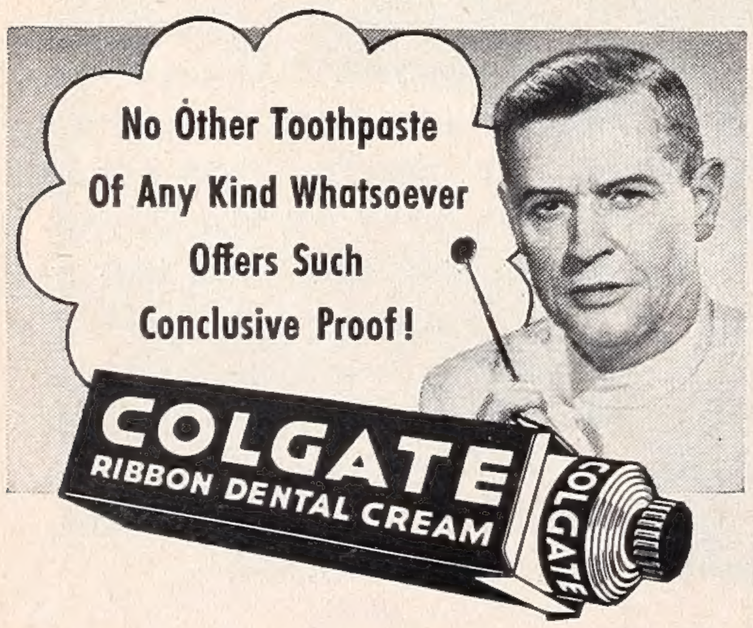
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate in the Mouth!

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

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exclusive to photoplay

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COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STAR OF "IVANHOE"
NATURAL COLOR PORTRAIT BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

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NOVEMBER, 1952 **VOL. 42, NO. 5**

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, President; David N. Laux, Fred R. Sammis and S. N. Himmelman, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions. Canada, $2.50 one year. $4.00 per year all other countries.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

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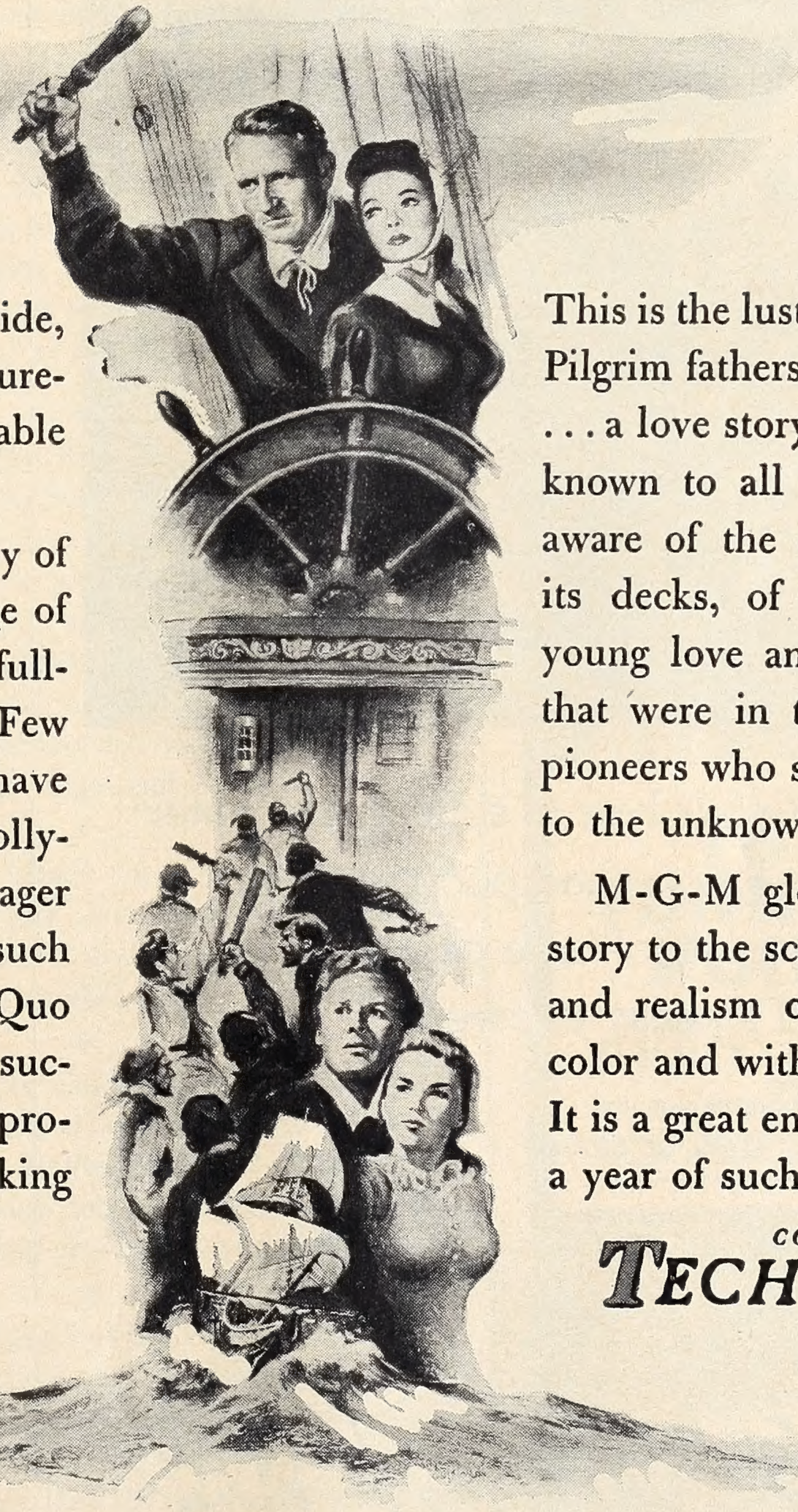
Member of The True Story Women's Group

M·G·M

the Producers of IVANHOE now present

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE



Once again, with sincere pride, M-G-M presents to the picture-goers of America an unforgettable entertainment adventure.

Here is the greatest sea-story of all time . . . the amazing voyage of a ship of destiny . . . brought full-blown and vibrantly to life. Few best-sellers of recent years have ever been so sought after by Hollywood. It was M-G-M, always eager to transpose to the screen such spectacular story favorites as "Quo Vadis" and "Ivanhoe", that successfully out-bid all other producers for the privilege of making "Plymouth Adventure".

This is the lusty screen story of the Pilgrim fathers. It's a human story . . . a love story. The Mayflower is known to all of us, but few are aware of the drama that stalked its decks, of the high courage, young love and desperate daring that were in the hearts of those pioneers who set out on a journey to the unknown.

M-G-M gloriously brings this story to the screen in the radiance and realism of color by Technicolor and with a magnificent cast. It is a great entertainment thrill in a year of such thrills!

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Starring SPENCER TRACY · GENE TIERNEY · VAN JOHNSON · LEO GENN

with DAWN ADDAMS · LLOYD BRIDGES *Screen Play by* HELEN DEUTSCH

From the Novel by Ernest Gébler *Directed by* CLARENCE BROWN *Produced by* DORE SCHARY

An M-G-M Picture

Use new *White Rain* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni

what hollywood's whispering about.

by *Florabel Muir*

What will happen to the Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner idyll when she goes to Darkest Africa? She'll be exposed to Clark Gable's great charm for months while they emote together in "Mogambo," for M-G-M. Frankie and Ava have hardly been separated overnight since their marriage.

His financial woes are worsening instead of bettering, and he has to hustle around for night-club dates to keep the home fires burning. He wants to do some singing in England while Ava's away, but he has to be caught up on his income taxes or Uncle Sam won't let him go. Dick Haymes couldn't get out of the country because he owed his Uncle Sugar too much in back taxes.

Gable will be the first Hollywood star to come under the eighteen months' tax-free deal so many film folk are trying to put over. They make pictures abroad for eighteen months, and they can take home their salaries clear. Gable has made one picture in England, has this one coming up in Africa, and M-G-M has promised him another in England. Gene Kelly expects to work out his stretch in France and Van Heflin is cooking up a similar deal.

Terry Moore has a new personality. She was formerly typed as a home girl who didn't play around. Now she's doing the night clubs with such eligible gents as Greg Bautzer and Kirk Douglas. Seems to have paid off for her. After having finished "Come Back Little Sheba" with Dick Jaeckel, she landed a fat, juicy role in "The Man on the Tightrope" with Kirk. The picture is being shot in Europe by Twentieth.

(*Continued on page* 6)

"Come Back Little Sheba" twosome

From THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

If you saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" you're probably still palpitating, as I am, to that great big beautiful hunk of male, Charlton Heston, who played the "boss man" of the circus. Well, let me tell you—Chuck (that's what his friends call him, so I'll call him that, too!) made such a hit in that swell picture that he was immediately slated for other big things, including "The Savage," which theatres will be showing in November.

* * *

Chuck plays a white man who, when he was a little boy, was rescued from sure death at the hands of the Crow Indians by their hated rivals, the Sioux. He grows up learning to love his adopted people. When the whites and the Sioux threaten to start a war, he is caught between loyalty to his own race and to the Sioux, who have been so good to him.

* * *

The white girl who makes him realize that his true happiness lies with her in his own world is played by Susan Morrow, a 19-year-old beauty you're going to hear about. She and lovely brunette Joan Taylor as the Indian girl, also in love with Chuck, are both young stars with great promise you'll enjoy watching. Handsome Peter Hanson, cast as Susan's brother, completes a foursome of Paramount's most interesting and exciting new personalities. You will really get a charge out of Chuck as the virile, hot-blooded hero of "The Savage" and you'll chalk up another hit for this bright and attractive new star.

* * *

If you'd like a drooley photo of Chuck for your dressing table mirror, I'll be happy to send you one. Just make sure you write me for it before November 15, 1952 or I won't be able to send it to you. Address me care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

* * *

Another film I want to recommend to you is "The Turning Point," a thriller I am sure you'll enjoy as much as I did when I was privileged to attend a preview of it. William Holden, Edmond O'Brien and lovely Alexis Smith really do a solid job of entertaining in this modern story of the smashing of a big city crime syndicate.

* * *

I don't know whether you heard this yet, but Bill Holden was recently voted "Mr. Dreamboat" in a poll conducted by the bobbysoxers of America, and he sure lives up to his name in his big love scenes with glamour girl Alexis. The part Edmond O'Brien plays is a big change from his recent boots-and-saddle roles. He's the fighting lawyer whose dangerous job it is to turn the tide against crime in a city riddled with it. Believe me, this one will have your pulses hammering with excitement, it's that suspenseful and gripping.

* * *

P.S. Next month I'll have news for you about "Road to Bali," the travel-laugh film co-starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, that everyone is waiting for.

New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!

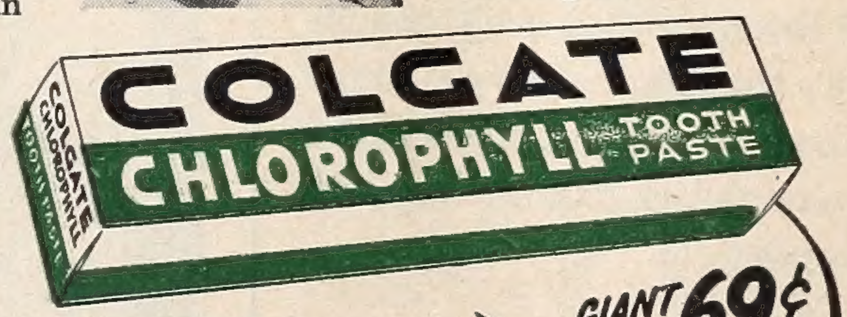
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!

Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!

what hollywood's whispering about.

by Florabel Muir

(*Continued from page* 4)

Hedy Lamarr is trying to get someone to put up the cash to produce "The Story of Esther" in Europe, with her, of course, playing Esther. She laid out $35,000 to acquire the story, and now she's knocking on bank doors.

What about Joan Crawford's decision to do a Broadway play after all these years of stage fright? She was so scared, she wouldn't even go to the theatre to accept her Oscar. Said the thought of getting up before all those people made her ill. She's to do Norman Krasna's play, "Kind Sir," with Charles Boyer as co-star.

Joanne Dru and John Ireland may have been battling while on their eastern straw-hat circuit, despite denials. She was sporting a black eye, but refused to tell how come. Hollywood wonders which one will file for divorce.

What is Gary Merrill trying to prove with his boisterous conduct at night spots and his "crazy red shorts" and tuxedo? He got tossed out of Mocambo during a private party given by Marie McDonald and her husband, Harry Karl, for Jake Arvey, Democratic political boss. Bette Davis, Gary's wife, who usually takes him home when he gets too gay, was busy working nights in "The Star" and couldn't be on hand.

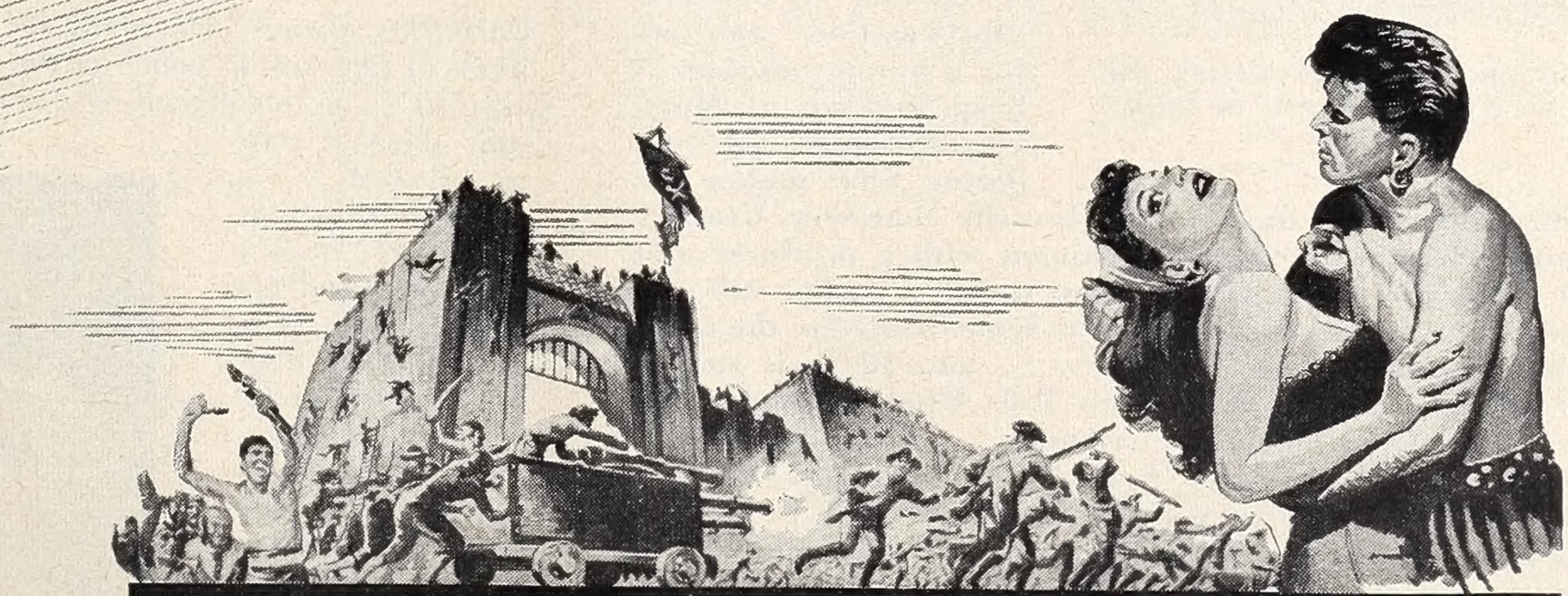
Jean Wallace, wife of Cornel Wilde—she used to be Mrs. Franchot Tone—has been telling everybody she is going to have a baby. Jean has certainly settled down since she married Cornel.

Joan and Bob Young take the air

BURT LANCASTER AS THE CRIMSON PIRATE

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

"Booty or Beauty... I take what I want!"



Filmed in the Mediterranean and presented by WARNER BROS.

WITH NICK CRAVAT WRITTEN BY ROLAND KIBBEE PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT DIRECTED BY ROBERT SIODMAK

A NORMA PRODUCTION · DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

that's hollywood for you

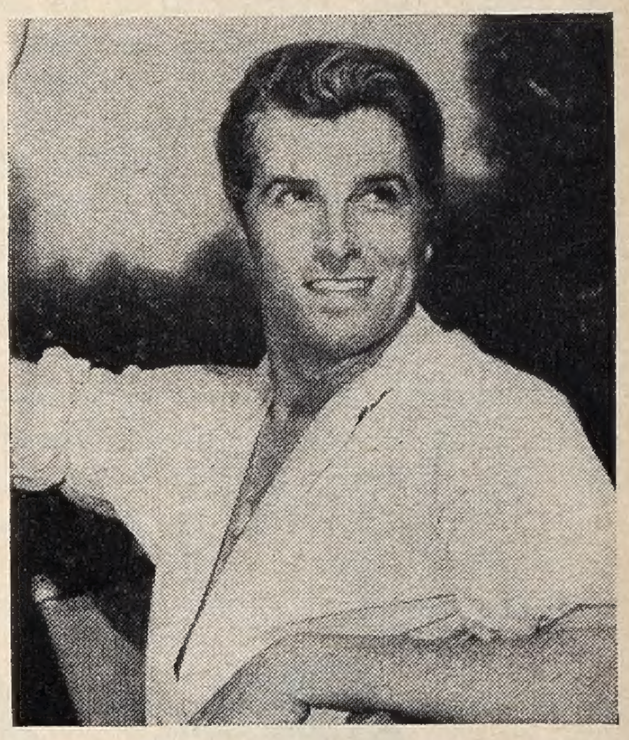
by Sidney Skolsky

I WOULD LIKE to hear George Sanders talk to Zsa Zsa Gabor as he did to Anne Baxter in "All About Eve." . . . Aldo Ray is great playing a supporting role but he can't be the hero and carry a picture . . . First thing visitors to Hollywood comment on when they go out at night is the amount of neon lighting all over town . . . Gloria Grahame has put on weight, and it's okay with me . . . I'm convinced that wearing falsies improves nothing . . . Every time I hear Shelley Winters talk, I think of a Sousa march . . . What happened with Jan Sterling? She rates much better roles in important pictures . . . Marlene Dietrich and Rosemary Clooney are my favorite current combination on records. Clooneyville is your next favorite movie star . . . And after Rosie clicks maybe some producer will be bright enough to sign Patti Page . . . Gosh, I can remember all the way back when bobby soxers mobbed Van Johnson . . . Cyd Charisse sleeps best when it's raining . . . Drive-in theatres prove that TV can hurt the movies but they can't hurt love . . . Asked about a new picture as he came out of the preview, baseball fan Tony Curtis shrugged and said, "A bunt!" . . . Bob Hope says that Hollywood is a place with one thousand station wagons and no station. Jerry Lewis never looks as if he's married, even when he's with his wife.

Doris Day has Sidney musing. She is in Warners' "April in Paris"

Who thinks up names like Rock, Piper and Tab? . . . Esther Williams has a private kennel built in a closet off her bedroom for her pet cocker spaniel, Angie . . . In a movie, I've never seen anyone dial "Information" and ask for a phone number. I keep looking at Mona Freeman and keep wondering what makes her so sexy to so many men . . . My favorite character, Gregory Ratoff, relented during an argument with a producer and said, "You are partly 100 per cent right." . . . I'm still surprised when I see a movie actor, as Scott Brady, on the stage giving a sustained performance . . . Ann Blyth is such a lady she can play a scene with Bob Mitchum and make him seem like a polished gentleman . . . To her friends, Elizabeth Taylor is now "Becky" . . . Diana Lynn told me, "Of course I like television. Look what it did for me. The necklines in my movie gowns are two inches lower than they've ever been" . . . Any picture with Jean Hagen in it is better to me . . . I still look upon Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck as a team, despite the fact that I know Taylor is playing the field and Stanwyck is interested in Ralph Meeker . . . Mel Ferrer can outdance any movie hero at Mocambo . . . At her swank dinner parties, Joan Crawford always seats on her right the guest who happens to be in her house for the first time, regardless of what his or her importance standing happens to be.

Marilyn Monroe wears red, white and blue slacks, as if she needs to flag-wave to attract attention . . . Why don't they put Jane Wyman into a Technicolor version of Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"? . . . When Ruth Hussey's husband gifted her with a television set for her bedroom, he said, "Well, I guess there'll be no sleeping with you now" . . . Hollywood must be a very clean place because I hear so many people are always being washed up . . . Kirk Douglas is the only guy who lost his shirt and became a movie star. I'd like to see him fully clothed throughout one entire picture.



Smart fellow, this Fernando Lamas! He is a hit in "The Merry Widow"

Suave Gilbert Roland loves horses and bulls, but is horrified of cats and people who own them. Don't expect to see him having lunch with James Mason . . . Lucille Ball rubs cologne all over her body after she takes a bath . . . I know that Fernando Lamas is sentimental but he has never written a love letter. He's smart, too . . . Tyrone Power reads aloud to Linda Christian in bed. Linda says his voice is wonderful, because it puts her to sleep . . . On the set I asked Corinne Calvet why she didn't knit between scenes as other actresses do. Corinne replied, "It isn't sexy. I always avoid doing things that aren't sexy."

Doris Day always looks as if she's freshly scrubbed . . . Best hunk of new sex to come on the screen is Katy Jurado . . . I have yet to be introduced by a movie star to a man from Texas who doesn't own an oil well . . . After hearing that Betty Hutton's husband hired his old rival for Betty's affection, Pete Rugalo, to make the musical arrangements for Betty's act, I can only say that the movies make stranger bedfellows than politics . . . Says Ava Gardner, "Any time a woman sets out to show she's smarter than a man, she proves how dumb she is!"

Debbie Reynolds has a quick visit with Mel Ferrer in the M-G-M commissary

Autumn brings new beauty, new excitement

. . . let it bring
a new and lovelier you

says

WOOLWORTH'S

Susan Smart

Autumn can be the most romantic time of the year . . . so you'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest. Begin your Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's. You'll find counter after counter brimming with your favorite nationally advertised cosmetics and toiletries. Choose them *now,* at handy Woolworth's . . . and learn the new excitement this season can bring.

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* *plus tax*

EXQUISITE! GAY! EXCITING! And now it can be *yours* . . . the misty fragrance of PARK & TILFORD Perfume #3. A delightful "dress up" scent both precious and lasting. Brilliantly boxed in a sparkling plastic jewel case. Only 49c*

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HOLI-DATING? Here's news . . . DURA-GLOSS *Perfumed* Nail Lacquer puts the "extra" in special occasions. Imparts subtle fragrance to your twinkling fingertips. Quick-drying, chip-free. 10 salon shades, in a plumed bottle. 25c*

BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THAT CHAP! When Winter weather leaves hands rough and red, let PACQUINS Hand Cream help to make them soft and smooth again. Two kinds —for normal or extra-dry skin. 25c, 49c, 98c*

SNOW WHITE AND SPARKLING, that's your smile with PEPSODENT. Pepsodent's patented oral detergent cleans, brightens, fights decay, works where brush can't reach . . . insures a lasting clean mouth taste, as well. 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c

HELP YOURSELF to a peaches-and-cream complexion, with LADY ESTHER'S Complete Creme Make-Up. It hides those tiny blemishes and lines . . . keeps your skin looking petal soft all day long! 5 flattering shades. Just 49c*

PREFER A LOTION? You'll prefer HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its rich emollients work wonders on rough, dry skin . . . keep hands softer, lovelier, smoother. 3 handy sizes: for purse, home or office. 10c, 25c, 49c*

SEE YOUR COMPLEXION BLOOM with new beauty . . . this Winter, give it the *extra* protection it needs with LADY ESTHER'S 4-Purpose Face Cream. Lady Esther cleanses, softens, smooths. A fine powder base, too. 29c, 55c, 83c*

PERMANENT HAIR BEAUTY! Treat yourself to a TONI Home Permanent. *New* Toni Trio lets you choose the permanent just right for you. *Regular* for normal, *Super* for hard-to-wave and *Very Gentle* for easy-to-wave hair. $1.50*

FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. Not a creme or soap, it's a *new kind* of shampoo. Like washing with softest rain water! It leaves hair lustrous, cloud-soft . . . so easy to comb and set. 30c, 60c, $1

WHY KISS AND TELL? Try HAZEL BISHOP, the amazing no-smear lipstick that leaves no tell-tale traces! Won't eat off . . . smudge off . . . kiss off! All day long your lips stay fresh and colorful as the moment you first apply it. $1.10*

STAY LOVELY TO LOVE whatever you do . . . skiing, skating, dancing, with FRESH Cream Deodorant. Fresh checks perspiration. Its amazing ingredients become reactivated to assure continuous protection. It's safe yet gentle. 25c, 39c*

it's fresh! it's fabulous! it's for YOU...

"RED HOT 'n BLUE"

by CUTEX

For that Beautiful American Look

. . . Cutex creates "Red Hot 'n Blue" . . . a sizzling new red— mellowed with a sweet touch of blue! Light your lips and fingertips tonight with this new color magic that starts hearts beating . . . phones ringing . . . things humming beautifully for you!

New! A Miracle Indelible . . . Stay Fast! *Creamiest, smoothest* lipstick ever created—because it's so rich in creamy-soft lanolin. Never smears—never leaves a kissprint! Lips stay thrillingly soft. 59¢ *plus tax.*

America's Longest-Wearing Polish . . . Spillpruf Cutex! Made with Enamelon, beautiful Cutex "sets" hard as a jewel! Gives lasting non-chip wear! Another Cutex first . . . miraculous Spillpruf bottle protects clothes, rugs, furniture! 15¢ *plus tax.*

Evening Separates
by Nelly de Grab

★★★ "that beautiful American Look"!

AT PRICES THAT FIT YOUR POCKETBOOK!

Glorified by RED HOT 'n BLUE . . . "that beautiful American look" . . . the fresh, vibrant, lovely look that invites compliments, inspires romance . . . can be yours with these exciting products.

Begin with a quick home facial . . .

Softly accent your eyes . . .

Add a sparkling, beautiful smile . . .

Highlight with "radiantly alive" hair . . .

That looks so naturally curly . . .

For head-to-toe smoothness . . .

Now for the finished touch . . . breathtaking color!

readers inc...

SOAP BOX:

I wish to say—pooh-pooh! Hardly a month passes that Liz Taylor, Farley Granger and the rest are not spread all through Photoplay.

That's okay. But how about giving some of the others more than a mere mention? Especially my boy Bogart!

Bogie did get an Oscar, he did get named film father of the year, he's a very good actor and a colorful person. So give the ole boy a break.

VIVIAN SCHEU
Evansville, Indiana

Heartiest congratulations to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans! They're never seen in "mushy" pictures, even though they're happily married. Let's have a lot more of this and a lot less of that other junk. Let 'em do it at home, but please keep it away from the cameras.

A. TAYLOR
Detroit, Michigan

A few years ago I saw "Fortunes of Captain Blood" with Louis Hayward. I have seen him in only one other picture, "The Lady and the Bandit." But he became my favorite actor. I'm sure he has a lot of fans besides me who want to see him more. He is much better than some of those "dreamboats" like Tony Curtis, etc.

MRS. RONALD CRANE
Bayside, Long Island

Why haven't Shirley Temple's baby pictures been re-released? I'm sure the youngsters these days would enjoy them just as much as their parents did and I know many of my friends and I would love to see them again.

MRS. EMIL HENNESSEY
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

QUESTION MARKS:

I would like some information on Anthony Steel who starred in "Ivory Hunter." I just had to write and congratulate him on doing such a wonderful job.

HERMAN CHASE
Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania

He's an Englishman who left soldiering to act. First lead role: "The Wooden Horse." Watch for him in "Planter's Wife" and "Something Money Can't Buy."—ED.

Anthony Steel

Natalie Wood

Will you please tell me Natalie Wood's age and what pictures she will be in next? In the August issue of Photoplay you had a picture of her dating a boy. If she's so grown up, why does she play such little girl roles in the movies?

JANET ERICKSON
Eveleth, Minnesota

She's fourteen and acts her age in "Just For You." Write her c/o Paramount Studios, Hollywood—ED.

Who played Helen Ramirez in "High Noon"? Has she appeared in any other movies? She reminds me of Maria Montez.

J. W. TOMES
U. S. N. T. C.
San Diego, California

Katy Jurado. She was in "The Bullfighter and the Lady."—ED.

Katy Jurado

William Marshall

I saw the show of "Lydia Bailey" and I wonder if you can give me some information on the man who played King Dick.

SUSAN NELSON
Salem, Oregon

That's William Marshall who played "de Lawd" in the Broadway revival of "Green Pastures."—ED.

I just saw the fifteen-year-old movie, "King Kong," starring Fay Wray. Can you tell me what has happened to her?

MRS. EDNA BROWNING
Utica, New York

You'll be seeing her soon again in Twentieth's "The Golden Condor."—ED.

CASTING:

Jeff Chandler is a dashing sheik, he's a handsome Hawaiian and magnificent as an Indian. But can't we have him as a Twentieth century American? Please let's see the new King of Hollywood in a comedy like "It Happened One Night."

MRS. PANSY GOUGHNOUR
Sheridan, Oregon

I've been waiting to see Arlene, the beautiful "Dahl," in another technicolor musical. Why not cast her with Ricardo Montalban or Fernando Lamas?

VIRGINIA C.
Wilmington, Delaware

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. However, our space is limited. And much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters we receive.

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"Carryette" has full-view mirror and cosmetic compartment.

a Deltah 'Park Avenue' Necklace, and with i

this fabulous "carryette" at no extra cost

The twin gift that's *doubly exciting!* . . . a superb "Park Avenue" necklace of lustrous simulated pearls by Deltah . . . *and with it, at absolutely no extra cost to you*—**this "Carryette" worth $7.50,** handsomely created in mock tortoise-shell.

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L. HELLER & SON, INC., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

AT BETTER JEWELERS

Deltah

SIMULATED PEARLS

hollywood party line

by Edith Gwynn

WOW-EEE! If this hasn't been a ma-a-ad month for Hollywood parties, night club doings and openings, I never expect to see one! And it's a cinch things will get even more hectic as the season progresses! Judy Garland and Sid Luft gave their first party since becoming Mr. and Mrs. (and can I help it if the Garland gal is so much in the limelight that she has to get into this report three times in a row?). Judy wore a dress of mauve—on the violet side—trimmed with tiny matching flowers. The affair was a midnight supper with dancing. Jimmy Stewart and his Gloria (well again after another siege of illness), Sonja Henie and Winnie Gardiner, the Barry Sullivans, among the sippers and suppers. Dick Powell and June Allyson too. June was in pale gray chiffon, long-skirted and flowing. Dotty Lamour wore gray lace—a lovely strapless thing with an enormous skirt over deeper gray satin. Rita Hayworth in a strapless, black lace Balenciaga number, there with Richard Greene. After supper, the Humphrey Bogarts, Pete Lawford, Kay Thompson and Judy gathered 'round the piano while Roger Edens beat out scads of wonderful tunes. Plenty of singin'!

Undoubtedly, "the hostess with the mostest" was Marie McDonald, who with hubby, Harry Karl, took over the entire Mocambo to toss a champagne and caviar dinner dance for the visiting Colonel and Mrs. Jacob M. Arvey of Chicago. Lavish is the word! Hundreds of guests streamed from the bulging buffet table to their gardenia-laden individual tables. Flowers were everywhere. Even the walls were covered with white blooms. Ava Gardner—with her Frankie, of course—looked like part of the decor in white lace over nude soufflé. Anne Sheridan (in black lace over pale blue) with Jacques Mapes, Jane Wyman (in white, trimmed with red velvet) back with Greg Bautzer again, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, the Danny Kayes, the Eddie Robinsons, Joan Davis, beauteous Angela Greene, Virginia Mayo (in pale green satin) with Michael O'Shea and the Huntington Hartfords, among others.

We were seated with Janie Powell, Geary Steffen and the James Craigs. Janie, who is expecting, managed to look like a doll in a white embroidered silk Chinese coolie coat, over a long, slim black crepe skirt. Joan Davis, believe it or not, had at least four different shades of color streaked into her hair—green, gold, brown, et cetera. This is a new fad. Lots of the gals "wore" the tiniest of irridescents—or powdered sequins on their eye lids, chests, shoulders. Very attractive! And lots of 'em are wearing their hair in longer, softer bobs. The John Lunds tabled with the James Masons. Noted Jeanne Crain happily floating about the dance floor with Paul Brinkman, and she in vivid chartreuse full-skirted organza—so flattering to her red hair. She seems to be building her entire wardrobe of greens lately. I've seen her in all shades—from the palest of limes to a deep leafy green—at parties and places. On this particular evening, she was looking her best. So was hostess Marie, in deep mauve—very decollete—with lavender water lilies for decoration.

Jeanne and her Paul: happy as people can be

Now for some quickies along the party line: John Raven house-warmed his new hilltop abode with a dinner party for sixty—mixing local socialites and picture people for an extremely gay evening of fun, music and gab. Ran into Adele Jergens and Glenn Langan there. His movie career is booming again, while Adele is just a-settin' and awaiting their first-born. Among those on hand was beautiful Hillary Brooke, who—along with all her camera chores—has become a big TV star. She was with her ex-spouse, Jack Voglin.

Then there was that crazy day-time poolside party for Marilyn Monroe, at which Ray Anthony and his band serenaded her with the new tune, "Marilyn." The Monroe herself was in a pink dress so tight she couldn't even sigh with appreciation! But the men did! And it was appreciation for the gal—not for the song! . . . Marge and Gower Champion were the hit of Harriet Lee's Malibu Beach party—Marge in a snappy, tight-waisted full-skirted shortish dress of yellow raw silk (it's still warm here y'know) and tiny yellow flowers in her hair. Coleen Gray was with John Payne (John played the piano and sang some songs he's written for a show he hopes to produce), Barbara Whiting with Jack Myers, and Craig Stevens—still torching for Alexis Smith. . . . And at Clifton Webb's party for Ethel Merman, the gal dusted a bunch of songs from "Call Me Madam" with Van Johnson. They were so good that V.J. got blue remembering how much he wants to do an all-out musical. They hope to repeat the act at a benefit or two.

Why would anybody want music too?

Sometimes people go to a night club opening expecting the best and get it, and then get even more for their money! Like f'instance, the eve little Peggy King (hailed as a ringer for Judy Garland—and she is!) debuted at Mocambo along with the fine dancing act put on by Billy Daniel. Peggy and Billy were terrific! Then, when it was time for the customers to prance around, up got Betty Grable and Harry Ritz—and put on a little dance act of their own that had the ringsiders gasping and applauding some more. Betty, in pale blue with a tiny bow in her hair, really let her hair down, and the crowd loved it. Debbie Reynolds was there in a simple dressy street dress of black crepe—trimmed with black velvet across its boat neckline and edging its short sleeves. Debbie also had a wide, black velvet belt around her waist—and Carleton Carpenter by her side. Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross too. And Joan's blondness well set off by a dress of emerald-green crepe—one of those fabulous new pure silk crepes that are colorfast, washable and almost wrinkle-proof. Despite a spattering of vivid colors, the season's style picture looks suddenly black—but I *don't* mean gloomy. Black dresses, black suits—in fact, black *anything* is the most chic addition you can make to your wardrobe.

"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie

clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday...stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten* does!

Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA", a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten,* 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Casts of Current Pictures

ASSIGNMENT—PARIS—Columbia: *Jimmy Race,* Dana Andrews; *Jeanne Moray,* Marta Toren; *Nick Strang,* George Sanders; *Sandy Tate,* Audrey Totter; *Grischa,* Sandro Giglio; *Anton Borvitch,* Donald Randolph; *Andreas Ordy,* Herbert Berghof; *Vajos,* Ben Astar; *Biddle,* Willis Bouchey; *Dad Pelham,* Earl Lee; *Victor,* Maurice Doner; *Franz,* Leon Askin; *Kedor,* Paul Hoffman; *Henry,* Jay Adler; *Jan,* Peter Votrian; *Gogo,* Georgianna Wulff; *Male Phone Operator,* Don Gibson; *Barker,* Joe Forte; *Wanda Marlowe,* Mari Blanchard; *Bert,* Don Kohler; *Secretary,* Hanne Axman; *Laslo Boros,* Paul Javor.

BACK AT THE FRONT—U-I: *Willie,* Tom Ewell; *Joe,* Harvey Lembeck; *Nida,* Mari Blanchard; *General Dixon,* Barry Kelley; *Sgt. Rose,* Richard Long; *Capt. White,* Palmer Lee; *Johnny Redondo,* Russell Johnson; *Major Ormsby,* Vaughn Taylor; *Ben,* Aram Katcher; *Pete Wilson,* George Ramsey; *Sameko,* Aen-Ling Chow.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—M-G-M: *Renaldo Rossano,* Mario Lanza; *Bridget Batterson,* Doretta Morrow; *Sgt. Batterson,* James Whitmore; *Ben Jones,* Dean Miller; *Francesca Landers,* Paula Corday; *Patty Ware,* Jeff Donnell; *Mrs. Montville,* Spring Byington; *Gen. Montville;* Curtis Cooksey; *Capt. Burton Nordell Loring,* Don Porter; *Albert Parkson Foster,* Eduard Franz; *Artie Pilcer,* Bobby Van; *Horsey,* Ralph Reed; *Mrs. Rossano,* Celia Lovsky; *Maestro Paradori,* Alexander Steinert.

BIG JIM MCLAIN—Warners: *Big Jim McLain,* John Wayne; *Nancy Vallon,* Nancy Olson; *Mal Baxter,* James Arness; *Sturak,* Alan Napier; *Madge,* Veda Ann Borg; *Dr. Gelster,* Gayne Whitman; *Poke,* Hal Baylor; *Edwin White,* Robert Keys; *Robert Henried,* Hans Conried; *Lt. Comdr. Clint Grey,* John Hubbard; *Mrs. Namaka,* Mme. Soo Yong; *Chief of Police,* Dan Liu; *Mr. Lexiter,* Paul Hurst; *Phil Briggs,* Vernon (Red) McQueen; *Mrs. Lester,* Sarah Padden.

BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE—U-I: *Marion Drew,* Maureen O'Sullivan; *Pop Drew,* Edmund Gwenn; *Malcolm Drew,* Charles Drake; *Betsy Drew,* Gigi Perreau; *Clarence B. Gateson,* Gene Lockhart; *Nancy,* Irene Ryan; *Ronald Calkins,* Guy Williams; *Wilbur Crane,* John Miljan; *Jack,* David Janssen; *Lefty Edwards,* Jerry Paris; *Dick,* Frank Nelson, and Bonzo.

BRANDY FOR THE PARSON—Group 3: *Bill Harper,* James Donald; *Tony Rackham,* Kenneth More; *Petronilla Brand,* Jean Lodge; *Customs Inspector,* Frederick Piper; *George Crumb,* Charles Hawtrey; *Redworth,* Michael Trubshawe; *Dallyn,* Alfie Bass; *Mr. Minch,* Wilfred Caithness; *Mr. Frosst,* Lionel Harris; *Massaud,* Richard Molinas; *Scout Master,* Reginald Beckwith; *Customs Officer,* Stanley Lemin; *Major Glockleigh,* Arthur Wontner; *Vicar,* Frank Tickle.

DEVIL MAKES THREE, THE—M-G-M: *Capt. Jeff Eliot,* Gene Kelly; *Wilhelmina (Willie) Lehrt,* Pier Angeli; *Col. James Terry,* Richard Rober; *Lt. Parker,* Richard Egan; *Heisemann,* Claus Clausen; *Hansig,* Wilfried Seyferth; *Cabaret Singer,* Margot Hielscher; *Mrs. Keigler,* Annie Rosar; *Sgt. at Airport,* Harold Benedict; *Mr. Nolder,* Otto Gebühr; *Mrs. Nolder,* Gertrud Wolle; *Keigler,* Heinrich Gretler; *Girl in Telephone Booth;* Charlotte Flemming; *Lt. Farris,* Charles Gordon Howard; *Oberlitz,* Bum Krüger; *Waiter,* Claus Benton Lombard; *Sigmund Neffs,* Ivan Petrovich; *Customs Official,* Sepp Rist; *Ernst Haltmann,* Michael Tellering.

HURRICANE SMITH—Paramount: *Luana,* Yvonne De Carlo; *Hurricane Smith,* John Ireland; *Gorvahlsen,* James Craig; *Dan McGuire,* Forrest Tucker; *Clobb,* Lyle Bettger; *Brundage,* Richard Arlen; *Dicer,* Mike Kellin; *Dr. Whitmore,* Murray Matheson; *Sam,* Henry Brandon; *Capt. Raikes,* Emile Meyer; *Matt Ward,* Stuart Randall; *Ben Hawkins,* Ralph Dumke; *Brown,* Kim Spalding.

MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, THE—Warners: *Hugo DaSilva,* Gilbert Roland; *Maria Rosa,* Angela Clark; *Arturo Dos Santos,* Frank Silvera; *Antonio,* Jay Novello; *Father Ferreira,* Richard Hale; *Manuel Marto,* Norman Rice; *Olimpia,* Frances Morris; *The Magistrate,* Carl Millitaire; *Lucia Dos Santos,* Susan Whitney; *Jacinta Marto,* Sherry Jackson; *Francisco Marto,* Sammy Ogg.

MONKEY BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox: *Barnaby Fulton,* Cary Grant; *Edwina,* Ginger Rogers; *Mr. Oxley,* Charles Coburn; *Lois Laurel,* Marilyn Monroe; *Harvey Entwhistle,* Hugh Marlowe; *Siegfried Kitzel,* Henri Letondal; *Dr. Zoldeck,* Robert Cornthwaite; *Mr. Culverly,* Larry Keating; *Dr. Brunner,* Douglas Spencer; *Mrs. Rhinelander,* Esther Dale; *Little Indian;* George Winslow; *Jimmy,* Emmett Lynn; *Guard,* Jerry Sheldon; *Barber,* Joseph Mell; *Auto Salesman,* George Eldredge; *Painter,* Heine Conklin; *Nurse,* Kathleen Freeman; *Clerk—Music Shop,* Mary Field; *Hotel Clerk,* Olan Soule; *Yale Man,* Gil Stratton, Jr.; *Reporter,* Harry Carey, Jr.; *Photographer,* John McKee; *Dowager,* Faire Binney; *Bell Boy,* Billy McLean.

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND—20th Century-Fox: *Virginia Mason,* Anne Baxter; *George Mason,* Macdonald Carey; *Reverend Chamberlain,* Cecil Kellaway; *Pete Bentham,* Casey Adams; *Jane Richards,* Catherine McLeod; *Nicholas Reed,* Leif Erickson; *Mrs. Chamberlain,* Frances Bavier; *Flossy Cham-*

(Continued on page 16)

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX presents

GREGORY PECK · SUSAN HAYWARD · AVA GARDNER

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

Once he loved . . . in the bitter-sweet of Parisian nights. And now he searched for his lost soul . . . through a war in Spain . . . and the hippopotami-teeming waters of throbbing Africa. And here at the foot of the great mountain of Kilimanjaro, at the edge of "Ngaje Ngai," House of God, he stood . . . and he dared not enter — for his life as his loves had been a sin!

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with HILDEGARDE NEFF and LEO G. CARROLL · TORIN THATCHER · AVA NORRING · HELENE STANLEY

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck Directed by Henry King Screen Play by Casey Robinson

"No matter what shameful things you may think of me, all that I ever did was because of you."

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL *presents*

LORETTA YOUNG
JEFF CHANDLER

in

"*Because of You*"

CO-STARRING

ALEX NICOL · FRANCES DEE

Universal International

with ALEXANDER SCOURBY • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS
Produced by ALBERT J. COHEN • *Musical Theme, "Because Of You" by Arthur Hammerstein and Dudley Wilkinson*

Casts of Current Pictures

(*Continued from page* 14)

berlain, Mary Sullivan; *Buddy Chamberlain,* Martin Milner; *Katie,* Billie Bird; *Pugs,* Wild Red Berry; *Pilot,* John Hedloe; *Co-Pilot,* John McKee; *Cab Driver,* Phil Hartman; *Mike,* Michael Ross; *Dr. Smith,* Junius Matthews; *Steward,* Joe Haworth; *Police Chief,* Ed Dearing; *Dr. McCarran,* Morgan Farley; *Hannah,* Ann Staunton; *Walter Rogers,* Emmett Vogan.

MY MAN AND I—M-G-M: *Nancy,* Shelley Winters; *Chu Chu Ramirez,* Ricardo Montalban; *Ansel Ames,* Wendell Corey; *Mrs. Ansel Ames,* Claire Trevor; *Sheriff,* Robert Burton; *Manuel Ramirez,* Jose Torvay; *Celestino Garcia,* Jack Elam; *Willie Chung,* Pascual Garcia Pena; *Frankie,* George Chandler; *Vincente Aguilar,* Juan Torena; *Joe Mendacio,* Carlos Conde.

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: (Five Short Stories)—*THE COP AND THE ANTHEM: Soapy,* Charles Laughton; *Streetwalker,* Marilyn Monroe; *Horace,* David Wayne; *Manager,* Thomas Browne Henry; *Headwaiter,* Richard Karlan; *Waiter,* Erno Verebes; *Owner,* Nico Lek; *Judge,* William Vedder; *Bystander,* Billy Wayne. *THE GIFT OF THE MAGI: Della,* Jeanne Crain; *Jim,* Farley Granger; *Santa Claus,* Fred Kelsey; *Menkie,* Sig Ruman; *Mr. Crump,* Harry Hayden; *Butcher,* Frank Jaquet; *Maurice,* Fritz Feld. *THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF: Sam,* Fred Allen; *Bill,* Oscar Levant; *J.B.,* Lee Aaker; *Mr. Dorset,* Irving Bacon; *Mrs. Dorset,* Kathleen Freeman; *Storekeeper,* Alfred Mizner. *THE CLARION CALL: Barney Woods,* Dale Robertson; *Johnny Kernan,* Richard Widmark; *Hazel,* Joyce MacKenzie; *Chief of Detectives,* Richard Rober; *Manager,* Will Wright; *Bascom,* House Peters, Sr., *O. Henry,* Tyler McVey; *Guard,* Phil Tully; *Waiter,* Frank Cusack; *Detective,* Stuart Randall; *Bartender,* Abe Dinovitch. *THE LAST LEAF: Joanna,* Anne Baxter; *Susan,* Jean Peters; *Behrman,* Gregory Ratoff; *Doctor,* Richard Garrick; *Radolf,* Steven Geray; *Dandy,* Hal J. Smith; *Mrs. O'Brien,* Martha Wentworth; *Sheldon Sidney,* Bert Hicks; *Neighbor,* Ruth Warren.

RING, THE—U-A: *Pete,* Gerald Mohr; *Lucy,* Rita Moreno; *Tommy,* Lalo Rios; *Billy Smith,* Robert Arthur; *Freddy,* Robert Osterloh; *Vidal,* Martin Garralaga; *Harry Jackson,* Jack Elam; *Barney Williams,* Peter Brocco; *Rosa,* Julia Montoya; *Helen,* Lillian Molieri; *Rick,* Pepe Hern; *Pablo,* Victor Millan; *Go-Go,* Tony Martinez; *Joe,* Ernie Chavez; *Benny,* Edward Sieg; *Pepe,* Robert Altuna; *Art Aragon,* Art Aragon.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Paramount: *Blossom Seeley,* Betty Hutton; *Benny Fields,* Ralph Meeker; *Sam Doyle,* Robert Keith; *Nola Beech,* Adele Jergens; *Essie,* Billie Bird; *Forrest,* Henry Slate; *Lake,* Sid Tomak.

STRANGER IN BETWEEN, THE—Rank, U-I: *Chris Lloyd,* Dirk Bogarde; *Robbie,* Jon Whiteley; *Magda Lloyd,* Elizabeth Sellars; *Mrs. Sykes,* Kay Walsh; *Mr. Sykes,* Frederick Piper; *Jack Lloyd,* Julian Somers; *Mrs. Campbell,* Jane Aird; *Mr. Campbell,* Jack Stewart; *Detective Inspector Deakin,* Geoffrey Keen; *Police Station Sergeant,* Leonard White; *Assistant Commissioner,* Gerald Andersen; *Chief Superintendent,* Denis Webb; *Deputy Assistant Commissioner,* Gerald Case; *Waitress,* Katherine Blake; *Barmaid,* Molly Urquhart; *Pawnbroker,* Joe Linnane; *Woman in Courtyard,* Grace Arnold; *McDougall,* Alec Finter; *Colored Man,* Harry Quashie; *Boat-Owner's Son,* Ian Hunter.

YANKEE BUCCANEER—U-I: *Commander David Porter,* Jeff Chandler; *Lieutenant David Farragut,* Scott Brady; *Countess Donna Margarita,* Suzan Ball; *Count Domingo Del Prado,* Joseph Calleia; *Poulini,* Rodolfo Acosta; *Link,* George Mathews; *Redell,* James Parnell; *Beckett,* David Janssen; *Romero,* Michael Ansaco; *Lead Warrior,* Jay Silverheels.

WHAT ABOUT
INGRID BERGMAN?
Do You Want Her Back?

The votes have been pouring in by the thousands—so many of them that we extended the deadline. But we'll have the verdict—*your* verdict — in the December issue. Watch for it! On Sale November 7.

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NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Regular Toni

FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

Very Gentle Toni

FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Super Toni

FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

Now . . . do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — *Regular* Toni, *Super* Toni, *Very Gentle* Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills $1.50

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refill $1.50

"A fast buck... A fast bronc... A fast thrill!"

Put them all together and you get a sensational slice of life from the Wildest Show on Earth... Big-Time Rodeo!

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SUSAN HAYWARD · ROBERT MITCHUM
ARTHUR KENNEDY · ARTHUR HUNNICUTT

with FRANK FAYLEN • Produced by JERRY WALD • Directed by NICHOLAS RAY
Written for the screen by HORACE McCOY and DAVID DORTORT

laughing stock...

BY
ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

Pampered Hollywood kiddies are kept busy from morn to night with professional lessons in everything from swimming to table manners. Two such small fry were playing in a Bel Air park area and one climbed a tree and called the other to join him in the branches.

"I can't climb," said the grounded tot. "But you certainly do it well. Tell me, who is your tree-climbing instructor?"

Hollywood wolf to another: "What with inflation these days, blondes in Hollywood are a diamond a dozen."

Latest definition of a baby sitter: "Someone you pay by the hour to watch television."

Bob Hope's definition of a Harvard man: "A guy who writes home for money in Latin."

A well-known director, megaphoning a character actor in a death scene for a movie, quipped: "Let's try it once more. And when you die this time, please put some life into it."

Robert Q. Lewis tells of the profile boy who said he'd go through anything for a certain movie queen and did—her six bank accounts.

Hollywood's night club row on Sunset Boulevard is where a secret is hushed from place to place.

Overheard at the Brown Derby by film-writer John Lucas: "When I married my husband, he had a strong will—and by working at it for ten years, he's developed just as strong a won't."

Glimpsed on a newsreel theater marquee:
"Latest Flood Pictures."
"Also Johnnie Ray."

Just before Bing Crosby goes into a song for a scene in Paramount's "Road to Bali," Bob Hope turns to the camera with a wicked leer and says:
"This is the time to go out for your popcorn, folks—he's going to sing."

Jack Paar is prodding Civilian Defense to put out a pamphlet called: "What to Do in Case of Peace."

The story is making the rounds about the elderly Las Vegas grandmother who sits in front of a spinning wheel—and bets and bets and bets.

Director Michael Curtis, the English-language murderer, flipped it:
"This starlet I met is getting married next month and she is very busy getting her torso ready."

Spike Jones' musical instruments were shaken up in the wreck of a railroad baggage car on his one-nighter tour. "The band," Spike whispered to a pal later, "sounded much better after the wreck."

Overheard at Romanoff's: "Getting acquainted with her is like running to a fire—you go with the crowd."

A gagster observed the three Andrews Sisters rushing out of a movie fur designer's salon in new mink coats:
"Ah," he said, "The Mink Spots."

"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.

"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!

"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.

"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep *your* skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

LET'S GO TO THE

✓✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

Making advances to a lady, Charles Laughton figures, is one way to get winter lodging in jail. But Marilyn Monroe is no lady

Though Lalo Rios realizes he's a failure as a fighter, he can't persuade kid brother Robert Altuna to stop hero-worshiping him

When Ralph Meeker decides to step out in a solo act, his ever-lovin' Betty Hutton teaches him the art of putting a song across

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

✓✓✓ (F)

These five tales by the master story teller, each given a big-name cast and a top director, make up a refreshing variation on the standard one-plot movie. The best of the quintet are a nice balance of comedy and drama: "The Cop and the Anthem," with Charles Laughton as an elegant bum, David Wayne as his humble stooge; "The Last Leaf," with Anne Baxter and Jean Peters as sisters, Gregory Ratoff as their artist neighbor. Likewise, the melodrama of "The Clarion Call" (Dale Robertson as a detective, Richard Widmark as the hoodlum who knew him when) is contrasted with the gentleness of "The Gift of the Magi" (Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger as the self-sacrificing pair). But "The Ransom of Red Chief," with Oscar Levant and Fred Allen, is fumbled. Each surprise-finish story is done in costume, wisely.
Verdict: Quaintly charming turn-of-the-century tales

THE RING
(U. A.)

✓✓✓ (F)

Considering the subject and the producers (the King Brothers, who made "Dillinger" and other action hits), you'd expect this to be a bang-bang melodrama with a familiar plot. Instead, it avoids the obvious; its characters behave amazingly like real people. Dealing with Los Angeles' Mexican-Americans, the film attacks prejudice, but no scenes of violence are dragged in. It's the nagging indignities that embitter Lalo Rios, the youthful hero, and his friends. When a smooth-spoken manager offers Lalo a ring career, you're sure the manager will be a standard crook type. As portrayed by Gerald Mohr, he's a likable human being. More rules are broken in the course of the career that temporarily wins Lalo respect earlier denied to him. Lalo is artlessly appealing; Rita Moreno, not quite at ease as his girl.
Verdict: Fresh, unusual story of troubled youth

SOMEBODY LOVES ME
(PARAMOUNT—TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓ (F)

It's Betty Hutton's picture all the way, this mild memoir of show business in the first two decades of the century, whether she's whooping jazz tunes with her famous gusto, huskily crooning love ballads, or doing touching dramatic scenes. The plot's inspired by the true saga of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, casting Betty and Ralph Meeker as that big-time team of vaudeville and night clubs. In the film, Benny marries Blos to advance his career, then falls in love with her and strikes out on his own to regain his self-respect. Ralph's impersonation is a bit colorless; but Robert Keith, as Blos's agent, and Billie Bird, as her wry-faced Girl Friday, furnish fine support. Music is supplied almost too generously, with both pop classics and justifiably forgotten oldies. The new "Love Him" is a hit.
Verdict: Nostalgic romance, slight but tune-filled

For complete casts of new pictures see page 14
For brief reviews of current pictures see page 75

MOVIES WITH JANET GRAVES

(F) FAMILY (A) ADULTS ONLY

THE MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA
(WARNERS—WARNERCOLOR)

✓✓✓ (F) With tender simplicity, this film relates the miraculous events that in 1917 made a shrine of a remote hillside in Portugal. Eleven-year-old Susan Whitney brings lovely, unaffected dignity to the role of the child who sees and hears the Virgin Mary and defends the truth of her vision against churchmen's cautious doubts and an anti-clerical government's persecutions. Humor and raffish humanity slip into the story via Gilbert Roland's endearing portrayal of a ne'er-do-well who has no faith, yet protects the girl and her even younger companions. Angela Clark is outstanding as the child's practical mother, but Frank Silvera's brutal-administrator role is too melodramatic. Except for garish effect in the miracle scene, the color is mellow as an old painting.
Verdict: Gentle yet impassioned religious drama

Best Acting: Gilbert Roland

Shielded by her mother, Angela Clark, and the friendly Gilbert Roland, Susan Whitney temporarily escapes her would-be captors

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

✓✓✓ (A) A honey of a springboard idea flips this marital comedy off to a promising start. Seems Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey, a bovinely happy couple, are off on a second honeymoon when one of the plane's engines catches fire. Facing death (she thinks), Anne wails that she has been a frivolous, useless mate for the perfect husband—whereupon Mac confesses that he once did a bit of stepping out with Anne's best friend. Uh-huh, you guessed it—the plane lands with an intact passenger list including one furious female who has suffered a grievous wound to the old ego. The high-jinks that follow are amusing till the jape wears slightly thin. With blonde hair and a newly slim figure, Anne's a bright comedienne; Carey, a sympathetic foil. Also credit Catherine McLeod as the wise "other woman," Cecil Kellaway as Anne's dad.
Verdict: Gay and sharp-witted featherweight farce

Best Acting: Anne Baxter

The crippled plane is safely down, and Mac Carey is already beginning to regret a brink-of-death confession to Anne Baxter

THE DEVIL MAKES THREE
(M-G-M)

✓✓ (F) Real backgrounds overpower a machine-made story in this movie about Germany and the American occupation forces after World War II. As an American flyer who was befriended by an anti-Nazi family, Gene Kelly returns to Munich at Christmastime to thank his benefactors, only to find their home bombed to rubble, the parents reported dead and the teen-age daughter missing. The girl, he discovers, is now a cynical "hostess" at a shoddy café, and his love for her embroils him with a smuggling ring and a neo-Nazi party. Though the doings are pretty much cops-and-robbers, and Gene Kelly seems uneasy without his dancing shoes, Pier Angeli makes a lovely, pathetic heroine, and the location trip pays off with shots of Salzburg, the famed *Autobahn* and the ruins of Hitler's eyrie at Berchtesgaden.
Verdict: Travelogue laced with thrills and romance

Gene Kelly discovers how Germany's new Fascists are smuggling gold, and he accuses Pier Angeli of being one of the plotters

Full reviews continued on next page

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Face Powder in eight different shades **$1.00** each *All prices plus tax*

Big Jim McLain
(Warners)

Against the splendid mountain scenery and seascapes of Hawaii, a vigorous action story trails two investigators of the Un-American Activities Committee assigned to expose the local communist group. John Wayne is right at home, of course, in both the riskier situations and the light romantic interludes with charming Nancy Olson. And feminine fans get an extra treat in the personable presence of James Arness, the tall young newcomer who plays Wayne's sidekick. With rather a straggling plot, the film never decides whether it's an adventure tale or a semi-documentary crime report. Saturnine Alan Napier and the fellow reds conspiring to paralyze Honolulu shipping are so tellingly evil in behavior that the dialogue needn't assure us of their villainy so often.

Verdict: Lively tribute to anti-red agents ✓✓ (F)

Because You're Mine
(M-G-M, Technicolor)

In a vein totally different from "The Great Caruso," Mario Lanza's first picture since that box-office champion turns out to be a cheerful yarn, suitably loaded with both popular and operatic music. As a

Draftee Lanza meets Sgt. Whitmore

famous opera star who gets drafted, Mario has the good luck to draw a music-loving sergeant (James Whitmore). The tender treatment lavished on Mario as a result hardly endears him to his fellow draftees, but the situation has a rich laugh potential. Newcomer Doretta Morrow, as the sarge's singing sister, has a distinctive brunette beauty and an impressive soprano voice, duetting with Lanza both musically and romantically. Neither of the stars is over-equipped with acting talent, but that's no major handicap in a picture dominated by songs from start to finish. Among the supporting cast, lanky young Bobby Van stands out as one of the G.I.'s, with a brief dance number.

Verdict: Hearty blend of laughs and music ✓✓✓ (F)

Brandy for the Parson
(Group 3)

There's an informal, holiday atmosphere about this engaging little British movie, celebrating the institution of smuggling. Three of the smugglers in this case are amateurs, inveigled by the debonair Kenneth More into helping him get fourteen kegs of brandy from France to London. A solid, no-nonsense type, James Donald is persuaded by his impish girl friend (Jean Lodge) to lend Kenneth a hand after their sailing yacht rams and sinks the smuggler's powerboat. In England, a timid laundry-truck driver (Charles Hawtrey) is startled to find himself joining the adventure. The ensuing ramble across the countryside, with seven circus ponies toting the kegs, gives you the feeling this film was fun to make.

Verdict: Sly and pleasant bit of foolery
✓✓✓ (F)

My Man and I
(M-G-M)

Seems Mexican-American heroes get the play this month. In his best role since the similar-themed "Right Cross," Ricardo Montalban meets discrimination with spirit but without bitterness. It takes all Ricardo's persuasiveness to make you believe in this thoroughly good man, whose dearest possession is a letter from the President of the United States, written in reply to the happy new citizen's missive of thanks. Put up reluctantly as security, the letter changes hands among the picturesque crew of fellow itinerant workers who are Ricardo's best friends. He needs the first loan for the girl he loves, a sleazy "wino" he's intent on reforming. Shelley Winters does a respectable acting job as the alcoholic, though she's hardly at her most attractive. Wendell Corey and Claire Trevor etch sharp character studies as a sour farm couple who cheat Ricardo of a month's wages and then frame him on an assault charge. It's an often moving tale, with many bright lines, but the dialogue occasionally outsmarts itself with self-conscious wit and philosophy.

Verdict: Winning fable of Americanism
✓✓ (A)

The Stranger In Between
(Rank, U-I)

The good old chase is with us again, this time served up in the smooth English style, with a variety of characters met along the way, and a quick look at British scenes from London to the coal district to the Scottish Highlands. The fugitives are an oddly matched pair: dark and intense Dirk Bogarde, as a young seaman who has killed his wife's lover; wistful, tow-headed Jon Whitely, as a six-year-old who runs away from his callous foster parents and happens to come upon murderer and victim the moment after the crime. It's a pretty predictable story; you can guess what effect the lad will have on his desperate companion. But the picture builds up plenty of sympathy and tension.

Verdict: Slick if unremarkable thriller
✓✓ (A)

More reviews on page 24

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Bonzo Goes to College
(U-I)

That talented chimpanzee is back—rather, his double is, since the original Bonzo died on the eve of box office triumph. But the new chimp's equally dexterous, and his expression reflects equally profound wisdom. After losing a carnival job because of two gamblers' double-dealings, Bonzo finds refuge in the campus home of a professor couple (Maureen O'Sullivan and Charles Drake), becoming a cherished playmate for their lonesome only child (Gigi Perreau). Bonzo's adopted grandpa (Edmund Gwenn) happens to be a coach whose football teams haven't won a game in years, so it's no surprise when the chimp shows talent as a quarterback.
Verdict: Innocent sentimental comedy ✓ (F)

Yankee Buccaneer
(U-I, Technicolor)

Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady in full color—a tale of derring-do on the high seas—what more could any movie-goer ask? Well, a *little* more than is supplied by this long-on-talk, short-on-action story of a U.S. Navy ship that pretends to be a pirate craft in order to put the finger on the Caribbean pirate fleet. The spectacle might have been rich in comedy and excitement: the stern captain and his well-disciplined crew reluctantly making like ruffianly buccaneers. But too many other elements come in: the conflict between first officer Scott's rashness and captain Jeff's devotion to the rule book; the hassle over a shipment of Brazilian gold coveted by the Portuguese, the pirates and the

Chandler and Brady go pirate-hunting

Spanish colonial governor. Suzan Ball is a treat to the eyes as a Brazilian patriot. But, after the magnificent ships and seas of "The World in His Arms," these toy boats and phony waves are no treat at all. At least, the gals will find Jeff quite an eyeful when he sheepishly dresses up as a pirate king. While Joseph Calleia is a slick head villain, some of the other minor roles are bungled.
Verdict: Unconvincing seagoing melodrama ✓ (F)

Hurricane Smith

(Paramount, Technicolor)

Now we're off on a South Sea cruise, in search of buried treasure. There's a picturesque crew aboard this craft, oddly antique-looking for the mid-nineteenth century; adventurer John Ireland (who's really the captain of the ship on the lam from an unjust piracy charge), his pals Forrest Tucker and Richard Arlen, "scientist" James Craig, half-Polynesian Yvonne DeCarlo. Plots and counterplots multiply, with mutinies and mysterious disappearances. But the pace is brisk and the mood is light.

Verdict: Slapdash swashbuckler

✓✓ (F)

Under the Red Sea

(RKO)

This record of ocean-floor exploration might be another "Kon-Tiki"—if it didn't veer so often in the direction of "Hurricane Smith." Dr. Hans Hass and his co-workers brought back fascinating trophies: close-ups of giant manta rays, killer sharks, a huge whale shark; smaller, stranger fish weaving through the deep; divers swimming through coral caverns and the bones of a long-sunken ship. But the picture is phonied up to a laughable extent. Lotte Berl, Hass's secretary, is much prettier than the fish, but she isn't nearly as unusual.

Verdict: Fine documentary stuff, botched

✓ (F)

Back at the Front

(U-I)

Bill Mauldin would hardly recognize his *Willie* and *Joe* in their latest adventures. But Tom Ewell's pessimistic pan draws a fair share of laughs, with Harvey Lembeck stepping in as his conniving fellow dogface. This time, the two are snared in the reserve call-up to continue their war with the U.S. Army. Title to the contrary, they get no farther than Tokyo, but find plenty of action there after Mari Blanchard, as a broadly caricatured and exceedingly blatant lady-spy type, makes them her dupes in an explosive-smuggling racket.

Verdict: Flimsy knockabout comedy

✓ (F)

Monkey Business

(20th Century-Fox)

Two of Hollywood's most expert comedy stars need all their skill to steady this loose-jointed farce. The idea sounds amusing: Absent-minded scientist Cary Grant has been working on a youth-restoring formula, which suddenly becomes effective as an inquisitive chimp sneaks in a few extra ingredients; both Cary and his tolerant wife, Ginger Rogers, serve as guinea pigs. In sequences where they believe they're twenty-year-olds, then ten-year-olds, Ginger proves more ingenious than her co-star. But the theme's too thin to hold up for a feature's length. Marilyn Monroe garners laughs and whistles, bouncing in and out as a secretary who can't type. Typing skill, however, is the only attribute which the lady appears to be lacking in.

Verdict: Erratic flight of fancy

✓✓ (F)

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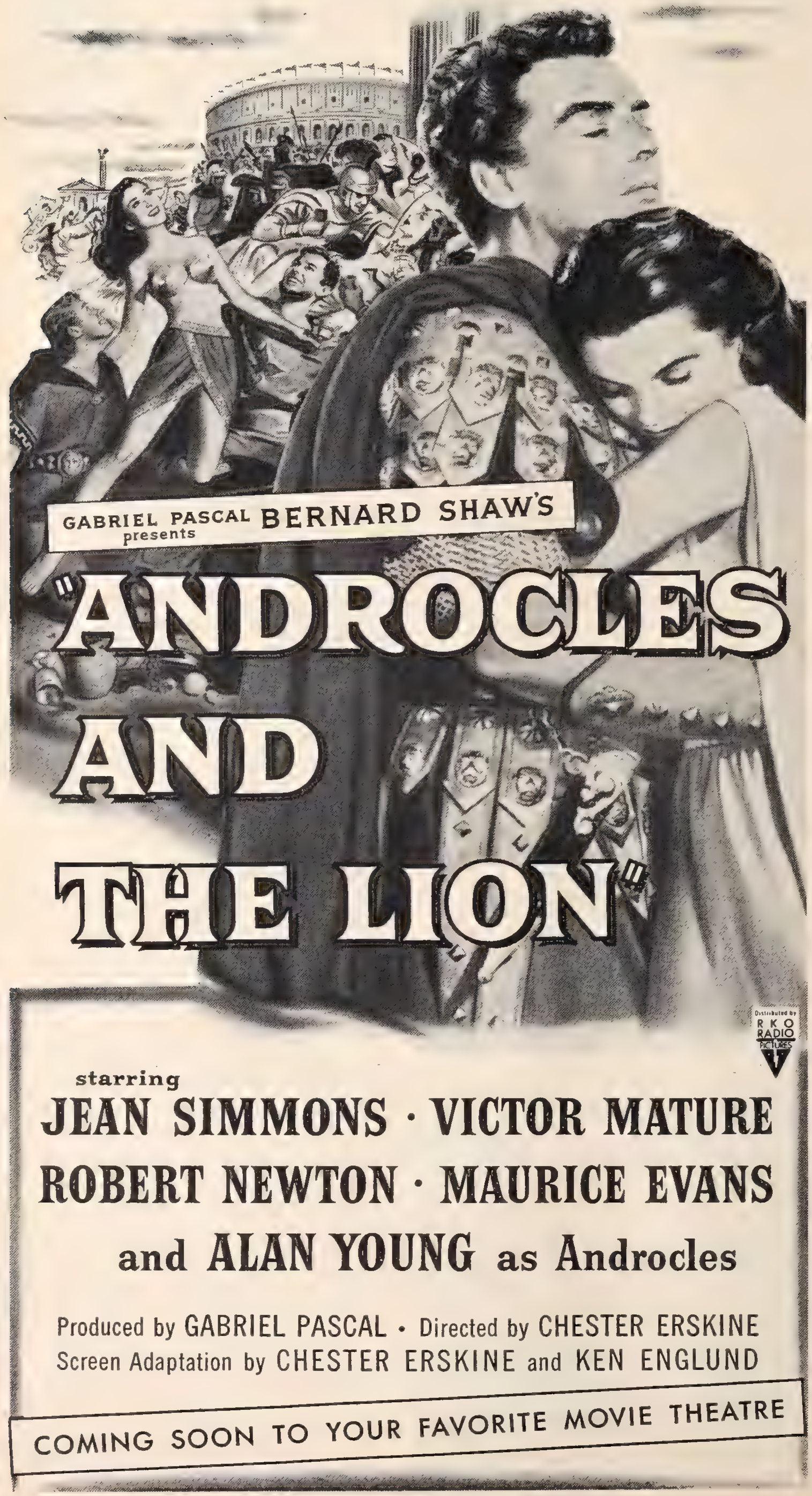

starring

JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE

ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS

and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

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Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

impertinent

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Rock Hudson

ROCK HUDSON is playing the field because he doesn't want to get married. And there'll be no knot-tying for at least four years. Rock's reasons for headin' off a wedding are interesting.

He says: "I'm making seven pictures a year now so I don't get much time off. But more important than that—I'm not ready for it. I was tied down so long in the Navy that now I want to have dates. I want to travel and see the world."

Rock reasons that too many men get married too young. His parents, wed at twenty-five, have been divorced twenty years. Both married again.

Says Rock, "I don't want that to happen to me. Four years from now I'll be thirty-one. That's the right age for marriage. I'll find The Girl by then—and by that time I'll know what I want."

If you ask me, Rock knows pretty well what he wants *right now!* That field I referred to above has included Vera-Ellen, Marilyn Maxwell, Ann Sheridan, Ann Blyth,

Piper Laurie, Barbara Stanwyck, Rocky Cooper, Gene Tierney and Susan Zanuck! How about one of them as a middle-aisle partner?

A good question, Rock admits. Here's how he breaks it down:

It's Vera-Ellen's love of picnics, the beach and old clothes that our boy finds attractive.* Marilyn Maxwell and Ann Sheridan share a great capacity for having fun. He enjoys dancing, music and theatre dates with Ann Blyth. He shares Piper Laurie's enthusiasm for going to premieres and fiddling around in the kitchen. Barbara Stanwyck, he says, is the most interesting conversationalist he has ever met. Gene Tierney is an intelligent listener. Sports

Playing the field

and Rocky Cooper are a good combination, he has found. He's impressed with Susan Zanuck's versatility. Each has a quality he admires.

Don't be surprised, though, if the future Mrs. Hudson doesn't come from within the acting profession. Rock says he would like a non-pro.

*(His agent, Henry Willson, also finds Vera attractive.)

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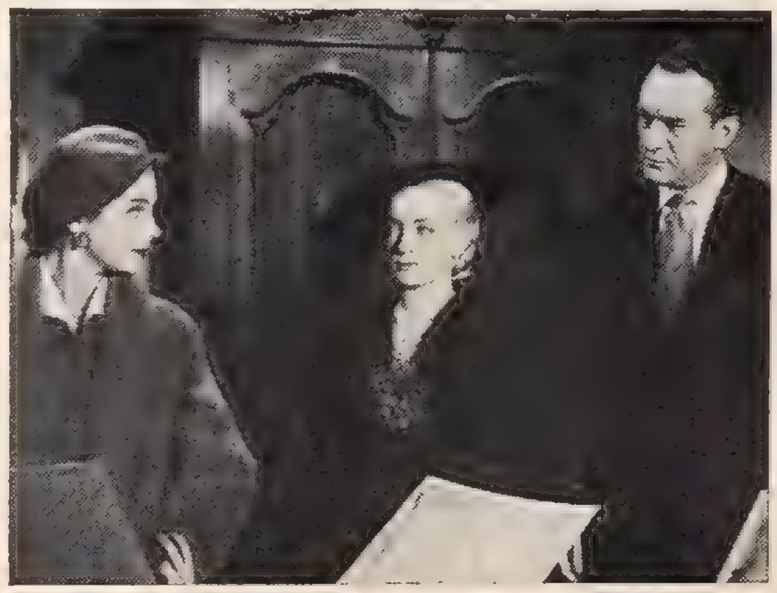
*2%

photoplay applauds:

"Assignment—Paris"

Interiors were mostly filmed in Hollywood, where Dana Andrews and Marta Toren are enjoying between-takes refreshments. But the pair also locationed in Paris for a month

Methods Maurice Doner and Ben Astar use to grill Dana follow news accounts



Toren, Totter and Sanders worked on a set that copied their paper's real Paris office

Here's the cream of the month's movie-going, this suavely told story of a courageous reporter

ECHOES of the William Oatis case give a headline sort of urgency to Columbia's picture of American newspaperdom in conflict with the Iron Curtain. But this is no grim documentary-style movie; it's consistently entertaining, with many crackling lines, a dash of romance and some persuasive acting.

As a truculent American reporter, Dana Andrews is first assigned to the office of the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Paris edition. His brashness doesn't set too well with his new boss, a man of dignity and integrity. This role makes a refreshing switch for George Sanders, cast as a thoroughgoing good guy, a reassuring type to have around in a dangerous situation. The antagonism between the two men sharpens when Dana falls in love with fellow staff member Marta Toren. Sent to Budapest to replace the *Trib*'s ailing correspondent in red-ruled Hungary, Dana believes that Sanders' jealousy motivated the transfer.

But there's little time for romantic problems after Dana finds himself facing the brutal realities of life in a police state. Optimistically, the story assumes that Hungary's prime minister is secretly planning to pull a Tito and cut loose from his Soviet masters, and Dana's out to get evidence of this plot. For once, a movie about communism doesn't waste time with long speeches denouncing the reds. This one makes its point much more vigorously by just showing them in action. As the prime minister, Herbert Berghof cuts a convincingly sinister figure. The scenes in which he tricks and forces the captured reporter into pleading guilty as a spy give you a chilling insight into such phony confessions.

On the lighter side, there's Audrey Totter's brittle performance as the *Trib*'s fashion editor wryly in love with Sanders. And Marta's sad-eyed beauty helps to make the tender interludes a further relief from the general tension.

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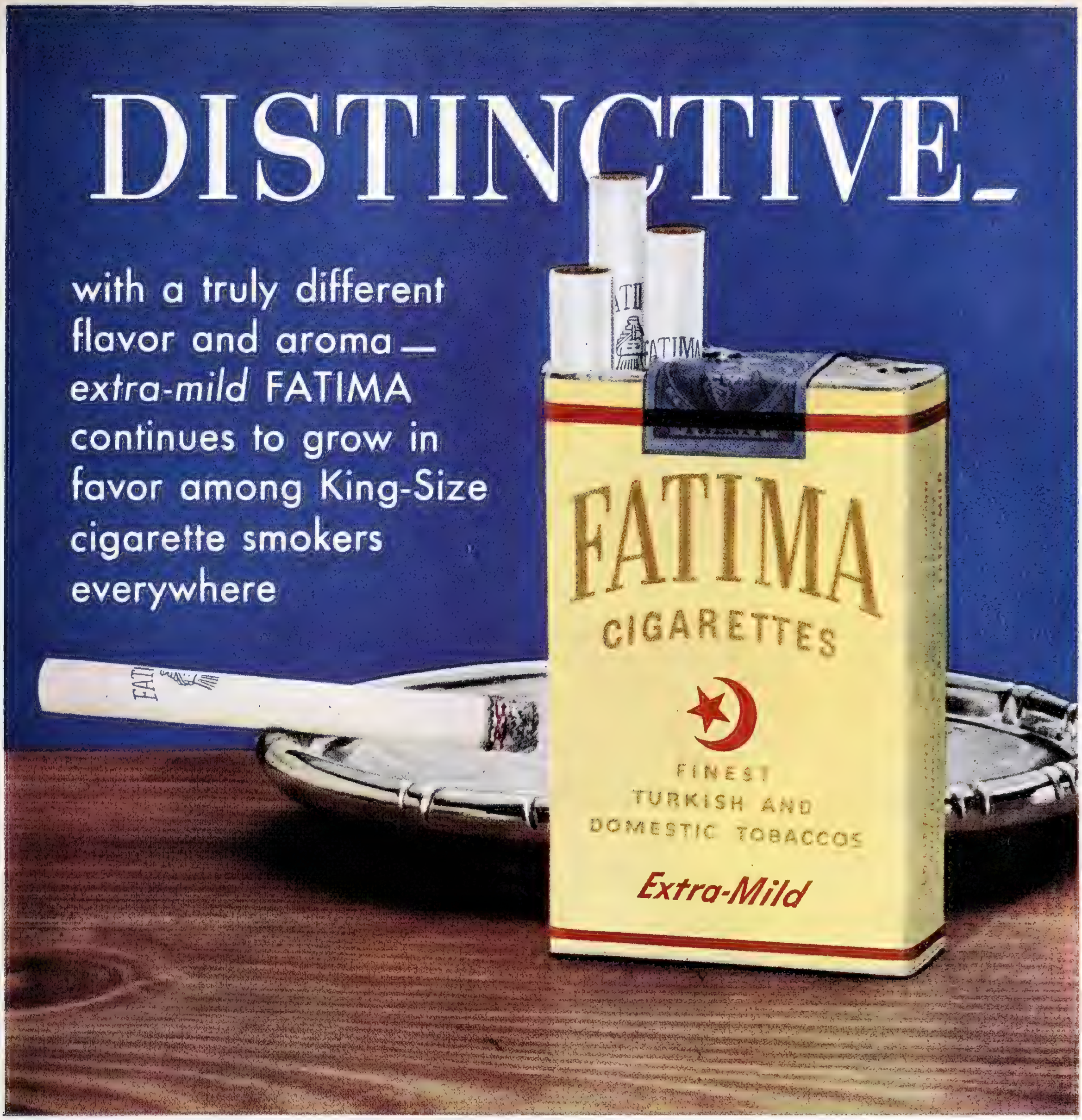

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it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, Ivory makes richer lather . . . faster!

It's no effort . . . just a pleasure . . . to lather up with Ivory! You barely *touch* your washcloth to that husky cake . . . and presto! . . . you've got heaps of the richest, sudsiest suds that ever filled a tub! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap.

And Ivory makes the mildest, most refreshing lather

Soothing is the word for silky Ivory suds—they *baby* your skin *so* delightfully! Why, Ivory is the most famous soap in the world for mildness—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And you'll find the clean, fresh smell of Ivory lather an added pleasure—so refreshing!

Yet famous Ivory actually costs you less!

Would you ever guess that you pay *less* for pure, mild, wonderful floating Ivory Soap? You do! Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 44/100% pure ...it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!

the winners

you chose these stars

actresses:	votes
Lori Nelson	9727
Ursula Thiess	3252
Elaine Stewart	3174
Hildegarde Neff	2903
Dawn Addams	2672
Zsa Zsa Gabor	2556
Barbara Ruick	2245
Joan Taylor	2203
Helene Stanley	2148
Joan Rice	2123
Beverly Michaels	2108
actors:	
Tab Hunter	5579
Arthur Franz	5178
Oskar Werner	4464
Johnny Stewart	3895
Robert Horton	3581
Keith Andes	3397
Michael Moore	3071
Gene Barry	2834
John Forsyth	2682
Rusty Tamblyn, Dean Miller	2537

You've done it again—chosen your favorites amongst the new stars. In a record-breaking number of votes you've registered your opinions . . . with these results.

Lori Nelson is the top favorite among the actresses, with an overwhelming lead that was never threatened during the entire period of balloting. In the first few days, Lori forged way to the front; there she remained, and in the final days of the contest her lead became even greater. Lori has been in several pictures, notably in "Bend of the River." You're in good company, too, in predicting stardom for Lori, for no less an authority than James Stewart is of the opinion that she's a sure bet for star roles.

Tab Hunter is the winner among the actors, but it was no walkaway for him. For the first few weeks of the contest, Arthur Franz and Oskar Werner, who wound up in second and third place respectively, were in the lead, with Tab a close third. But in the final ten days of the contest, when Tab's picture, "Island of Desire," was being seen on the nation's screens, he closed in rapidly—and in an exciting finish, outdistanced his rivals in the last three days of the tabulation.

To Lori and to Tab, and to all the other winners as well, go our sincere congratulations.

Ursula Thiess and Elaine Stewart, holders of second and third place respectively amongst the actresses, seesawed back and forth for days at a time, and for a while it seemed that Hildegarde Neff, the fourth place winner, would be a real challenger for second place. But Ursula's slim lead was sure all the way during the final week of tabulating the votes.

Probably the most dramatic rise of the winners among the actresses was that of Joan Rice, who took tenth place in the final results. For the first ten days, Joan was in the seventeenth slot—then, as the fans began to see her in "Robin Hood," she moved ahead slowly but surely. In fact, until the final count, the exact placing of those in the eighth, ninth and tenth spots was most uncertain.

Tied for tenth place among the actors are Rusty Tamblyn and Dean Miller. At one time Rusty was in seventh place, while Dean was twelfth, but final results found them contending evenly for tenth position.

The producers in Hollywood, as always, have watched the contest with the greatest interest. There are brilliant plans ahead for the actresses and actors who number among the winners. Those plans—and the pictures lined up in the future for your new favorites—we'll announce to you in the December issue of Photoplay. And in the December issue, you'll find special color pictures of the winners. These favorites whom you have picked for your own special interest are on their way to the top. Of last year's winners, Mitzi Gaynor, Pier Angeli, Jeffrey Hunter and Robert Wagner have all made great strides forward in the past twelve months, and you can watch for new progress toward stardom by the players you've picked this year.

Tabulation of votes can be a routine process, but in this case the job of tallying ballots was far from dull! Day by day there were dramatic changes, and as more and more mail poured in, your opinions in the matter became clearer and clearer. Photoplay thanks each of you for your interest—and we are very sure that this year, as in the past, you will prove once again to have been excellent judges of motion picture talent.

Vic Mature gives Brando competition . . . Debbie Reynolds talks too much . . . Joan Crawford is a movie fan. . . .

Color photos by Fink

Denying those old rift rumors that keep cropping up, Esther Williams and Ben Gage attend a Hollywood dinner party. With them is Marie McDonald

Inside Stuff

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Studio Scuttlebutt: Betty Hutton has always been so popular with Hollywood society that Cal was under the impression she was Miss Popularity on her home lot, too. So what happens? La Hutton asks for a release. The release was granted and, after twelve years at Paramount, Betty departed. The second the news became official, several top male stars gathered in a dressing room and toasted Betty's departure with no tears. We wouldn't know what's in back of it. To us, Betty has always been very noisy—and very nice.

Bread Upon The Waters: It's these untold stories that give Cal his greatest kick. Yes, eyebrows were raised when the late Atwater Kent remembered Greer Garson in his will. Maybe she didn't need the money, but when the famous philanthropist needed a friend, Greer came to his rescue. Some years ago when he was throwing one of his famous parties for a society of blind people, a certain Hollywood star who had promised to be guest of honor, canceled out at the last moment. In desperation, Atwater Kent called Greer Garson who lived next to his Bel Air estate. At first, she declined

Virginia Mayo, with spouse Mike O'Shea. Ginny returns to musicals after "The Iron Mistress"

A plump but happy Judy Garland straightens Frank Sinatra's tie at the dinner given in her honor by the Friars' Club. Frank looks happy too

as she was just going out the door to a dinner party. However, when Greer heard of the circumstances, she dropped everything and flew up the hill. Mr. Kent never forgot her kindness. Greer, now back at M-G-M after an absence of two years, has never hesitated to give her time to worthy causes. And all of Hollywood is hoping that her new films will equal her early successes.

Roman Scandals: Vic Mature's experience working with the animals (the camels weren't housebroken) in "Androcles and the Lion" had nothing on RKO's experiences working with Vic! Mature is a real "character"—in reality—as colorful as Marlon Brando's publicists wish he were. Well, it seems our boy has over-size feet, and shoes all but kill him. It happened those hand-made Roman boots for "Androcles" made his puppies purr with contentment. The movie finished, the boots vanished. A search was begun when they were needed for retakes. Vic finally admitted he had "borrowed" them. They were in the locker at his club. So the studio sent a car for them. But one small (*Continued on next page*)

Anne Francis and Bam Price take advantage of the pool outside their apartment house door. Anne's awaiting a movie assignment

Kirk Douglas kissed the Hollywood girls goodbye when he left for Israel to film "The Juggler"

Robert Taylor's date is beautiful Ursula Thiess. They've been a steady duo during recent months

Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger made Hollywood news when their case against RKO went to court. Their dispute was recently settled—out of court.

Michael Rennie escorts wife, Margaret, and his sister, Muriel Benton, to see the play "Stalag 17" at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre. Michael's tie nearly stole the show. He's started a brand new fad in evening wear

detail was overlooked. Vic neglected to say he'd put spikes in the soles and was wearing the boots for his golf game.

Predictions: That the recently married Rhonda Fleming, who loves children, would love to give Dr. Lewis Morrill a son and may make an "announcement" in the near future. . . . That unkind rumors to the contrary, the Cary Grants are making a go of their marriage and only the arrival of a wee one could magnify their happiness . . . No less an authority than Jeff Chandler joins Cal and the voters in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" Contest in predicting that Lori Nelson will become a big star. Lori, formerly "Miss Encino," is a friend of the former "Miss Burbank." You know *her* under the name of Debbie Reynolds!

Unknown Quantity: Here's hoping that this touching little tale won't send Marilyn Monroe into retirement. Ray Milland, who was summering down at Balboa, went into a fix-it shop to have a lamp repaired. While he was waiting, he noted that there were four of those now-famous nude calendars on the wall. "Those calendars you have of Marilyn Monroe are quite valuable," Ray commented pleasantly. The little man behind the counter eyed him quizzically. "Marilyn Monroe?" he muttered shaking his head. "Never heard of her." With Marilyn's movie career going great guns and her name practically a permanent fixture in all of the gossip columns, very few people can make this statement.

Unofficially Speaking: Rita Hayworth's performance in "Affair in Trinidad" indicates, among other things, that a title doesn't improve talent . . . No matter what you hear, the radio show "Double or Nothing" was not inspired by Jane Russell . . . Beauty she has plenty of, acting experience she'd better get. And if you want further proof, see Zsa Zsa Gabor in "We're Not Married." . . . Question: Who talks more than a talking picture? Answer: Debbie Reynolds sitting there watching it.

Hollywood Melting Pot: The extremely talented Sally Forrest no longer has to wonder if she innocently offended someone at M-G-M. They're talking a new deal with better roles . . . Joan Crawford sent David Wayne a fan letter after she saw his inspired performance in "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." David's framing her letter and Joan's framing the charming one he sent her in return . . . For his role of dark-eyed "Eddie Cantor," blue-eyed Keefe Brasselle wears contact lenses. He won't pose for stills wearing them.

News, All Kinds: Good news for Ingrid Bergman who is gradually gaining great sympathy and understanding from the public, now that more facts are becoming generally known . . . Glad news for Hollywood that Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger settled their offensive contract dispute with RKO out of court. Even their own British press didn't approve of it . . . Sad news for Esther Williams and Ben Gage,

Fink

Vic Damone dances at Mocambo with chic starlet Sheilah Connolly who resembles Liz Taylor, the girl Vic used to date

Fink

Debbie Reynolds, lunching in M-G-M's commissary, talks about her new movie, "I Love Melvin," but sidesteps questions on romance with Bob Wagner

Fink and Smith

Sooo-in-love Doris Day and Marty Melcher plan their own movie unit when Doris' contract expires

whose restaurant, "The Trails," got robbed by gunmen who hid in a storeroom until closing time . . . Trying news for Rosalind Russell when she jumped, missed and required seventeen stitches in her leg. It happened during a scene in her current movie, "Never Wave at a Wac" . . . Gloomy news for Fred Allen, a reported victim of a virus attack, a nervous collapse and other complications which will keep him off TV channels this fall . . . Humorous news for Dean Martin whose personal possessions were placed at auction and a man in a beard who could have been Jerry Lewis (and was!) suddenly started the high bidding.

And More News: Exciting news for Jack Carson and Lola Albright who finally married. Good friend Dennis Morgan, who didn't like making all of those "Two Guys" pictures with Jack, did like to be his best man . . . Inevitable news for Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio who were reported to be eloping when they motored to San Francisco . . . Aggravating news for Mitzi Gaynor and her mother when a magazine (*not* Photoplay) printed the address of the house they share with Mitzi's fiance and his mother. Crank letters of unsavory nature resulted . . . Final news for director Nick Ray when Gloria Grahame divorced him and encouraging news for Cy Howard (and a half-dozen others we could name) who thinks the beautiful blonde is just what Dan Cupid ordered . . . Questionable news for columnists when Mario Lanza held up production on (*Continued on page* 106)

Apger

Now that she has completed "The Girl Who Had Everything," Elizabeth Taylor has retired to await the birth of the Wilding heir or heiress

IT BEGINS IN A MINING TOWN CALLED GILLESPIE, A FAR CRY FROM HOLLYWOOD. HERE IS

First in a Series

Of Untold Hollywood Stories

Howard Keel's Untold Story

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

● STEADY, POWERFUL, EFFORTLESS-SEEMING, Howard Keel's voice surges out as if singing came as naturally to him as breathing, as if he had been singing easily and from the heart all his life. But it didn't happen that way. Throughout his childhood, into his early teens, the people of his home town never suspected the wealth of music hidden inside him. It *was* hidden, thoroughly; it came out first, eerily, in a recording sent home under dramatic circumstances long before Howard became famous.

Some Hollywoodites might argue that the early muteness of his singing voice is all of a piece with the present-day Keel, the man who has been called too reserved, even stand-offish. That judgment is not and never has been accurate. True enough, Keel does insist on keeping his private life to himself; he has steadfastly refused to allow any publicity focusing on his home and his family.

But publicity is one thing and friendship is another. At no time in his life has Howard Keel been the sort of person who recoils from human contacts, who wants to live withdrawn. Even more than the average man, he has known what it is to need friendship. His need has been answered; he has welcomed friendship; and he has given it freely in return.

From Gillespie, Illinois, to New York City to London, there are many, many people who have known him as a good friend. You have to go to these people to get the true and complete picture of Howard Keel. Those who knew him in the English theatre and movie world can tell you what he was like as an American in a strange country, as a man in love—after one unsuccessful marriage. Those who knew him in New York can tell you about that first marriage and the brief romance that followed. Those who knew him back home in Gillespie—who never suspected then that he could sing—can now tell you why, unlike most singers-to-be, he kept his gift hidden so long.

The story begins in Gillespie. A boyhood playmate now lives in the white frame cottage that used to be home for Howard, his mother, his father and his brother. On pleasant, tree-shaded Madison Street, the house—like the town as a whole—no longer reflects the threat that once brooded over it. This is a coal-mining town. While mining remains a hard and hazardous trade, its dangers have been somewhat reduced, and the shadow of the depression has lifted.

But the atmosphere was different when Howard was a little boy and his father worked in the mines. The unhappy figure of the elder Keel is very much alive in the memory of Gillespie. Homer Keel was a handsome man, big and swaggering. That swagger, his townsmen finally realized, hid a bitter and rebellious spirit. Maybe there was music locked inside him, too. He tried his hand at playing the trombone, but, the local music teacher recalls, "Homer Keel never blew a true note in his life."

In his mind, he must have heard the true notes, lyrical and beautiful, out of his reach. As a youngster, he was restless, though he came of a solid, steady, (*Continued on page* 94)

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF HEARTACHES, HARDSHIP AND A MAN'S UNSURPASSED COURAGE

Fink and Smith

If the baby is a girl, she'll be able to wear Jay's shirts, says Jane—just like all kid sisters!

Soon Jay will have a new playmate. And Janie will be closer to her dream. For long ago she knew in her heart that families are dearer by the dozen

....Room For One More

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

● ON A RECENT EVENING, a gray-eyed girl with silvery blonde hair, accompanied by a tall, proudly smiling man, had dinner at one of Hollywood's better restaurants. They sat at a corner table, isolated and intimate, and they held hands between courses. They talked in brief phrases, needing few words to convey their thoughts; each could sense what the other was thinking. A couple who had just fallen in love? No, there was between them more than the magic of being newly in love. There was the magic of being married and being parents. About them, there was the glow of past as well as present happiness—and of future years together and children still to come.

At the moment, Jane Powell and Geary Steffen were talking about Jay, their sprout who was a year old in July, and the new baby, who is scheduled for a January debut. Said Jane, "We haven't taken nearly enough pictures of Jay. Let's make a resolution New Year's Day: We'll photograph both the children at least once a week. Nothing elaborate. Just snapshots when there's sunshine, flash-bulb pictures when we have to shoot indoors."

Geary went along with the idea. "And we won't let 'em just kick around the house, either. Pictures like that become more valuable every year. What we

Jay's the baby of the family now—but he isn't going to resent the new arrival. Jane is making sure of that. For . . . . . months now, she's been cuddling a doll wrapped in a shawl. Just the other day Jay took over, and rocked "baby" to sleep!

Room For One More

ought to do is keep an album. Takes time, but I'll *make* time. This could be a real family history—dates, special events. . . ."

"You know," Janie said, "we now think we'll always remember every single thing Jay does, but there seems to be more to remember all the time, and some of it's bound to slip away unless we make a record of it, somehow. I'd like to get some movies of Jay's reaction to music—the way he tries to hum the tune and sways back and forth. He really has a sense of rhythm! Of course, I guess a lot of babies do that, but I'd like to have it on record in case he does turn out to be a musical genius."

"Not with those paws!" Geary grinned. "They aren't designed for piano-pounding. He's going to be a star quarterback. With those hands, he'll heave the ball the length of the field. And run? Wait'll you see him, with that build. Then he'll be able to give his younger brother a few tips—show him the ropes—when Kyle starts college. Kyle Amerson Steffen, Class of '75 . . . They'll probably nickname him 'Kas.'"

Ornitz

Geary gave Jane diamonds when Jay was born. None of that this time, she says. The money goes into the New House fund

Janie spoke up pointedly. "I think *she* will probably be called 'Sissy'—around the house, that is. Miss Suzanne Eileen Steffen . . ."

"Or Suzy, Jr.," Geary suggested (Suzanne Eileen being Jane's real name).

"Definitely," his wife said, "I think it's better to have a boy, then a girl, then a boy, then a girl . . ."

"Keep right on going," Geary urged. "Make it an even dozen!"

"Won't it be wonderful?" Janie bubbled. But then there was a certain wistfulness in her eyes. In the pleasant room, in the midst of the mingled fragrance of good food and expensive perfume, in the warm atmosphere of comradeship and comfort, she was remembering a winter night long, long ago, a night when a dream was born. . . .

It was the 23rd of December, and Jane wasn't more than thirteen or fourteen. She was trudging slowly home after choir practice, the music of Christmas still joyous in her ears. Caught up in the elation of the season, she still felt a vague heart-hunger. Jane was looking forward to the big day with a teen-ager's normal eagerness. She was entirely happy in her home life with her mother and her father; yet among the absorbing interests and emotional satisfactions of her experience there was an empty space. She couldn't have described her feeling even if a passing grade in English had been at stake, but the emptiness was there, elusive yet unmistakably, disturbingly real.

As she wandered along, listening to the lonesome sound of the wind in the pine trees, she asked herself silently. "What is it? What is it I miss?"

And then she saw the house with the great, lighted window. Cautiously she crossed the lawn, keeping in the shadows, but coming close enough to see the bright and busy scene within. A family was trimming a tall Christmas tree. There were five boys and four girls, supervised by the mother, the father and several other grown-ups who might have been uncles and aunts.

Jane knew then that the holiday activities she watched were perfectly conventional, taking place in millions of homes. But for some reason they seemed to her very special and important. A boy and a girl got into an argument over the privilege of climbing the stepladder to place the angel at the top of the tree; the mother had to arbitrate. The baby insisted on trying to eat the miniature light-bulbs—particularly the red ones. A teen-age girl was wrapping a large and mysterious package and trying to dodge one of the older boys, who made teasing efforts to take it away from her. Two middle-size children were popping corn at the fireplace. One of the boys was stringing the corn; another was stringing cranberries.

Quite suddenly, Jane (*Continued on page* 111)

Three Loves has SUSAN

BY

IDA ZEITLIN

Some women are crazy about clothes or mad for jewelry. But Susan Hayward's love is just for Jess and her sons

Turn to next page

Powolny

Three Loves has SUSAN

There's a big "no trespassing" sign on Susan Hayward's private life. Here, for the first time, you can get to know her on her home grounds

Susan and Jess Barker are a sentimental couple. Wed in 1944, they still celebrate the day they met

Twins Timothy and Gregory aren't impressed with Susan's star status. Have seen only one of her films

They're named Jess, Timothy and Gregory Barker, and they're at the warm heart of Susan's world. She likes to work, but the men in her life come first and they know it. Secure in that knowledge, they take the rest in stride. Now and then the twins will put up a reasonable squawk. As on the day she started "The President's Lady" in August, soon after finishing "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." "Why can't you not work till we go back to school?" They got a reasonable answer, plus the dazzling promise of a fishing trip, and felt they'd engineered a pretty neat deal.

Her solution to the problem that baffles so many career women rests on a rooted devotion to home, husband and kids. At the studio nobody works harder than Susan, nor drops out more completely once the picture's done. Her free time belongs to her family, and she won't have it nibbled away by meaningless outside demands. When the phone rings, she calls to Cleo, the cook: "I've just left for China!"

Offhand in manner, her speech laced with dry humor, you'd never take her for the sentimentalist she is. Anniversaries are sacred. She and Jess even celebrate the day they met. Stored away in a box are the broken bits of two lovebirds that topped their wedding cake. Till they fell apart, she kept them over the bed. Arden's *Cyclamen* is her favorite perfume, because it's the first he ever gave her. Her first gift to him was a pair of cuff links, his initials on one side and on the other, *Francie*—the kid who grew with the tree in Brooklyn. Jess still calls her "Francie," his kid from Brooklyn. Or "Pinky," for the luminous quality of her glowing skin.

Susan and Jess spend as much time as possible with Timothy and Gregory. Susan maintains, "Children *are* the home"

The fact that she's a movie star makes no impression on her sons. "With a Song in My Heart" was the first Hayward picture they saw. Tim sat enthralled, weeping steadily through the sad parts. Greg asked, "When's the comedy coming up?" Since Greg's the sensitive character and Tim's the battler, Susan has yet to figure out these reactions.

Greg and Tim were seven last February, and they're so different that Susan finds it hard to think of them as twins. Tim's five pounds heavier than his slender brother, and more outgoing. Being introduced, he'll stick out a friendly paw. Greg stands back and cases you before committing himself. Tim's easier to fathom. Sent to his room for some misdeed, he bangs things around, gets the ferment out of his system and starts from scratch. Greg clams up and broods, thus driving his mother frantic. On the other hand, Greg's the comic who comes out with cracks. Like all humans, they're inconsistent. Matter-of-fact Tim's the book-lover who invested his own cash in a copy of "Tom Sawyer." Greg, highly imaginative, likes to work with his hands, though given the choice, he'll sit spinning private dreams which have been known to take a practical turn.

Recently the Barkers bought a Ford station wagon. Greg asked what it cost. Susan told him. "Is that a lot?" he queried anxiously.

"My daddy didn't make that much in a year," Susan told him. "Many people don't. They have to use all their money for food and rent."

Greg digested this. "You know what? I b'lieve I'll make a million when I grow (*Continued on page* 82)

SECRETS Behind

Barbara Stanwyck was lost in the aftermath of her divorce

For the first time Barbara tells of her struggle to find herself

What happens to a marriage in Hollywood? Is it destined for failure? In this exclusive report we bring you the intimate and personal stories of three of Hollywood's once-happy pairs.
—The Editors

● Bitterness and bewilderment—these were the emotions that keynoted Barbara Stanwyck's life in the months following her divorce from Robert Taylor. But she had wiped out the bitterness. And now, looking back on the subtle steps that led—one by one—to the separation, she has come to understand.

"At first, I could think only of me—my hurt, my ego, my problem," she says. "But gradually, I came to realize that I was by no means unique."

Barbara knows, however, that the end of bitterness does not necessarily mean the end of loneliness, as well.

But loneliness is one subject that Barbara Stanwyck chooses not to dwell on long. Because she has been working so hard to overcome it.

She is much less reluctant, surprisingly, to reveal her most introspective thoughts on what happened to her marriage and why—as she sees it now—the divorce from Bob was inevitable.

For one thing, she admits in retrospect, that she may have been too career-minded, too concerned about maintaining her status as one of Hollywood's most successful actresses—and not concerned nearly enough with being a truly successful wife.

She never took her marriage for granted—no (*Continued on page* 98)

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Hollywood Heartbreaks

and a regretful Bob Taylor continues to mourn his marital failure

• "I doubt that there's a marriage in the offing for me. At least, there isn't one in the foreseeable future. If there were to be, I'd be the happiest guy in the world. I'm not cut out to be alone. But every time I go out with a girl, I begin to make comparisons. And that's always the beginning of the end."

That is Robert Taylor's frank and honest answer to questions about his marrying again. There have been repeated rumors of new romances for him—flurries of newspaper stories—linking his name with charmers here and abroad. Tall tales! Fantastic deductions!

"Marriage now is the last thing in my mind," Bob says. "You see, I figure I hit the jackpot the first time, and it would be asking too much of life to expect to hit it again.

"I'm sorry things turned out the way they did. And I feel that I'm responsible—completely responsible. I accept the facts for what they are—but it makes a guy lose confidence in himself as a husband.

"And after Barbara, who could I possibly marry? Barbara is a great girl—intelligent and understanding—and full of love. Real love, I mean."

Being the kind of man who never dreamed of divorce, he's finding the return to singleness anything but blessed. "I'm not very gregarious," he puts it. "I don't like parties and big crowds. My choice is to be pretty much alone, but I don't want to sit home and mope. I get restless. That's why I rattle around town as much as I do."

And that's why the romance rumors flourish. Bob is a charming escort, gracious, amusing (*Continued on page* 99)

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Bob takes the full responsibility for the failure of their marriage

SECRETS Behind Hollywood

About-to-be-divorced John Wayne made attempts at reconciliation

John's first marriage to Josephine Saenz foundered on the shoals of her desire for a social life, despite four children

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

● I have a theory that the reasons for the breakup of John Wayne's second marriage are deeply rooted in his first.

Here is the background.

Wayne's first marriage was in 1933 to Josephine Saenz, daughter of a Mexican government official and a devout Catholic.

John, too, is a Catholic—that is, he is but he isn't. His folks were, but they went their separate ways when he was fifteen, so he wasn't actually brought up as a practicing member of the Catholic faith.

Josephine was Society with a capital S. John was just plain Duke (his friends in Hollywood still call him that) Morrison, bit player and stunt man. Josephine's society was the real thing—strictly Pasadena, not Hollywood. She is still high society and, incidentally, still a very beautiful woman.

To John, things came the hard way. He got his big break in "The Big Trail" in 1929, made by Raoul Walsh for the old Fox Company. Walsh had discovered him at Fox Studio working as a prop man for the summer. The various studios made a practice of giving kids—particularly football players—jobs during the vacation months, and Wayne, who made the varsity team in his sophomore year at the University of Southern California, was being touted as a coming football star.

"Trail" was intended to (*Continued on page* 100)

Heartbreaks

but for Chata Wayne recent years of her marriage have brought only sorrow

With Esperanza (Chata) Baur, John at first found the quiet home life he had so desperately desired in marriage

BY EVE FORD

• When Chata and John Wayne were married on January 17, 1946, there was no doubt that they were deeply in love. Their tastes were similar; they shared a mutual desire for the quiet contentment of a happy home life.

Chata was, in fact, ready to give up her career as a motion picture actress in Mexico to devote herself to being just Mrs. John Wayne. Shortly after their wedding Chata said, "I don't ever wish for acting again. But I am glad for the Duke that I did act for a while, for it makes me know, without his having to explain anything at all, when he is tired or cross. Then I either baby him or I just turn my back and go away and let him gloom quietly, all by himself."

And there is no doubt that the moody Duke did gloom by himself much of the time. But Chata and John did, at first, share a lot of fun together. They loved their home, and they loved occasional evenings out too. Both enjoy dancing, and Chata particularly enjoyed dancing with John because of his height. "When I first see Duke in Mexico, where most of the men are so short, I know it is good for me," she admitted shortly after their marriage. "I know that when I, who am so long, dance with him his head will be above me, which never happened to me before."

Chata and John had much in common. They both had come from middle-class families where working for a living was the accepted (*Continued on page* 101)

SECRETS Behind Hollywood Heartbreaks

Eleanor Powell gave up her career to make her marriage successful

BY JANE CORWIN

● On an October evening back in 1944, a solemn young couple stood side by side in the flower-decked living room of the bride's Beverly Hills home. Softly, in words barely audible except to each other, they repeated the marriage vows. "Only once before in my entire thirty-five years in the ministry," said the Reverend Ray Moore afterward, "have I ever performed a ceremony where the strength of feeling between two people was so marked.

"Standing there, so straight and tall and so deeply in love, they were a symbol of everything fine and good and clean in this world."

This was the wedding of dancing star Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford, actor turned Marine sergeant. It was a wartime marriage, and their love seemed the only stable thing in a world of confusion. In the year of 1952, confusion in full force seems to have entered the lives of the Glenn Fords.

There were hints of trouble as far back as 1946, when Glenn came home from the service and made "A Stolen Life" and "Gilda." At that time, he admitted that a few adjustments were being made in the household. "But we've never discussed anything so drastic as parting," he said.

Lately the rumors have been revived. There are those who insist that Eleanor at one point not only consulted a lawyer, but was bent on filing for divorce, when Glenn somehow managed to persuade her to give their marriage another try.

Recently the story of a quarrel reached the papers. The accounts were many and varied. One reporter said that Glenn had left home (*Continued on page* 102)

After a rift, Glenn Ford has asked Ellie to give him another chance

BY JAMES WILDER

● It happened a long time ago. A tall, gangly youth was perched high on the roof of the Wilshire Theatre in Santa Monica. He wore an ill-fitting raincoat to ward off the rain. His face was eager and tense as both hands hung onto a huge twisting searchlight that swept the sky. Thus he clung for four hours each night, twisting the light that guided theater-goers to the box office below. For his services, he got to see the show—free! Each night he could lose himself in the magic world of make-believe—the world that one day was to be his world if it took the last ounce of his being.

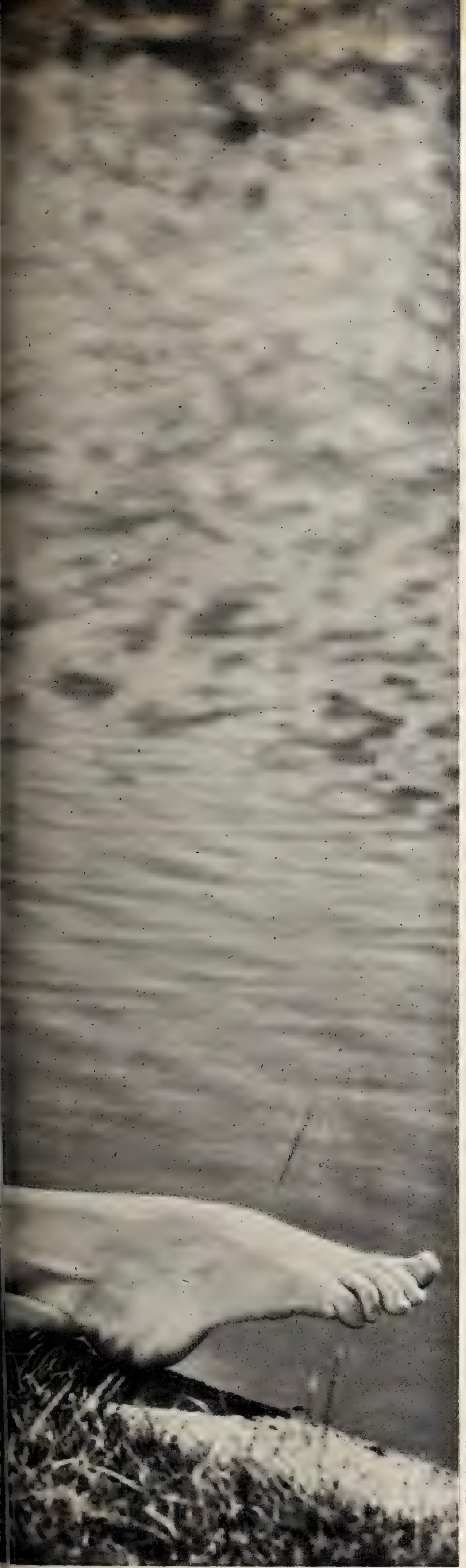
Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford from Glenford, near Three Rivers in Quebec, didn't have to grow taller. But he did become older and wiser and one day, as Glenn Ford, he appeared in a Paramount short called "A Night in Manhattan." This time there was no free movie for his services. For his acting chore, he received the magnificent sum of twenty-five dollars, and never before or since has he been so genuinely thrilled. The rest is now Hollywood history.

Glenn Ford has come a long way. He's richer today in worldly goods. Experience has been a great teacher. Would he want to change places with the eager, wistful boy back on the theatre rooftop? Sometimes, when that unhappy expression creeps into his eyes, when the corners of his mouth tighten and he sighs as he talks in soft, quick gasps, Hollywood wonders. His restless nature, his cautious attitude do not bespeak a happy man.

This may well be the heritage of his Welsh ancestry. There have been and probably (*Continued on page* 103)

Garrett, Graphic House

Peter Ford accompanied his parents, after the reconciliation, on a holiday fishing trip to the Mammoth Lakes



Blackwell

BY PAULINE SWANSON

She's A NEW WOMAN

Liz Taylor knew she wasn't happy—that she was searching for something she couldn't find in her own life. And then . . . Mike found Elizabeth

● FOR THE NEXT SIX OR SEVEN MONTHS her friends and fans will refer to Elizabeth Taylor, please, as Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Before she met Michael, Liz says, she was never really satisfied with her life, with herself.

"It wasn't anything really specific—I just wasn't happy, never quite knowing why. I was searching for something, I didn't know what.

"Now I know. And I have it. My love. My reason for existing."

The beautiful young star, awaiting the birth of her first child, began a temporary retirement from the screen late in August with the completion of her role in "The Girl Who Had Everything."

"The girl who has everything—you can say *that* again," seemed to be the unanimous verdict of all the people who worked with her in the exciting five weeks just before Liz said goodbye, for a short time at least, to all of her friends and co-workers on the M-G-M lot.

For Liz, home again after an idyllic honeymoon in the Alps with her handsome British husband, Michael Wilding, was a vision to inspire even the most determinedly (*Continued on page* 92)

ROCK HUDSON

Photograph by Jones. Rock is in "Horizons West"

Water skiing by moonlight . . . classical music on a juke box . . . magnetism on Main street . . . blue jeans and dancing shoes . . . hometown boy with a party line

PIER ANGELI

Photograph by Apger. Pier appears in "The Story of Three Loves"

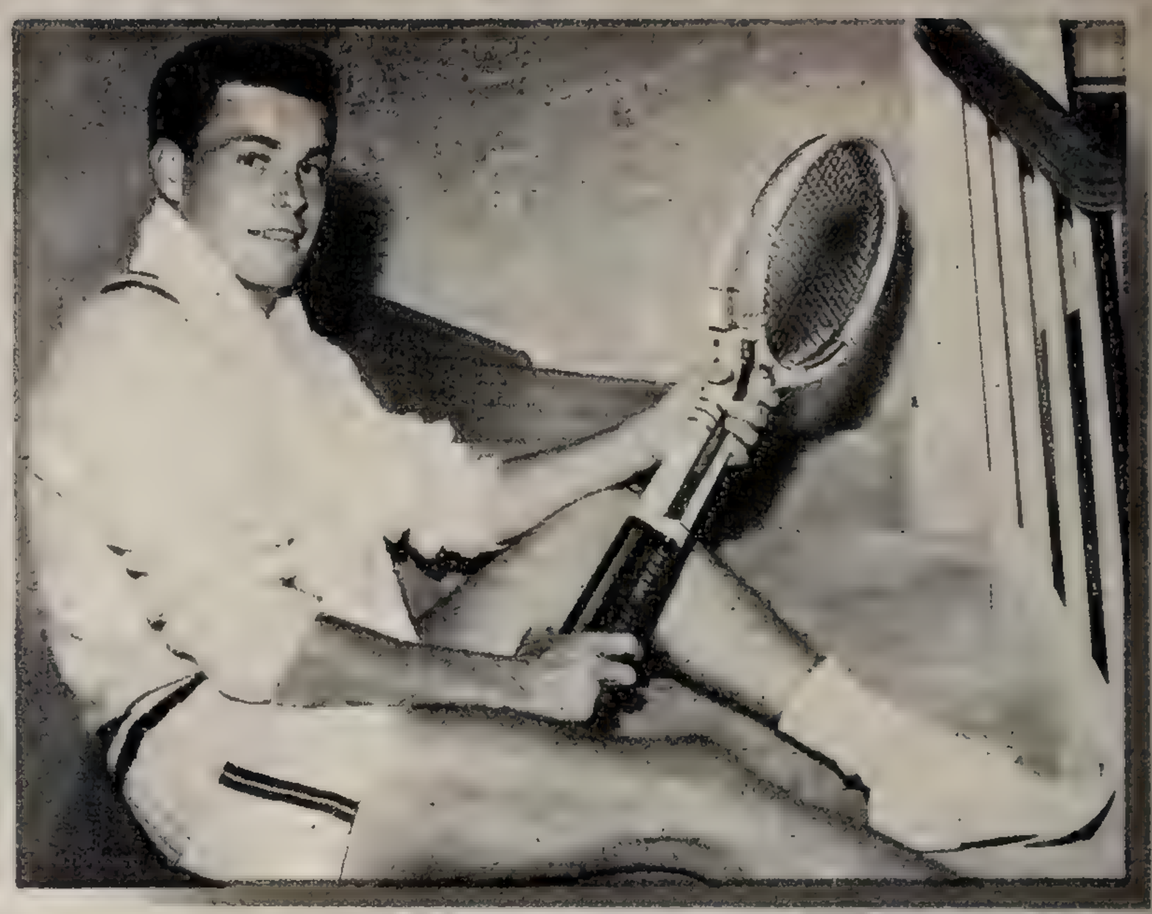
A dryad, dancing to a street organ . . . white violets in an earthenware jar . . . a Botticelli elf . . . sunlight on the Mediterranean . . . Mona Lisa in her teens

Collectors' Items

Here's something for the girls who want to keep an eye on Bob Wagner —a collection of pocket-size pinups

Bob Wagner may be the young man about town, but he's career-conscious. Serious and hard-working, he keeps everyone on the set hopping—answering his questions! At twenty-two, Bob is not only one of Hollywood's brightest young stars, he is one of the most popular too. An all-round sportsman, he can also swing a mean tune on a sax and really roll those drums! But it's his growing fan mail that proves Bob really sends the girls. For which he's grateful. Yet he isn't forgetting what Clark Gable said to him when he first started in movies. "Always be considerate of people at the studio, Bob. And don't ever forget—you can always be replaced." That makes good sense to Bob.

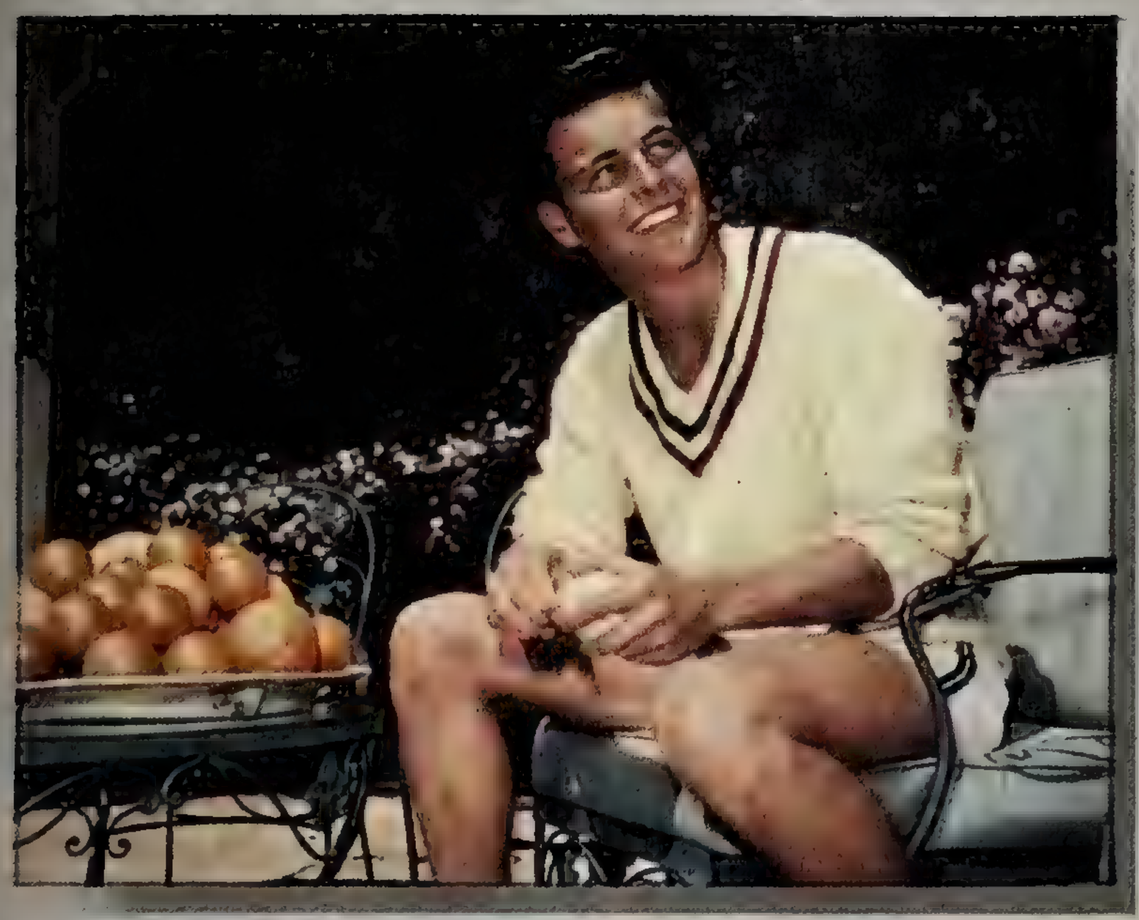
Fink-Smith



All set — to serve a love game to some lucky tennis partner

He wants his own apartment, tries tooting to get Dad's okay

When versatile Bob sits down at the piano — nobody laughs!



Vitamins plus! Now we know where Bob gets all that energy!

A sharp dresser, even when he's preparing to hit the sack

Bob's for girls! Pictures are of Debbie Reynolds, Debra Paget

"I play records all the time. It drives my poor Dad nuts"

Cars send him—he used to drive a hot rod, now wants a Jaguar

It's the cats! Bob is next in "Stars and Stripes Forever"

Alan Ladd runs things around their home but he's smart enough to let Sue pilot his

WIVES MAKE THE

A lot of Hollywood success stories might never have been written if the mister hadn't married the right missus

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● WHEN AVA GARDNER took Frank Sinatra for better or for worse, I couldn't see how things could be any worse for them. His television show was about to be axed. His picture, "Meet Danny Wilson," was heading for a box-office nosedive. His records weren't selling. His fan following was violently divided over the divorce from Nancy. His popularity with the press was nil. He wasn't even feeling too good physically.

And do you think any of this bothered our Ava? Of course it did. But she was determined not to let it bother Frankie too much. As far as she's concerned, he has never stopped being a success. And it's this kind of confidence that has put many a career-wobbly husband right back on top again.

Ornitz

rocketing career

Paul Brinkman made a career switch and proved Jeanne Crain was right

Janet lets Tony Curtis know she's in love with a wonderful guy!

Bogey is enjoying life since Baby made him her life's work

Ava Gardner steadies Frank's career doubts with wifely confidence

America's the land of opportunity for Vittorio since he wed Shelley

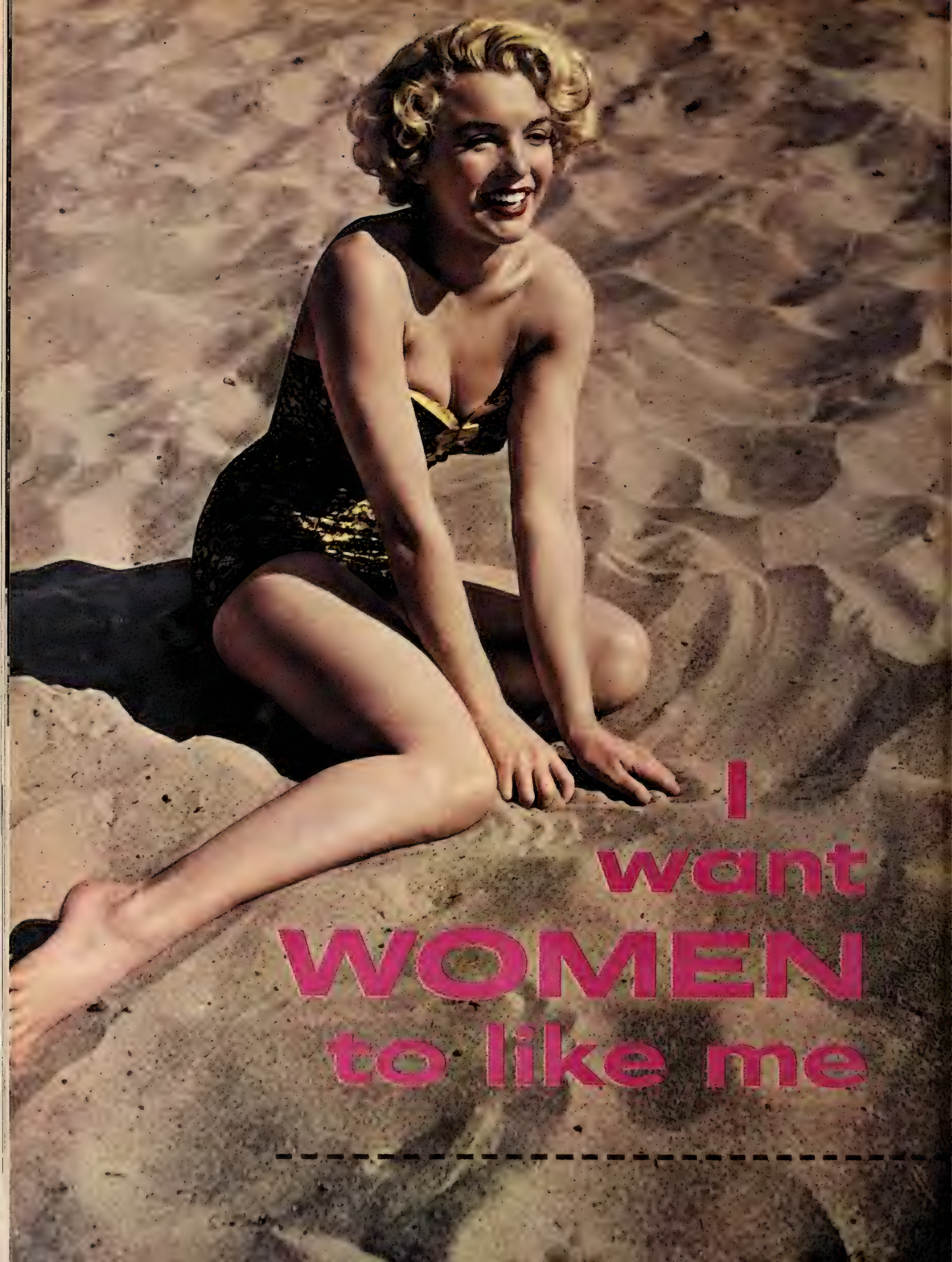
Lucille Ball parted from movies for a permanent spot with Desi

BEST HUSBANDS!

That's what I mean when I say that wives make the best husbands. Look at the positive wives—the members of Hollywood teams where the husband couldn't possibly be where he is today—and tomorrow—if the little woman hadn't been right behind him, giving him the kind of push a man needs to send him soaring. And I mean, among others, Sue Ladd, Lauren Bacall, Shelley Winters, Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams.

I remember smiling when Sue Ladd sold half her agent's interest in Alan to another ten percenter, because, as she told me then, "I couldn't do a good job for him at the studio, or anywhere, once we were married. No matter what I said about him, it would sound prejudiced. And people were bound to be sceptical." But did that stop Sue from boosting Alan in every way she could? Not by a hundred per cent.

She didn't even slow up on the Ladd sales promotion a couple of years ago, after she sold her remaining half of Alan to a top agency. Her net on the deal: enough cash to pay for the $150,000 mansion in Holmby Hills. That was Alan's present to Sue. And Sue's present to Alan is one of the most fabulous careers this town has ever seen. With Sue pegging the rates, Alan's salary at Paramount rocketed from $150 a week for "This Gun for Hire" to $200,000 per pic, which he's earning for "Shane." He gets that plus a percentage at Warners for "The Iron Mistress" and a fifty-fifty share of the profits from (*Continued on page* 87)


I
want
WOMEN
to like me

Globe

I want women to like me. I've just come to realize that.

I think I came to realize that I want women friends when I discovered, by accident, that I had one whom I barely know. Her name is Eleanor Parker and I think she is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

It was at a party one night recently, after I'd finished work on the picture, "Monkey Business." As I started into the powder room I heard my name under discussion. It was just like that old crack about eavesdroppers. I stopped cold. I certainly didn't hear anything good said about me. One girl was knocking my clothes. Another was hammering my manners and other things. I stood there dying, just outside the half-opened door, not knowing whether I should burst into the powder room or run out on the party.

Then I heard a third voice, serene and lovely. "But do you know Marilyn?" asked the voice. "Have you really met her? The moment you do, you'll know that most of the things said about her are false."

I walked in then to see who was speaking. Eleanor Parker's eyes met mine, and she smiled like one best friend greeting another. "Hello, Marilyn," she said. "How nice you look tonight."

I gulped. "Thank you," I said. The other two cats left hurriedly. And as the door closed on them, I could feel the tears stinging against my eyelids. The truth was that Eleanor Parker and I had never exchanged a word before that moment, except "How-do-you-do" as we had been introduced to one another earlier that same evening.

Now I fumbled for words. I'm not much of a word girl anyhow, because the best way to talk to men, of course, is to listen. Finally I said, "I honestly don't know how to thank you."

"Let's be friends," Eleanor said. "That's payment enough for me."

Now up until that moment I never, in my whole life, have had but two women who were outright kind to me. I had no family life in my childhood. I lost my father while I was still in my cradle, and I was separated from my mother not long afterward. The state of California and the County of Los Angeles took me over and both did their best by me. I'm very grateful—but how much can you do for a kid when there's only twenty-five dollars a month to spend on her? I went from "home" to "home"—one an orphanage. It wasn't till I was eleven that I was taken into a shabby little house in a very beat-up section of Los Angeles. I was old enough by then to expect the worst, and looking at that house in that neighborhood, I fully expected this to be intolerable. But in that house (*Continued on page* 80)

Marilyn learned the meaning of friendship with women when she started studying acting

For the first time in her life she misses the women friends she never had

By Marilyn Monroe

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS:

going . . . from fall to winter
going . . . around the clock, around the calendar
going . . . places!

On the go . . . on the stars!

Here are clothes designed for action . . . exciting, fall-into-winter Go-Clothes to see you through an on-the-go season . . . daytime, date time, nighttime. Hollywood's glamorous stars wear them—Photoplay stars them for *you* to wear! GO . . . in step and in style with the stars!

Edward Kasper

JANIS is all set to go walking with Liebchen, her frisky dachshund. Her day-into-date classic by Henry Rosenfeld is in striped gray, red and yellow Frankel wool tweed. And for after five, Jan changes accessories and slips off the rib-knit dickey. Dress, about $18, dickey, about $2. 10-18. Angora beret by Madcaps. Park Lane bag. Ciner jewelry. Janis is in RKO's "The Half-Breed"

ON THE GO . . . lively Gloria DeHaven poses, left, with the S.S. *America* as background, wearing a wonderful go-outfit by Korday. Slim skirt, vest, jacket and hat are in Juilliard new, tweed-striped cotton corduroy. Blouse in Security washable wool jersey. Vest, under $6, skirt, $8, jacket, $18, hat, $3, blouse, under $8. All, 10-18. Marlow leather bag. Dawnelle gloves. Gloria is in 20th's "Down Among the Sheltering Palms"

JANIS CARTER right, keeps in step with style in a wear-everywhere coat designed to *go* from morning to night, over everything. By Jaunty Juniors, in a pebbly, blackish-gray wool tweed, about $50. 7-15. Janice wears a pert little black velveteen jockey cap by Madcaps. Park Lane leather tote bag. Ciner rhinestone pin, bracelet

Color photo by Dirone

going formal: Going out on the town, Janis is all set for the theater, dinner and some late-evening dancing. Her lovely, every-season, strapless dress with matching, cover-up jacket is in Cohama Capri, a new, richly textured antique silk-and-acetate, in an exciting shade called lime tone. Bodice is appliqued with white flowers and rhinestones. By Virginia Spears, about $25. 7-15. Janis adds rhinestone tulip choker and earrings by Coro. Her gold wedgies by Town & Country

going home: Still on the go even at home. For sleeping comfort and style, Janis chooses a three-piece Tommieset that combines solid yellow cotton with Stevens Scotch plaid. She wears the reversible coat outdoors in summer. It's plaid on one side and quilted plain on the other. The tailored p-j's have plain yellow pants and plaid top. The set, $17.95. 32-38, tiny, regular, tall. Clix slippers. Desley bedspread

Stores where you can buy these styles are listed on page 97

On the go, on the stars!

going outdoors:

Janis romps with Liebchen, ready for any sport in cozy White Stag calf-skinner pants and cardigan. Made of Cone tweed denim, lined with warm cotton jersey, there is snug rib knit trim at calf and neck. 10-18. With gay, matching cap, $25.85 the set. Clix wool flats and Dawnelle red wool shorties add warmth

going informal:

Just like every girl, Janis Carter loves informal dates and parties! She's dressed for either in a reversible, coin-dotted skirt (blue on black or black on blue) of French cotton flannel, and a lacy wool top. Jeanne Campbell of Sportswhirl. 10-18. Skirt is about $15.95; sweater, about $8.95. Clix mules; Coro pin

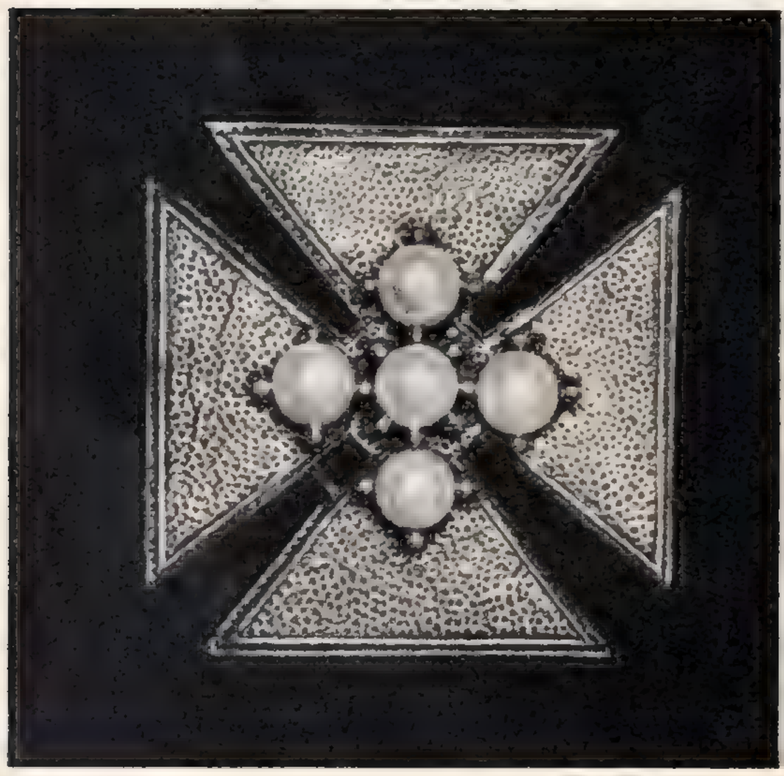
Close-up!

Close-ups of the star accessories Janis Carter wears with the Go-Clothes in this issue . . . penny-wise fashion buys for you . . . or for Christmas giving!

***On the go** outdoors or in: Jan's Clix plaid wool flats shown on p. 63 with pedal pushers. Full sizes 4-9M and 5-9N, $4.98. Order from Fashions for Now, Inc., 426 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

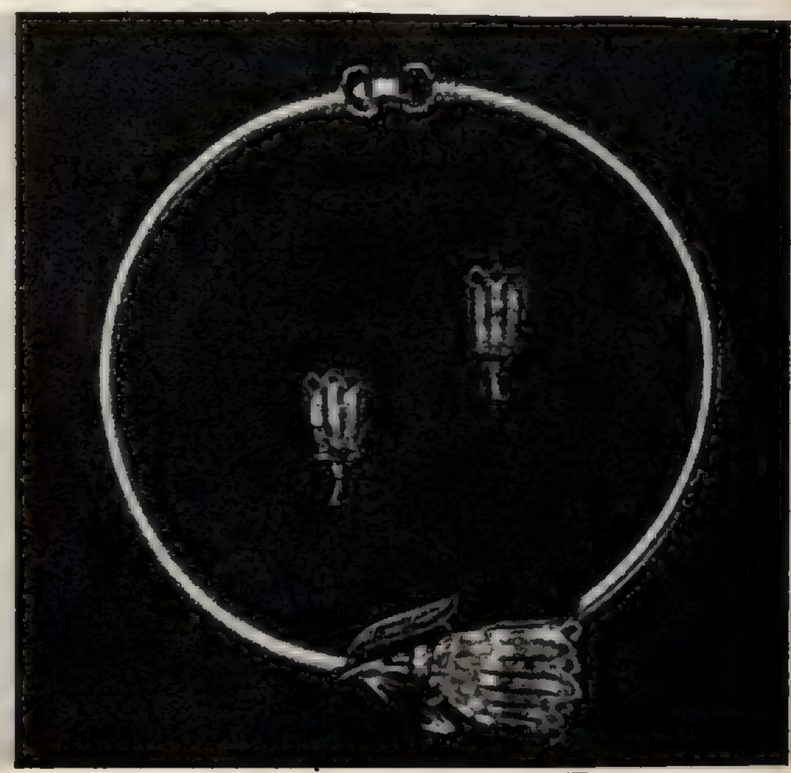
***Great** with her greatcoat: a new, blonde satchel bag. Top grain cowhide, double closing, $10.95, by Park Lane. At the May Company, Los Angeles; Halle Bros., Cleveland*

***Hot news** for cold hands: going outdoors, Jan wears Dawnelle warm wool jersey gloves, bright red, $4. Mandel, Chicago; Broadway, Los Angeles; Oppenheim Collins, New York*



***Heirloom** pin-or-pendant (pinned on Janis, p. 63): a Ciner gold-plated heraldic with simulated pearls, $10, a now-and-forever gift. Order by mail from Saks-34th, New York*

***Go-cap** dreamed up by Madcaps for Janis to wear with her coat, and with everything: black velvet with ribbon bow, $5.95. Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; May Co., L.A.*



Edward Kasper

***Going formal,** Jan wears elegant Coro "jools:" silver choker with shiny tulip pendant, matching earrings, $5 each. Wanamaker, New York; The Fair, Chicago; The May Co., Denver*

Buy PHOTOPLAY STAR ACCESSORIES at stores listed, or order by writing direct to the store that's nearest you, enclosing check or money order

PHOTOPLAY STAR PATTERN

Sew Easy

. . . separates worn by Anne Baxter in 20th's "My Wife's Best Friend"

YOU can make all three for under $25! Here's a line-for-line copy—in a sew-easy pattern—of Anne's day-into-date outfit designed by Charles LeMaire for her to wear in her latest film (see real scenes from the movie, above.) Make it in the very same fabric, Security lovely wool jersey . . . stripe for the doll-waist skirt and spencer, matching heather for the date blouse. For size 14: 5 yards of the stripe at about $4 a yard, and 1¼ yards of plain heather at about $3 a yard

Jacket off, it's a terrific date outfit! Turn to page 97 for close-up of fabrics, detailed drawings of back views, and how and where to buy this pattern and fabric

She prefers horsepower in a car to those horses he loves, sometimes sounds off like a Marine sergeant! But Virginia knows just how to keep Mike whistling while he works

MRS. WHISTLE BAIT

by Michael O'Shea

• Virginia Mayo is a versatile actress, a gifted dancer, a designer of women's clothes, an interior decorator, and a student of contemporary religions. She is also foolhardy and courageous: she married me.

I saw her for the first time when I was working in the picture, "Jack London." I was playing a member of the crew on a sealing vessel set, and at the time we were supposed to be skinning seals. We were an unlovely lot to look at, up to our elbows in grease and gore. Suddenly I knew that all movement about me had ceased. Glancing up I saw an incredibly lovely girl come tripping across the littered deck. I learned later that she was there to be interviewed by a director, but she seemed as oblivious to the grime and sordidness of the scene as though she were strolling through a garden. The contrast was startling. And I was aware, instantly, that she was a girl I had to know. For the rest of that day, I wasn't much good on the set.

Thinking about it since, I've wondered why she ever consented to go out with me that first time.
I wasn't a star. "Jack London" was only my second picture and though I learned later it was also her second, a girl as lovely as she was didn't need an established career to make her attractive to the top echelons in Hollywood. But the fact that I did manage to see her later on became the most important single event of my life.

I was doing a good deal of rodeo work in those days (I still haven't given it up) and Virginia and her mother used to travel the *(Continued on page 76)*

Virginia's great enthusiasm for riding and rodeos had Mike fooled before their marriage

What happens when stars leave home? In Europe, whether they're holidaying or working, they go all out for fun . . .

ANYTHING

Cafe patrons along the Champs Elysees are getting used to the sight of Clark Gable promenading as gaily as a local Parisian

GOES!

Paris means parties in La Rogers' vocabulary

Ornitz

A prank of Danny Kaye's in England was good practice for his assignment opposite Jeanmaire in RKO's "Hans Christian Andersen"

Never at a loss, Orson Welles grease-paints an innocent guest at a shindig abroad. Claudette Colbert is amused!

BY ELSA MAXWELL

● MEET A WORKING STAR in Hollywood and you find a serious person intent on business, a person who goes to bed early and arises early, a person who is probably annoyed at practical jokes and pranks. But meet a star vacationing in Europe and you discover a person who's freed himself from cares for a while, and is bent on adventure and gayety. The stars turn up at odd times, doing strange things. Whenever I think of them turning up in strange places I recall an escapade of Danny Kaye's in Manchester, England.

Ambition never leaves some people alone. No matter how successful they are, there always seems to be one more thing they yearn to do. And it's usually in some field other than their own.

With Danny Kaye, the urge—for years—has been to be a ballet dancer. During his recent fabulous engagement at the London Palladium, he decided to do something about it. He had become friendly with one of the leading dancers in a ballet company then touring the provinces. And Danny's powers of persuasion being what they are, he convinced the dancer *a*) to teach him the routine for one of the numbers, and *b*) to allow Danny to step in for him at a performance in Manchester one night.

But they kept it all a deep dark secret—even from the ballerina opposite whom Danny was to dance.

Without warning, she found herself confronted by a strange partner, apparently confident of what he was doing—except for a vaguely self-conscious grin. She rose to the occasion, (*Continued on page* 104)

Worried? Well, just a little . . .

Being a father is no cinch . . .

Especially the waiting part . . .

Hold it! The doc's calling . . .

. . . Terrific! It's a girl!!!

BY PHYLLIS TOWNSEND

Take it from Dale Robertson, the next time he becomes a father, that will be the day—he doesn't work!

FATHER'S DAY

• THE PHONE RANG on the Erie Canal set on the back lot at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios just before four o'clock on the afternoon of last July 10, and the assistant director scurried over a vast tangle of cables to pick it up. "Yeah . . . yeah," he said excitedly, "that's just great! Yeah, I'll tell him."

He got back to his microphone in record time and roared for attention. "Bulletin," he said, "from Good Samaritan Hospital."

At this point every one of the hundred or so workers on the stage turned to look at Dale Robertson, standing by to go into a love scene with Betty Grable, his wide open Oklahoma face reddening perceptibly under the make-up.

"A girl," the assistant director's voice proclaimed, "weight eight pounds, five ounces, 3:42 P.M., mother and daughter doing fine."

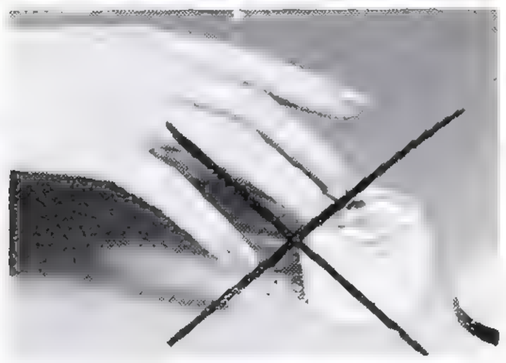
"A girl," Dale repeated in a low, stunned voice. "Rochelle."

And while the crowd on the set cheered and applauded excitedly, he began to work his way through a network of outstretched congratulating hands to reach the phone. He wanted to find out for himself how Jackie, his "best girl," was, if indeed their long awaited first baby had arrived safely and everything was all right. After all—"Jackie never got anywhere on time in her life"—this baby was many, many days overdue.

Since eight o'clock that morning, when he had reported at the studio for work after depositing Jacqueline at the hospital, he had been sweating it out, and he wanted to be reassured. He reached the phone stand at last, asked the operator for the number of the (*Continued on page* 90)

no wet sponge

no greasy fingertips



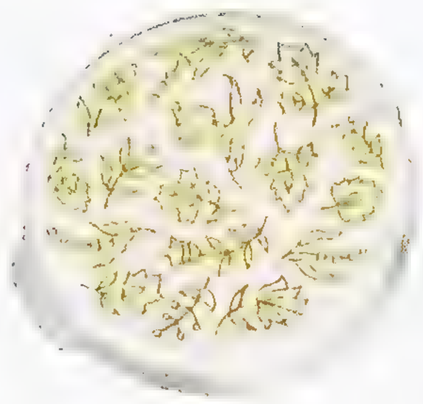
no spilly powder

Angel Face

by POND'S

smooths on with a puff —and stays!

In this adorable Mirror Case your powder and foundation in-one!



Also in this sweet blue-and-gold box, at 59¢, 89¢*

An angelic complexion—in 5 seconds! A touch of the puff smooths you, "de-shines" you, gives a heavenly, soft finish that *clings*—much longer than plain powder! Because Angel Face is powder *and* foundation in *one!* The Duchess de Richelieu says, *"Angel Face is the cleverest make-up, so flattering!"*

Tuck it in your handbag! In the new Mirror Case with puff, mirror and Angel Face, you carry a *complete,* velvety complexion! Can't spill! *"Angel Face is the most important bit of flattery in my handbag,"* Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. says. In six sweet skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, $1*

**plus tax*

Keep that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Wildroot gleam girl, Joyce Davidson of Hamilton, Ontario says, "My hair is so easy to manage and to set after a Lady Wildroot Shampoo".

Want your hair to sparkle . . . to have that $100 gleam? Then start using new Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . the liquid-cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans . . . cleans as it gleams.

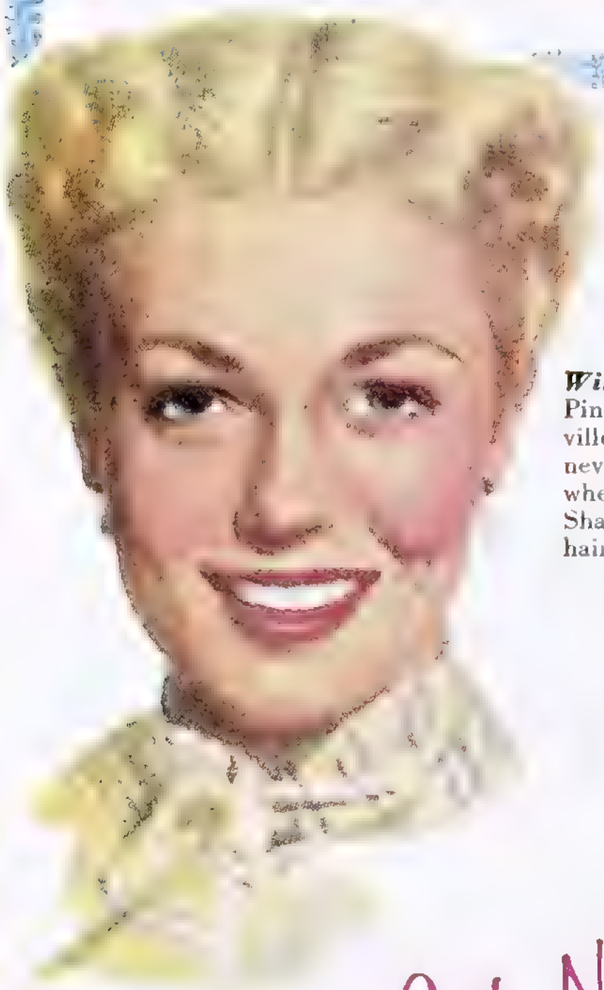
You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid . . . more than just a cream! It's a combination of the *best of both!* It's soapless sudsy for deep-down cleaning! Contains lanolin to soothe and soften hair . . . leaves it clean, easy to manage . . . a snap to set!

For soft, gleaming, radiant hair . . . for a clean, deep-clean scalp insist on the shampoo that's good for your hair . . . *right* for your hair . . . insist on new Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

Hurry, Hurry! There's still time to win a $100— **BE A WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL!**

Want to win $100. Want to have your picture in a Wildroot advertisement? Just send a snapshot or photograph (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, New York. Print your name and address on the back of the picture.

If your photograph is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot advertisement and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photographs will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send your photograph today. And to keep that $100 gleam in your hair . . . keep using Lady Wildroot Shampoo.



Wildroot gleam girl, Pinky Parker of Louisville, Kentucky says, "I never need a special rinse when I use Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It leaves my hair so clean it gleams"

Wildroot gleam girl, Susan Joy Collins of New York says, "I love Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It smells good. Mommy says it's good for my hair".

Get New Lady Wildroot shampoo

gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams

Three Sizes 29¢ 59¢ 98¢

guess who?

A. Neither the styles she wears nor the men she dates are the same for this gay gal, on the town with Tony Martin in 1946

B. Who wouldn't give at least ten pins for this bowler? Even with her face hidden, there are a couple of famous clues showing

ANSWERS: A. RITA HAYWORTH B. BETTY GRABLE

They've changed, but you can name them if you try

C. Man-about-the-tennis-court, man-about-town, man-about-the-world, there's hardly an ounce of difference in him since 1940

D. She's as energetic now as she was at rehearsal in 1948. But the old bounce hasn't stopped her from going "smoothie"

C. ERROL FLYNN

D. BETTY HUTTON

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. Photoplay's Choice for this month, page 28. This month's full reviews, page 20.

A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

BIG SKY, THE—RKO: Rousing, authentic adventures of pioneer fur-traders along the Missouri. Kirk Douglas and young Dewey Martin vie for Indian princess Elizabeth Threatt; Arthur Hunnicutt as the salty narrator almost walks off with the show. (F) September

CRIMSON PIRATE, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Lusty, tongue-in-cheek tale of pirates and rebel colonists on the old Spanish Main, with enchanting acrobatics by Burt Lancaster and Nick Cravat. Newcomer Eva Bartok plays heroine. (F) October

HAPPY TIME, THE—Columbia: Witty and wise story of a French-Canadian boy's awakening to love and sex. Family saga excellently acted by Bobby Driscoll, Charles Boyer and Marsha Hunt, Louis Jourdan and Linda Christian. (F) September

HIGH NOON—U.A.: Adult and unbearably suspenseful western. Gary Cooper stars as a marshal who, on his wedding day, must face four desperadoes alone. Fine support by Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado and Lloyd Bridges. (F) June

IVANHOE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, splendid action epic of knighthood days, with Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero who defies King John and is loved by Elizabeth Taylor, as *Rebecca*, and Joan Fontaine, as *Rowena*. (F) September

JUST FOR YOU—Paramount, Technicolor: Amiable, tune-filled reunion for Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman. Bing's a musical-comedy producer who's been too busy to woo Jane or be a real father to Bob Arthur and Natalie Wood. (F) October

QUIET MAN, THE—Republic, Technicolor: Returning to his ancestral Ireland, ace director John Ford lovingly spins a yarn about an Irish-American prizefighter (John Wayne) and a spirited colleen (Maureen O'Hara). (F) September

STORY OF WILL ROGERS, THE—Warners, Technicolor: First-rate biography of a beloved American, from cowhand to political wit. Will, Jr. is exactly right as his dad; Jane Wyman matches the film's warm, unsentimental tone. (F) October

VERY GOOD

CARIBBEAN—Paramount, Technicolor: Vigorous melodrama of revenge, wherein John Payne is drafted by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a genteel pirate, to undo the island despot who stole Hardwicke's daughter (Rhonda Fleming). (F) October

DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK—20th Century-Fox: Thriller about one evening's goings-on in a New York hotel, with Marilyn Monroe as an unpredictable baby-sitter, Richard Widmark and Anne Bancroft as lovers at odds. (A) September

DREAMBOAT—20th Century-Fox: Tasty satirical farce, with Clifton Webb as a stuffy prof, ex-idol of silent films, who's outraged when Ginger Rogers revives their corny co-starrers on TV. Jeff Hunter and Anne Francis are romancers. (F) October

ISLAND RESCUE—Rank, U-I: Droll English film about a pregnant pedigreed cow on a Nazi-held British island. David Niven and Glynis Johns lend romance to *Venus'* rescue. (F) September

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Pleasant, unsophisticated tale of Jeff Hunter's adventures in an unexplored swamp, where he finds Walter Brennan, murder suspect. With Jean Peters, Constance Smith. (F) October

MERRY WIDOW, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lush and lovely romance in waltz-time, about a rich American widow whose cash is needed by a tottering mythical kingdom. Lana Turner's luscious, but Fernando Lamas steals the picture. (F) September

SON OF PALEFACE—Paramount, Technicolor: Hilarious sequel, with cowardly Bob Hope seeking his dad's hidden fortune and getting involved with Jane Russell, saloon singer and bandit queen. Roy Rogers is in on the musical fun. (F) October

STORY OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Disney-RKO, Technicolor: The legend of Sherwood Forest comes to life again with all the charm and gusto of an old ballad. Richard Todd's *Robin;* Joan Rice, *Maid Marian*; Elton Hayes, a minstrel. (F) August

WE'RE NOT MARRIED—20th Century-Fox: Five couples discover they're not legally wed. Funniest: Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers, radio Mr. and Mrs. duo. Runners-up: Marilyn Monroe, a beauty-contest winner, and David Wayne. (F) September

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—Warners, Technicolor: The famed farce set to music, with Ray Bolger's great dancing as the Oxford student who impersonates his aunt. Allyn McLerie's his girl; Bob Shackleton and Mary Germaine also duet. (F) September

YOU FOR ME—M-G-M: Sprightly comedy of hospital and family life. As a tart-tongued nurse, Jane Greer has a hard time choosing between wealthy Peter Lawford and doc Gig Young. (F) October

GOOD

AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Rita Hayworth is back in a would-be torrid tale of a dancer in a Caribbean dive. With Glenn Ford investigating the murder of his brother, Rita's husband, this becomes an entertaining whodunit. (F) September

ALL BECAUSE OF SALLY—See review for "Sally and Saint Anne."

ANNA—Lux: Old-fashioned romantic melodrama with Italian dialogue, English titles. Voluptuous Silvana Mangano, distraught by passion for the no-good Vittorio Gassman and love for farmer Raf Vallone, turns nursing sister. (A) October

BREAKDOWN—Realart: Brisk prize ring drama, with unusual angles. Politico Sheldon Leonard has an unjustly jailed boxer (William Bishop) freed to fight again, in order to help Leonard's brother, a psychotic manager (Wally Cassell). (F) October

DUEL AT SILVER CREEK, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Mild horse opera starring Audie Murphy as hot-tempered deputy to marshal Steve McNally, chasing claim-jumpers. Faith Domergue's the menace; Susan Cabot, pert heroine. (F) September

FEARLESS FAGAN—M-G-M: Amusing little tall tale, with Carleton Carpenter as a circus star who tries to take his beloved lion into the Army with him. Janet Leigh is less effective as a cynical movie actress. (F) October

FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT—U-I: In his riotous new movie, that talkative mule prevents warplant sabotage, gets Donald O'Connor into the Army academy, master-minds the Point's football games. Lori Nelson's decorative. (F) August

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL—U-I, Technicolor: Gay romp of the roaring twenties, centering on a family's reactions to millionaire Charles Coburn's anonymous showers of wealth. Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson make jazz-age woo. (F) August

JUMPING JACKS—Wallis-Paramount: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis invade the paratroopers, Dean as a draftee, Jerry as a civilian who plays G. I. to help with an Army show. Enough laughs for their fans. Mona Freeman's the girl. (F) September

LES MISERABLES—20th Century-Fox: Unwieldy, often affecting drama. Michael Rennie is reformed ex-convict *Valjean;* Robert Newton, his ruthless pursuer, *Javert*. With Cameron Mitchell, Debra Paget, Sylvia Sidney. (F) October

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO—RKO: Spectacular saga of warfare in Korea. Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth share the uneven love interest, as an Army officer and a dedicated UN worker. William Talman and Richard Egan score. (F) October

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE—U-I: Addled but affable comedy of an Irish-American family's feud with a politico. The original idea, Ann Blyth's faith in St. Anne, gets lost in the shenanigans. Palmer Lee plays Ann's boy friend. (F) September

WASHINGTON STORY—M-G-M: Tribute to an honest congressman. Van Johnson's daily routine shows you how hard your representatives work; less absorbing is his romance with Pat Neal, female newshawk who turns dove. (F) September

WHITE CORRIDORS—U-I: Neat British-made drama that goes behind hospital doors as it chronicles a scientist's attempts to perfect a rare drug. Googie Withers, James Donald and Godfrey Tearle turn in good performances. (F) August

WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Exciting, if obvious adventure story of early San Francisco and Alaska. Gregory Peck's a tough Yankee sea captain; Ann Blyth, a Russian countess. With Anthony Quinn. (F) August

(*Continued from page* 67)
circuit with me. I recall the glances of outright envy I received from my cowpuncher friends, and while I'm pretty sure that no one wished me the ultimate in hard luck—a broken neck—several wouldn't have minded if I'd been roughed up a bit, say enough to take me out of circulation for a while.

And what a real-life actress that Virginia turned out to be! She pretended, most convincingly, that she thought bronco-riding and calf-roping the most exhilarating of sports. Actually she didn't like them at all. The heat-soaked air, the dust, the savage bawling of horses gone temporarily insane, was not for her. But because I liked it she seemed to share my enthusiasm.

I'd get up with the chickens on mornings when we were to start out for a rodeo, load my horses into a trailer, throw my gear into the trunk compartment of the car, and head for Virginia's house. She was always waiting, eager as a pup on a leash, rarin' to go. Or so *I* thought. Then with her mother comfortably settled between us, we'd pick up Monty Montana and his nice wife and head for the wars.

During the rodeo, the Montana rooms or bungalow, or whatever quarters they were lucky enough to get, was a meeting-place for all of us. Virginia would sit, wide-eyed, listening to some bow-legged cowpoke brag about the mean ones he'd topped, the time he'd got in front of a stampede with nothing between him and certain death but Old Blue or Baldy or some other favorite nag he happened to be riding. And she'd slip in her breathless "Oh, my!" at just the right place.

It wasn't until after we were married that I found out Virginia loathed rodeos. Maybe I can express her lack of admiration for them more clearly when I state that she has never gone to one since the day she let me slip the ring on her finger in church. She likes horses, but in an abstract sort of way. She thinks they're nice in the corral or in a pasture. They blend well with the scenery. They're decorative. They lend atmosphere to a semi-ranch place such as ours. But she thinks anyone who deliberately climbs onto a horse's back and goes tearing about the country under the impression that he is having fun has lost some of his marbles. Her idea of perfect transportation is a low-slung, English-made car that can go from a standing start to a mile a minute in the space of a long breath.

There is a belief abroad in the land that no two people engaged in the same kind of work should marry. Inevitably, so the seers say, there will be a clash of temperament, professional jealousy will lift its ugly head and presently the cynics will smile sourly and say, "Ah, these actors! Tch, tch!"

For an actor and actress who love each other to stay married is rather a simple matter, it seems to me. All that is needed is a sense of humility on the parts of both husband and wife, a realization that no matter how excellent each is in his work, just around the corner, there's some kid who is soon going to be twice as good. And if one of them happens to be inordinately comely, that is that. It was a gift, straight from the hand of God.

Fortunately I married a girl who is utterly devoid of vanity. If she is beautiful, she believes that it is merely a fortunate heritage and one over which she had no control. And she is much too thoughtful to be unaware of her own limitations. For instance, Virginia hasn't the faintest idea that she is, at this stage of her career, a dramatic actress. She has had sound training since she was eight years old, and she continues to study. But she labors under no illusions. She is pretty sure, on the other hand, that she does all right in musicals. She feels right at home in something like "Back to Broadway," but she's plenty all right, too, in her role in "Iron Mistress."

She has one fault that even I, as her husband, am objective enough to see. She is absolutely, brutally honest. You may be surprised that I would consider this a fault, but my feeling about the matter is that you don't have to sound off like a Marine Corps sergeant simply because your opinion was asked. There is, you know, such a thing as tact. If you *must* belt somebody in the nose, it's possible to pull your punch just a little. But not my Virginia. With her a fact is a fact and that's it. Don't misunderstand me; she doesn't go on the prowl *looking* for a chance to say what she thinks. But brother! If anyone wants to know what her opinion is, he isn't left long in the dark. And she wouldn't butter up to a saint in heaven.

Religion has always prodded at Virginia's mind because she can't keep from asking questions. She has an insatiable curiosity about things she doesn't completely understand. I happen to be a Catholic and, I like to think, reasonably well informed in my faith. But Virginia can ask questions about it that set me right back on my heels.

Remembering her inquisitivness, I called up Bishop Fulton Sheen, the last time we were in New York, and asked him if he would see my wife and give her some answers she was looking for.

Although, in a period of several days, Bishop Sheen gave Virginia seven hours of his most valuable time. I don't know what he told her but I do know that no "salesmanship" or pressure of any kind was used. The Bishop doesn't work that way. He says that people who come to him for information are already touched by divine grace or they wouldn't be there. What he accomplished with Virginia, I don't know, because she never told me. She still goes to her own church, the Presbyterian, and she spends much time reading the books the Bishop gave her.

I spoke about Virginia's interest in interior decoration. The undeveloped possibilities of a house are a perpetual challenge to her. When I am not at home she gets in her car and goes cruising about, hunting "For Sale" signs. When she finds one she goes in and looks the place over, having herself a ball conjuring up mental images of what *she* would do with the place. Our own house is a perfect example of the results she can get.

I had bought it, almost unseen, simply because I knew there were excellent stables in the back for my horses. When Virginia saw it for the first time, she stood in the middle of the living room floor, her eyes darting this way and that. At last she said: "This wall will have to come out to make the room big enough to be of much use. The kitchen should be where that other room is, only it'll have to be enlarged. I think some windows can be set in that wall to give this room more light. This place can be made very livable."

Before I knew it I was up to my ears in work. I began digging foundation trenches. Then I was laying bricks, an art I'd learned in New York in order to keep eating regularly. I installed plumbing. I remodeled interiors. And all the time that wife of mine was offering suggestions in her soft, gentle voice that added up to a lot more back-breaking labor for me. Today our house, evolved from something you wouldn't look at twice, is a home I'm rather proud of. No show joint, mind you, but a comfortable place for living. And the credit all goes to Virginia.

So here we are, married over five years, interested in the present, excited about the future. We dream about having children and we look forward to doing another picture together. But whether we do or not, I'll go contentedly along with my career, and Virginia will keep on making more and better films and eliciting wolf-calls from the male youth of these United States.

I don't object to that. I think it's fine. After all, it's what any guy should expect who marries himself a good looking babe.

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See a fascinating, immediate change come over your face

P

LOOK WHO'S

SUZAN BALL

It was making a chocolate cake that got Suzan Ball her screen test. Suzan made a cake that won a prize at a charity bazaar at Santa Maria, California. Talent scouts spotted Suzan's picture in the paper, with the cake of course, and she was in. She made her screen debut in the dramatic part of the "other woman" in "Untamed Frontier" for Universal. As always, the studio wanted to change the new contract player's name. Suzan turned down the names they suggested, and offered a compromise: she's changed the "s" in Susan to "z."

Suzan lives alone in a small Hollywood apartment with her Siamese cat. She's an excellent swimmer. Tony Quinn's eyes popped when he saw her do perilous dives for "City Beneath the Sea." "Suzan's completely fearless," he says.

She wants to be a competent actress, and in time a great actress, and she doesn't care how hard she has to work to obtain her goal. She is grateful to U-I for the opportunities they give new players and she takes advantage of all the improvement courses, including acting, dancing, singing, riding, fencing. In her off-time she takes painting lessons, does her washing and ironing, reads, and goes to concerts and museums. When Rock Hudson was leaving for France to make a picture, Suzan asked him to visit the *Louvre* and write her about the paintings. Rock promised to write, but not about the Mona Lisa.

(Born: 2/3/33. Birthplace: Buffalo, New York. Height: 5'7". Weight: 120 pounds. Eyes: hazel. Hair: dark brown.)

ANNE BANCROFT

Anne Bancroft is TV's gift to motion pictures. Twentieth Century-Fox signed her, named her Anne Bancroft and gave her her first part, that of the night club singer in "Don't Bother to Knock," with Marilyn Monroe and Richard Widmark. Anne's real name is Anne Italiano, and before coming to Hollywood she was a New Yorker, along with her parents and two sisters. In Hollywood, Anne has a small studio apartment in a big apartment house with a swimming pool. The studio rushed her through three pictures so fast she barely had time to take her hat off; she is in "Treasure of the Golden Condor" and "Tonight We Sing." But for the moment she is having a breather and enjoying the swimming pool. She hasn't had any time to meet the boys, she says. But she will. When she first came to Hollywood she was in the throes of a frantic romance with a New York actor, but that's over now. She's fancy free.

Anne's special dislikes are long phone conversations and people who "drip sweetness." As for likes—she likes to see her movies in drive-ins. When the studio ups her salary and she can afford a house she hopes to have her parents and her younger sister, Peggy, come live with her. The first thing to shock her in Hollywood was "cheesecake" pictures. "But it's different now," says Anne. "They can't keep me out of a swim suit. I'm always asking, 'When do we go to the beach?'"

(Born: 9/17/31. Birthplace: New York City. Height: 5'5". Weight: 120 pounds. Eyes: brown. Hair: black.)

HERE

by Liza Wilson

Ever since the first preview of "The Big Sky," Dewey Martin, who used to usher at the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, has been a big rave. Producer Howard Hawks, who knows talent when he meets up with it, has Dewey under long-term personal contract; fanatical outdoor man Dewey hopes that Hawks will type him (imagine an actor who wants to be typed!) as a western character. "A sort of sawed-off John Wayne," says five-foot-nine Dewey with his friendly smile.

Dewey's life to date has been anything but plushy. His family was quite poor. When his father died and his mother's health broke down, he and his younger brother, Jimmy, had to go to live with distant relatives. His mother and brother came to Hollywood to live with him, after a separation of twenty-one years. And to do things up right, Dewey brought a bride home a year later, a model named Marie Havelhurst. He met Marie while he was in Sun Valley doing a ski layout (you'd think Dewey was born with his skis on, he's that good).

Mr. Hawks' gold mine doesn't drink or smoke. Dewey is a trained athlete and goes in for surfboarding, skiing, swimming and hunting. He likes sports clothes, dogs, classical recordings, small cars and any picture that has Claire Trevor in it. When and if he gets enough money stashed away he wants to buy a ranch in Texas or Colorado.

(*Born: 12/8/23. Birthplace: Katemcy, Texas. Height: 5'9". Weight: 150 pounds. Eyes: blue. Hair: black.*)

DEWEY MARTIN

Gig Young is one of the fortunate few who had his option picked up by Metro five months before it was due. After seeing him in "Holiday for Sinners" and "You for Me," the studio brass said, "Sign him again. Give him a raise."

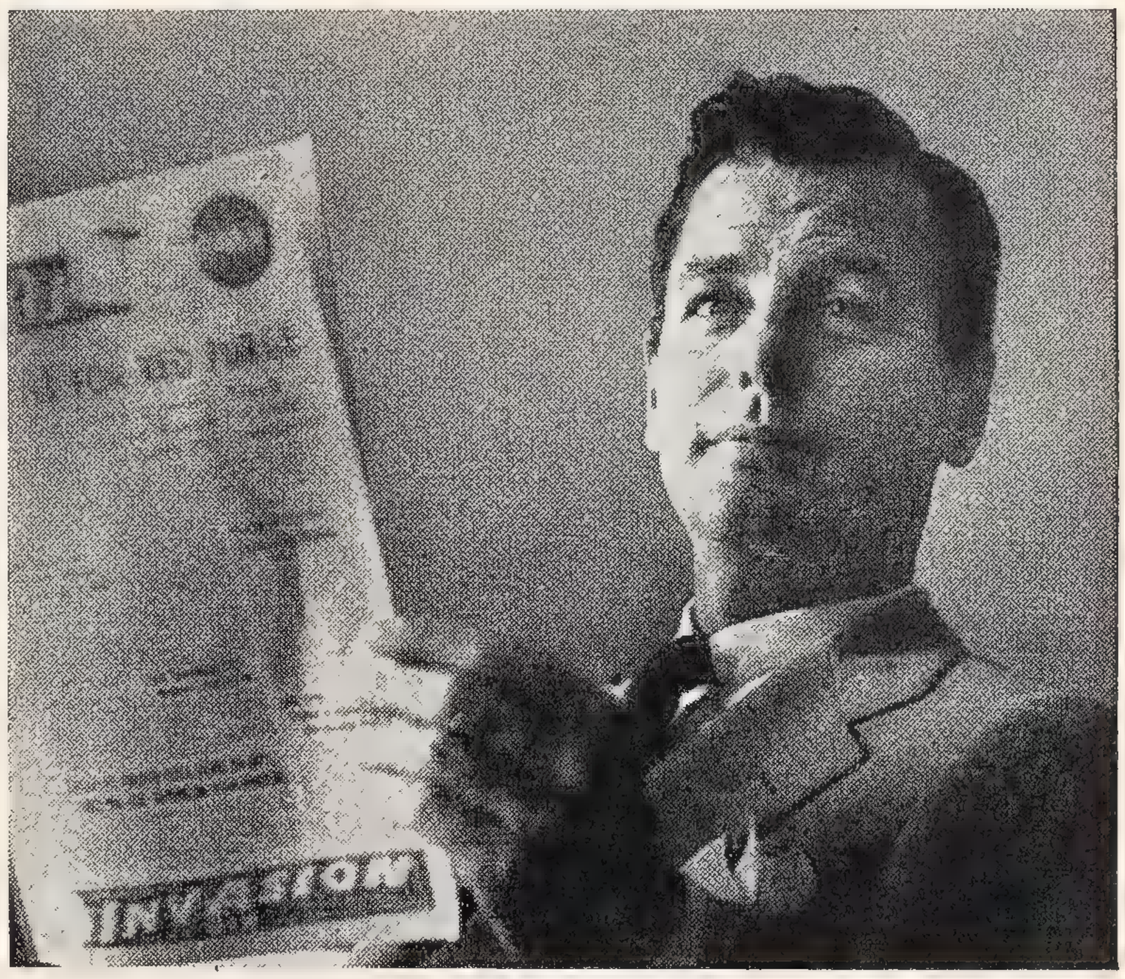
Gig came to Hollywood in 1939 and worked as a gas station attendant and drive-in car-hop until he won a scholarship to the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. He was spotted there by a talent scout, signed by Warner Brothers. His first outstanding part was as the character, *Gig Young*, in "The Gay Sisters." Fan mail started coming in for *Gig Young*. So with the studio's okay, he took the name for himself.

Right after Pearl Harbor, Gig enlisted in the Navy. After his honorable discharge in 1945 he resumed his movie career, has made seventeen pictures to date. His thirteenth picture was with James Cagney in "Come Fill the Cup"—his part in that won him an Academy Award nomination.

Gig is married to Sophie Rosenstein, a test director at Universal-International studios. He met her twelve years before they married—when she directed him in his first test at Warners. The Youngs recently bought a house with a swimming pool in the Valley.

Gig loves tennis, golf and hunting and fancies himself a handy man around the house. "But Sophie always calls in someone to re-fix things!" he grins.

(*Real name : Byron Barr. Born: St. Cloud, Minnesota, Nov. 4. Height: 6'1". Weight: 180. Eyes: hazel. Hair: brown.*)



GIG YOUNG

Nurse Margaret Kissack's

Confidential Conversations

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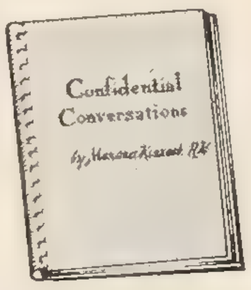

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I Want Women To Like Me

(*Continued from page* 59)

I encountered "Aunt Anna." Her real name was Mrs. E. Anna Lower.

She was far from young. She barely had enough to live on herself, but Aunt Anna became a mother to me. She was the first person I ever knew who treated me like a daughter—and like a friend. When she died, a few years later, I almost died, too, from sheer loneliness. I think maybe that is one of the reasons I married when I was one week passed my sixteenth birthday. I simply had to have someone to love, someone to love me. To this day I think that is the most important thing in the world—to love and to be loved.

My marriage didn't work out. I don't see now how I could ever have believed it would. I knew nothing. Neither did the boy I married. We had nothing—but raw emotion.

In some ways loneliness is a good thing. It forces you to think for yourself. It makes you act for yourself, to be responsible for your own actions. Its danger is that it makes you settle for too little.

I had settled for too little. But I was lonelier than ever when my marriage broke up. And it was in my great loneliness that I tried to break into movies. And the movie world, when you are unknown and ignorant and shabby as I was, makes your existence even lonelier.

There's a picture in release right now called "Okinawa," and to my surprise and amusement, I'm in it. The reason I laugh now is because I never made that picture. But a few years ago I did make a picture called "Ladies of the Chorus." It was a nine-day-wonder, a so-called musical comedy. I did a song and dance which is now in "Okinawa."

I remember when I tried out for "Ladies of the Chorus." I had to see Harry Cohn, who is head of Columbia Studios. I had a cold and I was scared to death. Between the two, I could barely speak above a whisper. Mr. Cohn said, "How can you sing on-screen when I can't hear you across my desk?" But I did get signed—and subsequently dropped—just as I had been signed and subsequently dropped by Twentieth Century-Fox before that.

Today, I have to watch my diet to keep my figure, but in those days I was watching my diet in reverse, afraid my figure would vanish from starvation. Then "Asphalt Jungle" came along. And with it came my second woman friend, Lucille Ryman, the talent coach at M-G-M.

Lucille taught me diction as she coached me for my role. Lucille taught me how to walk, how to stand, how to sit.

Whenever anyone asks me how I've learned about acting, I say I learned, first from John Huston, who directed "Asphalt Jungle," then from Lucille. And now I'm learning from Henry Hathaway, who just finished directing me in "Niagara." If I were ever in real trouble, I feel I could go to Lucille and she would try to help me—without, necessarily, asking "Why?"

Things began to buzz for me after "Asphalt Jungle" was released. I signed another contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, and this time they knew I was on the lot. Last year, I made four pictures. So far this year, I've made five—and if they want me to make ten that's okay by me!

For the first time in my life I can rent a house, not an apartment. For the first time I have some money to spend. I can buy the clothes I want. I can buy the gallons of Chanel No. 5 which I crave. I love recordings, and I get tons of them. I love books, and have them piled up in stacks around the place.

But—and it is an amazing discovery—I find with a certain degree of success that I can't be the kind of lone wolf I used to be. Up until now, I've felt that as long as I harmed no other person and lived within the bounds of good taste, I could do pretty much as I pleased. But I find that isn't really true.

There's a thing called society that you have to enter into, and society is run by women. Until now I've never known one thing about typical "feminine activities." I've never been to an all-feminine luncheon. All I know about cooking is how to broil a fine steak and make a good salad. That, you see, is all any man wants for dinner—particularly if you give him something chocolate for dessert.

I don't sew. I don't garden. But now that I see a gentle woman—and you can read that both ways and still be right—like Eleanor Parker in action, I'm beginning to realize I'm missing something.

I've always felt that a girl's life—her lust for living every single minute, should come first. I still think so. Now I'm tagged "a career girl," but I believe your ability to live will make your career greater. If you put the career ahead of life, the career must get smaller, because you have diminished yourself.

A couple of years ago I went to a woman I thought would be friendly and I asked her advice about my clothes. Ever since I was in junior high, the girls have made fun of my clothes. Of course, in junior high, I was gawky. I was five-feet, five, but I hadn't as yet curved out. I had the price of nothing. I wore jeans and stuff, which the boys liked, anyhow.

This woman I consulted, just before I signed my Twentieth contract, said, "You must get suits, masses of suits, six or eight as a minimum. And this costume jewelry you wear. That must go. Get at least a couple of real pieces."

I thanked her. I didn't tell her I didn't even have the price of a sweater, let alone one suit. As for my costume jewelry, if I'd have thrown that away, I'd have had nothing. I still can't afford any real jewelry. You see, I'm saving. I want, above all, to buy a house.

But now I can see that if I could discuss fashions with a girl friend who had a little human understanding, it would be fun. And it would be fun, too, to go shopping with another girl. I've never in my life had "girls' talk"—never talked about men, woman to woman, or housekeeping or any of the rest of it.

I find I'm beginning to want to. I want women friends. You really can't be friends with a man. It's either more than that or less than that. But if you had even one girl friend with whom you could discuss all your innermost thoughts I do believe it would be very comforting. And very illuminating too.

I'm sure that almost every girl believes in her inner heart that the most important thing in life is to have a man love her. One man. But I'm coming to see that that is only—well, not the half of it, but let's say the sixty per cent of it. The other forty per cent is having your own sex like you, so that they understand you and you understand them.

That's why I've come to the point where I want women to like me, too. It squares everything up. It makes you live completely.

Or is this just another way of saying, when any girl reaches this conclusion, that she has finally grown up? THE END

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Cream-Toning is easy . . . follow these simple steps!

1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, caress your scalp.

2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.

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. . . stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start CREAM-TONING loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing . . . 50¢ and $1 sizes

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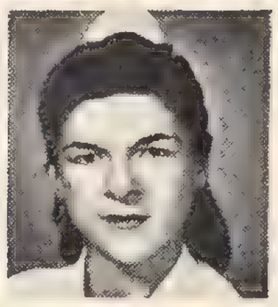

. . . reports Registered Nurse Mary L. Rhoad

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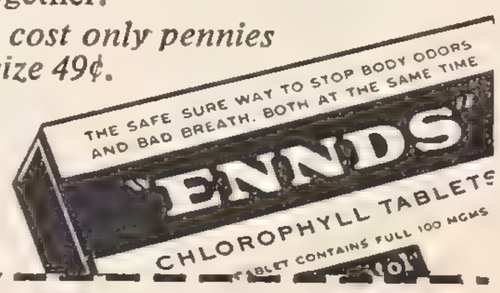

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(*Continued from page* 43)

up." "Good luck to you," said his mother.

That night she overheard her sons in caucus. "You can't make a million," Tim was arguing, "unless you invent things. So what'll we invent?"

"A magic machine," offered Gregg. "Say f'rinstance a little kitten comes along. Well, you pour this magic water over the kitten and change it to anything you want. And there's your million!"

Susan and Jess take parenthood seriously, which doesn't mean solemnly. Their object is to launch into the world a couple of well-adjusted citizens. They agree with the modern school of thought in lavishing love and more love on their children. They disagree in the matter of discipline. Psychologists say don't spank. Susan says, "I think boys need a good whack on the fanny every so often when they get out of hand. It clears the air and does them good. It's a kind of protection against their own lack of self-control. I've observed kids who've never been spanked; to me they seem less secure. Somehow they get the idea that you don't care enough to exert yourself to whack them. Not that I advocate it as a regular thing. But when the occasion calls for it, yes—if they're deliberately disobedient, if they endanger themselves by picking up a butcher knife or shooting out of the driveway on their bikes. You can always say, it hurts me worse than you. Tim's answer to that one is, 'I'll *bet* it does—' Then he laughs. Even Greg's less upset by a spanking than a scolding."

What the family does is less important than the fact that they do it together. Sometimes they pile into the station wagon for a trip to the fishing store to look at tackle. Sometimes it's a tossup to decide who pays for a round of orange juice. The kids are cheerful losers. Their allowance is twenty-five cents a week, but they get a bonus for such extras as keeping the backyard clean. Right now they're loaded, since the good fairy slips a handsome half buck under their pillow for every tooth they lose. "The good fairy's mommy and daddy," Greg whispered to Tim.

"I know, but don't tell *them*."

They have projects, like the garden planted by Tim and Susan. The flowers throve, the vegetables came up cockeyed. It's daddy, not mommy, who's blessed with the green thumb. Gregg's an interested onlooker, free with advice, but unprepared to sweat. Figaro has to be discouraged from helping. Figaro's the Scottie presented to Susan last Christmas by the boys. Amiably disposed toward all the world, Susan's definitely his mamma. Let the twins play rough, let Jess give him a look, and he scuttles to Susan, cocking an eye out from behind her skirts. He's a sucker for lemons. Picks them off the trees, rolls them to the edge of the pool, drops them in and turns around for applause. Everyone, Figaro included, thinks the act is terrific.

Afternoons are spent in and around the pool. No summer camp for the boys. "They're too little," says Susan, "and we're not anxious to be rid of them." Instead, she engages the seventeen-year-old daughter of their former nurse. She's young enough to have fun with them, peppy enough to go hiking with them, and responsible enough to be trusted with them. Their program is more flexible than a camp's and perhaps more varied. And for that inevitable moment when they cry, "What'll I do now? I have nothing to do," Susan always keeps something stowed away—a pound of clay, for instance, that costs all of twenty-five cents and provides an enchanted interval.

Susan and Jess together put the children to bed—a ritual that includes hugging, prayers and blessings and a little parley on personal affairs. Like, "Dear God, I pushed Greg, but I didn't mean to and he bumped his right elbow. Please make it all better." After being tucked in, there's another companionable interlude devoted to the day's doing or to song. Then they're supposed to go to sleep. Susan circumvented the drink-of-water gag by installing in their bathroom a Dixie-cup machine. For the pleasure of punching out their own cups, they surrendered the inherent right to yell for water. Of course, you can always yell for something else. "I better get up and put my bike away."

"I don't think it's going to rain on your bike tonight, so just relax."

If Susan says it, they may give her an argument to see where it gets them. If Jess says it, they relax, and their elders settle down for a quiet evening. Jess watches the ball game on TV. Susan reads or sews, and looks up once in a while as the crowd roars. She's the kind of fan who understands a three-bagger and what the umpire means when he yells strike. Jess can reel off every percentage to the last decimal.

Generally speaking, she's lukewarm about television. An occasional special program holds her interest, but she'd rather take in a good movie or a play, if there is one, or go to the Hollywood Bowl. Barring brassy jazz, she delights in all forms of music, with maybe a special leaning toward the piano. In her studio dressing room, she wears the Erroll Garner records thin. By the same token, she loves to dance, as does Jess. They both dance well. He has just one criticism to make, and makes it to her. Carried away by the music, she'll forget who's leading. "Would you care to try this solo?" he suggests. Abashed, she subsides.

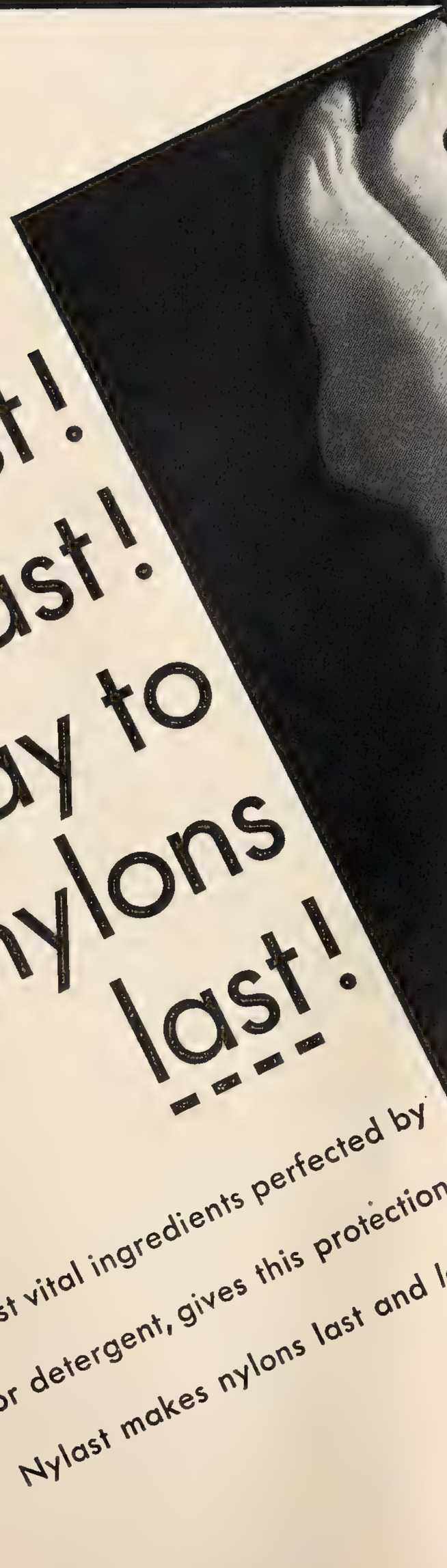
They live simply because they like living simply. Their house is relatively small. Needing more space, they keep half an eye out for a larger one without putting any frenzy into the search. They don't go in for elaborate decoration. Interested in paintings, they've bought some good reproductions of Cezanne, the earlier Picasso and other French moderns. For the rest, their place suits them as is and they leave it that way. Susan's no slave to her possessions. "To me that's empty foolishness. There are too many other things to do. It's a big world. I'd rather see it some day than spend all the money on my four walls and sit looking at them."

Cleo's the whole domestic staff, except for her sister who comes in once a week for the heaviest cleaning. Entertainment's what Susan calls strictly the family type. Her mother and brother live close by, and count as part of the family. Jess has a flock of kinfolk who turn up from China, Alaska or San Francisco. Their circle includes many longtime friends from the east, and an actor or two—George Tobias, Thelma Ritter.

Dinner parties are small because more than two extra couples crowd the dining room. And informal, because they eat early on account of the boys. On account of the boys, too, they pick their guests. "Lots of adults don't care for dining with children. To us, children *are* the home. We don't banish ours for the sake of company. Instead, we ask people who have children themselves and like them."

When more lavish entertainment is indicated, they take people out. "I've never thrown big parties. I don't feel that, because you're in the movies, you *have* to

(*Continued on page* 84)



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SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR

4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily . . . shiny?

Are pore openings becoming larger . . . blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets *sluggish*—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

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1-Minute Mask clears off... "tones"... brightens young skin

Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* dead skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how *fresh* your skin feels! How much softer and *clearer* it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS *against a heavy make-up:* Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

(*Continued from page* 82)

throw them. My idea of home is a place that's comfortable and relaxing. Being hostess to a crowd, even if you like them all, creates a certain tension. Anyway, it does in me. Life's full of tensions that you can't do anything about. When you can, it's a little stupid not to."

Her mood determines whether they eat in on Thursdays—cook's night off. In an anti-cooking mood, she's likely to burn herself a dozen times. To eliminate *that* tension, they go out. Otherwise, she's an admirable cook, concerned with what her husband and children eat. Feed them well is her slogan, so they'll have a liking for food. Her own liking for food comes naturally. According to Jess, she's a gal with the soul of a poet and a truck driver's appetite. Once, after a solid meal at the Stork Club in New York, they went with a friend to hear Erroll Garner play. Later they wound up at El Morocco, where Susan consumed a large plate of chop suey and part of Jess's steak, then cast a speculative eye at the friend's sandwich. He managed to stuff it down before she could raid it. Between pictures she gains six to eight pounds, and drops it as easily by abstaining from her own cookery.

Being thoroughly feminine, she's illogical in a way that amuses (and enchants) the male of the species. She insists that her Cadillac be a convertible, and never puts the top down. With the top down, you get all blown to bits and the sky glare's terrific. Then why a convertible? Because it's pretty. What else? And let the boys hoot. They don't hoot at her driving. Jess says she's better than most men. And if you mistrust a husband's fond opinion, take the word of a couple of unbiased truck drivers. One came bowling toward her at sixty miles per hour. The other shot out of a side road directly ahead. It was Susan who averted disaster by cutting her car so as to miss them both. They spoke in hushed reverence. "Who'da thought a woman driver could do that?" The remark produced a glow that warmed her for days.

Another compliment she treasures came from a cowboy. "Ma'am, you'd have made a damn fine western woman."

The traditional western woman is outspoken. So is Susan, who welcomes the same kind of treatment from others. Impatient of beaters-about-the-bush, she'll hypo them with, "Okay, let's have the pitch." At the studio, she's nobody's pushover, but neither does she throw her weight around. If she's got a beef, she'll ask the director to lunch, thrash matters out with him and settle them. She has the objectivity of the mature. "I try to be honest with myself and others. Occasionally I kid myself, as who doesn't?" An impartial bystander would guess that she kids herself less frequently than the average.

Fatigue makes her irritable. The time to leave Susan alone is when too much has happened too swiftly, landing her in a state of weary confusion. Up to a point she controls her nerves. Beyond that point she gets a pain in the head and lets go. Humor restores the balance. Like Tim, she finds release in banging things around. Eventually something breaks, which makes her feel like a fool, which makes her laugh. While his temper's better disciplined than hers, Jess, too, can blow his top. As a vent, he'll slam into the car and drive where the mood takes him until he cools off. By the time he gets back, Susan's a dove. To the boys, they invariably present a united front. The boys have heard them discuss differences of opinion. Never have they heard them really quarrel.

In tastes, as in viewpoint, she's an individualist who prefers gardenias to orchids, and peonies to roses. Jess sometimes slips a gardenia under her pillow, contriving in some miraculous way not to squash it. Best of all, she loves tuberoses. Her favorite color is yellow, which Jess doesn't like, so she keeps it for solos and wears black or white when with him.

She's tidy only in spurts. Cleo keeps her dresser drawers neat. She hangs up her own clothes, though she may not get around to it till later. Mostly she goes hatless but never gloveless. Gloves in pastel shades are a small mania with Susan. She collects them as others collect gems. "I must have read somewhere that you're not a lady unless you own twelve-button kidskins. My gloves are all short," she adds modestly, "so I'm just half a lady."

Her jewels consist of one diamond ring and one pair of diamond earrings, the gift of Jess. On her last birthday he gave her, by request, a gold pin designed from her initials. "I like that," Greg told Dick Dickerman, the designer, "but I'm going to buy my mother a diamond necklace. A big one in the middle and small ones round the rest of her neck. Some other time, though. Right now we're buying her a birthday cake, I and my brother."

Susan values the tribute and expects to get along fine without the necklace. You'll sometimes find her in the backroom at Winsten's, dripping pearls and emeralds and wine-dark rubies through her fingers for sheer joy in their beauty, knowing she'll never be able to afford them and content in that knowledge. She never did think that a gal's best friends are diamonds. Her greatest extravagance is a

(*Continued on page* 86)

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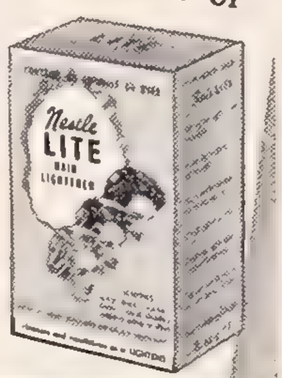

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(*Continued from page* 84)

mink coat. Three years ago, they'd put enough money by to furnish the living room. Came a chance to acquire this coat, ordered by a woman in San Francisco who then got cold feet. "Buy the coat," said Jess. "I like a nice bare living room where we can stick a projector and show pictures."

She let him twist her arm. Reveling in the coat, she also points out its utilitarian aspects. "A cloth coat keeps you just as warm, but if you have to go to the hock-shop, you get more for the mink." No hockshop shadows the foreseeable future. Susan, however, has a long eye both forward and back. "I've been there before. Who am I to say it can never happen again?"

She likes swimming, seafood and cakes from Ebinger's bakery in Brooklyn. As a child, she was always allowed to choose her own birthday cake at Ebinger's. It cost sixty cents then. The price has gone up, and the quality remains up. Whenever she goes east, she never fails to buy pastry at Ebinger's. She likes dictionaries and encyclopedias. Hers get a big work-out, since she's thirsty for knowledge and intelligent in seeking it. After buying a Toulouse-Lautrec print, she dug up every available book on the artist so she could understand the picture better.

She dislikes the odor of perfume at dinner. For her money it shouldn't be used until after 8:30 P.M. In deference to this idiosyncrasy, her friends arrive perfumeless to dine. Susan's a little rueful about the whole thing. "I suppose if I were a nice person, I'd never mention it. But *Indiscreet* with the roast ruins my appetite."

She's afraid of high places. Looking through the window of a New York sky-scraper, she'll make an instinctive grab at something for support. Yet, she's debonair about flying. Her only reservation involves the children. To protect them, she and Jess have agreed never to make a long flight on the same plane. She's not exactly superstitious, but doesn't feel right before starting a picture unless (1) she's in bed by nine, (2) Jess gives her a red apple, (3) she tunes in the car radio on her way to work and, whatever song's playing, lets it play on to the end.

She never hopes to sit on a piano and sing in a night club, but thinks it would be awfully nice if she could. The role she most enjoyed was that of Jane Froman, because of its range and the joy of working with so remarkable a woman. No gusher Susan, her eyes light up at mention of Froman's name. Indirectly, the picture provided another thrill. Prospect Heights High, her alma mater, had long been urging a visit. It was arranged for last March when she went to New York. As the car stopped in front of the building, her pulse pounded. Girls in bright blouses stood lined up outside. The cop remembered her. She recognized the janitor's beaming face. Teachers of her childhood came forward to greet her. In the art department they showed her the label on the back of all designs—Susan's winning label, entered in competition with other art students and still used by the school.

The sense of things past worked hob with her emotions. But the climax lay ahead. As she stepped into the auditorium, 4500 fresh young voices rose in welcome. The welcome was set to music and the song was the title song from her greatest success, "With a Song in My Heart."

Throat knotted, knees melting, she still doesn't know how she made it to the platform. The principal's introduction gave her time to pull herself together. In the yearbook just issued, featuring alumnae who'd scored in various fields, Susan was listed as a member of the school's Honor Art Society and of the Arista League. These things were mentioned as Susan was introduced. Then she spoke. "It all sounds very nice," she smiled, "but I'm going to tell you the truth. I never did make Arista." To make Arista, you've got to be voted in by all the kids. Shy, introspective, definitely no mixer, she was not.

The current crop took her in. They liked her candor and simplicity. They liked her humor, as she went on to describe the trials of breaking into filmdom. They forgot the celebrity. Here was a girl who'd dreamed her dreams in this same auditorium and returned to give validity to their own dreams. You could feel a great wave of affection mounting and breaking into plaudits. It moved her deeply. Not the applause, but the sense of identity, the invisible handclasp that drew her close and made her one of them. Of all her memories, this is the one she holds dearest.

Hayward's never been one to flaunt her heart on her sleeve. An instinctive reserve discourages the over-familiar. People like her at Fox, but they're not free-and-easy with her. Instead of hobnobbing when a scene's finished, she goes to her dressing room and plays records. Her own self-analysis sounds lucid, fair and convincing. "I've always needed a lot of rest. Till I was sixteen, I napped after school every day. I work hard on the set and conserving my energy helps me to work better. But that's not the whole story. I *can* be contrary. From the back of somebody's neck, I'll decide that I don't like him and he won't like me. Sometimes I'm right, sometimes wrong. And I *do* have a tendency to withdraw. This I was born with. Maybe it's due to shyness, though I doubt that I'm now what you'd call a shy person. Circumstances have forced me to be otherwise. Still, there are times when I clam up like Greg, and I think it's a failing. It keeps me from giving what I should in friendliness. I find if I make an extra effort, I can overcome it, but it does take that little extra effort. You can't be best friends with everyone—that's silly. It's equally silly to pull into your shell."

She thinks she's living the ideal life right now. But for a really terrific imaginary life, she'd take a huge ranch with rolling hills and a stable of beautiful horses, where she and Jess could raise cattle, grow wheat and alfalfa, own a little plane, pick up the twins at will, hop off to Europe or Africa, come back to the ranch and find some new little colts and calves to coddle. Why this of all visions should attract a Brooklynite she can't explain, unless it's because she's seen too many westerns. Would she miss acting? A gleam shoots from under Miss Hayward's lashes. "I could take care of that in my private life."

Her faith is simple. She believes God put her into the world for a purpose, and feels a deep responsibility in fulfilling that purpose. When she was seven, a car ran her down, causing injuries that kept her bedded for six months. One day a suitcase arrived from her Sunday school, bursting with so many gifts that she had a new one to open each morning. Susan never got over this. It planted in her impressionable mind a radiant sense of the wonder of people's kindness. Nothing that's happened since has changed her view. She believes in the human race, and in trying to be a worthy member thereof. She believes in the essential goodness of life. She thinks that her own has been crammed with as many blessings as that long-ago suitcase. And she knows that the greatest of them all are Jess, Gregory and Tim. THE END

Wives Make the Best Husbands

(*Continued from page* 55)

"Desert Legion" at Universal. This could easily add up to an astronomic half-million a year. And now that he is making "The Red Beret" for Columbia in England, he gets an added $250,000 plus $50,000 for family living expenses abroad.

Every tiny detail of Alan's career comes under magnified scrutiny by Sue's sharp eyes. And for years, studios haven't bothered to bother Alan with the details. Sue told him years ago when to go on strike for more pay, and she held him firm during the suspension to ultimate victory.

I always used to think that Sue set the pace at home, too. But I learned differently when I spent a day with them not long ago. Alan is in charge on the home front—a surprise reverse. He decides what food they eat, when the children should go to bed, who's invited to visit, and what television shows the family watches.

Alan thinks the division of responsibility is just fine. And he knows how lucky he is. He adores Sue, and would no more move a step without her in his social life than in his career.

Shelley Winters—about as unlike Sue Ladd as a gal can be—is just as genuinely concerned about her husband's work. She started creating an American career for Vittorio even before she married him. Shell always was impetuous. And the very day her Gassman flew into town, she had him out at Metro meeting Dore Schary and all the top producers and spieling about how he was the greatest dramatic actor in all Italy. But this didn't impress anyone. After all, we've been listening to Shelley talk for years, only it used to be just for her own benefit. Anyway, when she found she couldn't whip up any interest on her say-so, she rented the Circle Theater in Hollywood, hired Valentina Cortesa as interpreter, and impresarioed Vittorio in a program of readings—everything from Shakespeare on down. And the audience was electrified.

As a clincher after the show, Shelley—who always said she's going for broke—hosted a big party for the press and producers. I hope Vittorio doesn't forget that

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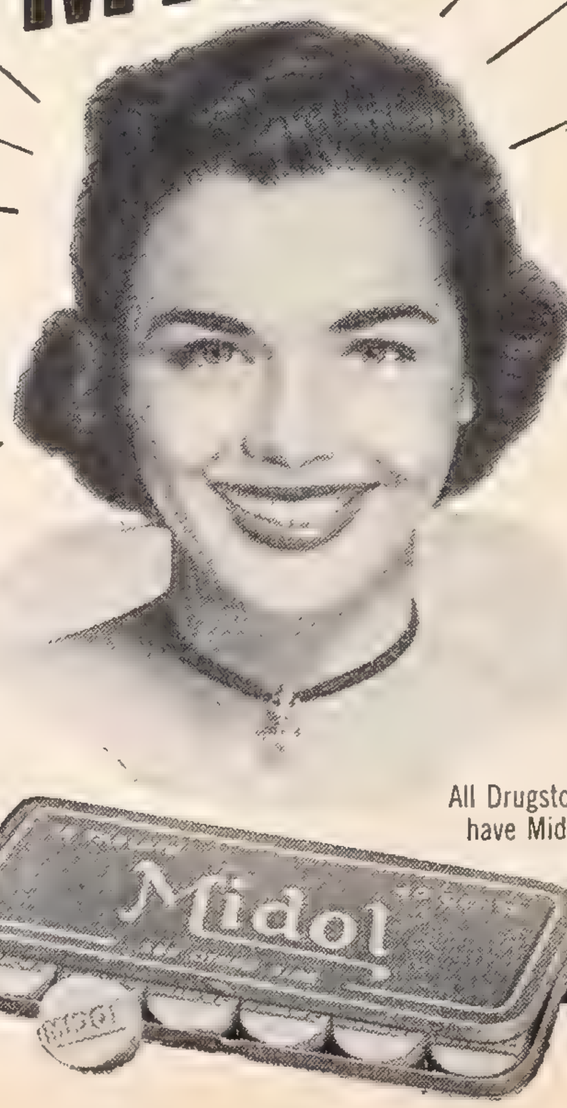

All Drugstores have Midol

he owes "Sombrero" and his good contract at Metro to Shelley. She even managed to wangle more money for him than she herself earns. And she's prepared to go on suspension any time to be with him.

A lot of people have asked how Shelley could be in love with Farley Granger when she went to Europe with him last summer, and come home in love with Gassman. The answer could be that she never was in love with Farley—just trying to be. I happen to know that the beginning of her romance with Vittorio came as kind of a surprise to Shelley. She told me how it started: "We were at a party in Rome and playing a guessing game. And out of a clear sky, Vittorio asked me to guess when he fell in love with me. I was covered with confusion, naturally." Naturally.

Another all-or-nothing pair are the Bogarts. One of the things I like best about Lauren and Humphrey is the way they go to bat for each other. It's almost ancient history, but when the critics panned Baby in "Confidential Agent," Bogey wrote them letters as fierce as Truman's when the music boys massacred Margaret's High C.

And Lauren was a gal in pretty good standing at Warners until Bogey started panning Jack L. Warner all over town. Then Baby decided she didn't like the pictures they were throwing at her.

But it was when she decided that Bogey was her life's work—after seven suspensions—that J.L. and L.B. called it quits. And she hasn't worked for two years.

She's smart enough to dissociate herself completely from Bogey's working problems; she knows he knows more about acting than she ever will. But this isn't where he needs her strength. Bogey is, shall we say, the gay type, and he'd stay up half the night having fun but for Baby's quiet displeasure. She's probably prolonged his life a good ten years. It's funny, but no one gave this May-December match more than a year. They've already chalked off seven.

And I never thought I'd see tough guy Humphrey living in $160,000 worth of splendor, replete with swimming pool et al. and swarming with butlers. But there he is—and all for the love of his Baby. By comparison, the home he lived in with previous wife, the late Mayo Methot, was a hovel. So, what with little Stephen and the new baby girl, Leslie, you can say without fear of contradiction that Miss Bacall is her husband's best friend.

A girl's mother, however, is not always her best adviser, though most moms want to be. Take, for instance, the case of Jeanne Crain and her female parent. Jeanne married Paul Brinkman despite her mother's "No," and time has proved that Jeanne knew exactly what she was doing. There's no doubt about it—Jeanne is a smart as well as a pretty little cookie. When the wife is a successful movie star and the husband can't even land a job in pictures, you can make a solid prediction: trouble in the offing. But not for somebody as cagey as Jeanne. She advised Paul—whose resemblance to Errol Flynn is striking enough to keep him from real success on the screen—to go into a different profession. Now Paul is chairman, president and what-have-you of ABC Die Casting Works, which makes containers for radar equipment. Business is booming.

Esther Williams did the same thing for her husband, Ben Gage, who could still get middling jobs in radio and TV, but who couldn't possibly do half as well as he does in the Esther-sponsored businesses he runs for them both.

I remember, too, how hesitant George Montgomery was about marrying Dinah Shore just before the war. He'd never say it, but it was plain to see that George was afraid marriage might hamper his career. Dinah was mad for him, and when George went to training camp, she traipsed right after him. And she got her man. But even though her own career is as big as any top movie star's, she never forgets how "nice it is to have a man around the house" who feels equally important. So when NBC originally offered her millions to do her TV show in New York, Dinah said, "No." Because George's work keeps him in Hollywood. This gal who loves success—who doesn't?—loves the real things in life even more. That George is a lucky guy.

No one can really prophesy how the Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding marriage will work out. But the way things are going, it looks as though Liz would rather be known as plain Mrs. Wilding than as the fabulously exciting Elizabeth Taylor. She cooks for her man and loves it! And—more important—she sees that the spotlight is on Mike. It's all very good for his ego—and for their future together.

Lucille Ball didn't need to risk her talented neck in television. But she did it, just so Desi Arnaz could have a steady job in Hollywood. Don't misunderstand me—Desi could always make as much money as they could spend, with his band in night clubs and on tour. But it wasn't helping their marriage for him to be on the road or working till dawn nine months out of every twelve. For years, Lucille had tried to talk producers into putting him in her pictures, but the one time she managed it it didn't work out too well. Every warning in the books was thrown at her when she announced the TV series with Desi. And you know what happened. Their success has been wonderful for them both but it's been more important, perhaps, to Desi than to Lucille. He is now a to

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TV producer and he's producing shows for stellar lights such as Eve Arden.

It's hard to know who is masterminding Tony Curtis' career—his best friend Jerry Lewis, or his best wife, Janet Leigh. It could even have been his agents who advised him to go on suspension, rather than forego five weeks with Janet on her Durango, Colorado, location with "The Naked Spur." But he's certainly a different boy since the marriage—more confident. And that's understandable. Imagine a guy who has Janet bending over him solicitously all the time, and telling him how handsome he is and to eat more or he'll get sick—imagine that guy not feeling good.

When I used to listen to Bob Hope say that he spent three months of the year at home, I wondered how his wife, Dolores, felt about the long absences. But they don't seem to throw her. It's because she understands Bob so well that this marriage wears so well. If Bob's busy, so is Dolores—on every fund-raising committee, with their four children, with the running of their homes in North Hollywood and Palm Springs. She's always calm—in public anyway—always gracious and always a wonderful foil for Bob. He just has to be one of the happiest men hereabouts.

"Nothing improves my driving like a police car right in back of me."

JUNE ALLYSON

Dick Powell always looks to me as though he'd swallowed the cat—all puffed out and pleased. And June Allyson can take a bow. She tells me she's thinking of retiring when her present Metro contract expires, because she wants more time with Dick and the children. June, consistently one of the top gals in box-office polls, has never been ambitious—certainly not since she married Richard. She used to eat her heart out during her pre-marriage years fighting for and against—mostly against—pictures. Now she thinks she may be ready to pass the whole caboodle along to the next generation. The Powells don't need her extra money—especially not since Dick has turned writer and director. These are two normal people. They go to parties, only rarely to night clubs, to premieres when they feel like it, take occasional trips. But they don't gad about all over the place. It's not the way her predecessor, Joan Blondell, tells it, but June has made Dick one of the best husbands in town.

Betty Hutton is currently going to bat for her new mate, Charlie O'Curran. He's a fine dance director, but Betty thinks he rates a full-blown director's berth. He's to produce her pictures and her filmed TV shows when she joins the new medium.

Maybe the greatest switcheroo possibility of them all is this: for Bette Davis to be cataloged simply as "Gary Merrill's wife." But it could happen. Bette thinks Gary is a heck of a fine actor, and to prove it, she took a bit in his "Phone Call From a Stranger." Even Shelley Winters was impressed. "Just imagine," said she, "Bette Davis playing a supporting role to me!"

Bette managed to steal the picture with her bit. She's at work now on "The Star," but her films are getting fewer and fewer with the years, and Gary's performances are getting better and better. One thing is certain: the best role Bette's played to date is "Mrs. Gary Merrill."

More than any of them, possibly, it's Bette who proves that a genuine actress is at her happiest when she's a genuine wife and woman, as well. You don't measure the rewards in kilowatts blazing down from a theater marquee, but in the glow that comes from a happy heart. THE END

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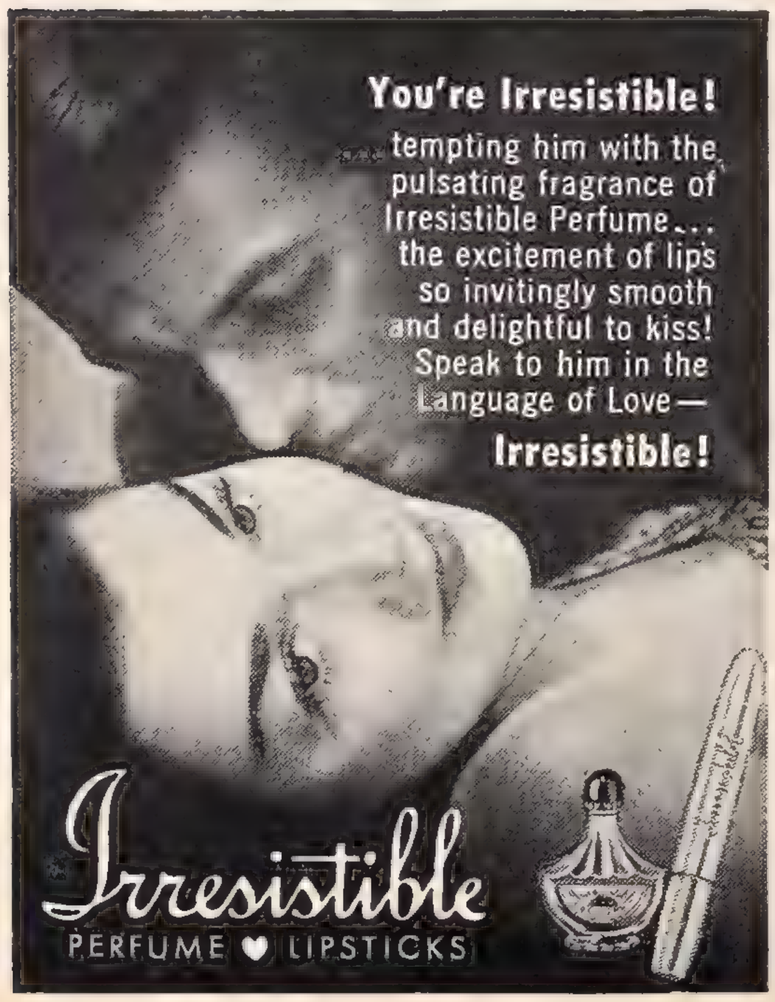

Father's Day

(*Continued from page* 70)

hospital and waited. Before the connection could be completed, however, he was summoned back into camera range for the next shot.

For the next two hours he worked. "Singin', dancin', lovin'—old triple threat in action." That's how Dale described his routine for the rest of that remarkable afternoon.

At six-thirty, though, he was standing over his wife's hospital bed, trying to make sense out of her anesthetic-fogged mumblings, trying to let her know how glad he was that it was over and that they had a "sweet little baby girl."

"Have you seen her?" Jacqueline wondered sleepily.

"Yes," Dale fibbed. (He had come straight to Jackie; *she* was the one he was worried about.) "She's wonderful. Big, strong—be riding Black Diamond before you know it."

The little blue-black race horse—"only fourteen hands high and the sweetest disposition you ever saw"—was the most recent addition to "horse-happy" Dale's private stable, and had been earmarked as "the kid's first pony" ever since the Robertsons knew a baby was on the way.

Jackie didn't pooh-pooh this boast. She didn't hear it. She was fast asleep. Dale smoothed the tousled hair back from her forehead, tiptoed out of the room, and headed at a canter for the nursery.

"They held up three newborn babies, and I couldn't tell which was mine," Dale said later, but nobody believed him. His conversation on the set on ensuing days (accompanied by free cigars) was too liberally sprinkled with proud-father talk:

"You never saw a baby with so much hair—black hair, like her momma's. . . .

"Just brought her home from the hospital, and the first night she slept right through from one o'clock until seven this morning. Most kids don't do that till they're six months old—or a year. . . .

"She's a real sweet little baby . . . doesn't cry hardly at all."

And he was making plans, not just for training Chief and Little Chief, his German shepherds, to guard the little girl, or for educating Black Diamond for his new role as Rochelle's own horse. ("Maybe when she's about two we can start her. Have to stay right with 'em at that age, though. Kid wouldn't be strong enough yet to pull up on him.") Dale was planning for a new kind of life as a family man.

"We're gonna need a bigger house pretty soon," he announced a few days after Jackie brought the baby home from the hospital. "But not until the kid gets old enough so I can tell her not to write on the walls. As long as she's dead set on writin', she can practice on this house."

Rochelle is at present ensconced in the "spare room" of the Robertsons' three-bedroom San Fernando Valley cottage. Dale had painted the walls and furniture blue shortly before the baby arrived, and the new crib and bathinette were also blue.

"Blue is supposed to be for boys," he concedes. His friends will tell you that Dale confidently expected a boy from the moment his best friend and stand-in, Kit Carson, announced the birth of a bouncing ten-pound son. *His* son was going to weigh at least ten and a half, Dale predicted, although he did admit that the Carsons, "the nicest people in the world," had "a mighty fine *big* boy."

The nursery—"Don't get fancy, it's only the *spare room,*" Dale insists—will remain blue despite the awkward fact that the occupant is Rochelle Robertson and not Cary Scott Robertson. Since "we're gonna have four or five, if we can," they'll stick with the blue and take their chances on the next baby being a son. Rochelle can write on the blue walls, if she insists, with pink crayons.

And she'll probably get away with more than that. Dale makes a determined attempt to be casual about his new daughter: "Can't tell much about a kid when she's so little. Sure, I hold her sometimes, but she's usually asleep." Nevertheless, he shows every sign of turning into the type of father who carries a wallet full of photographs and indulges the children scandalously.

Rochelle isn't going to be any "Hollywood-type" child. Dale has seen too many of these, "turned over to a nurse and brought in all gussied up to be inspected by their parents for half an hour each day."

"I don't approve of nurses," Dale says flatly. "We had a lady for a couple of weeks after the baby and Jackie came

The last roundup: In the race for the Photoplay Scholarship prize, talented youngsters on the West Coast appeared before this audition board—actor Bob Young, actress Florence Bates and Robert Rence of Pasadena Playhouse. Looking on—and looking forward to meeting the 1952 winner—is Photoplay's 1951 winner, Virginia McGuire, now a student at the Playhouse. You will meet the girl who will join Virginia, in December Photoplay

home (real nice lady this one was—my aunt-in-law), but just as soon as Jackie was up and around we let her go and took over ourselves.

"I've seen too many of those kids with nurses. Kid grows up and every time it hurts its finger it runs to its nurse instead of to its momma and daddy. I've seen it. Friend of mine tells his kid to do something, and the kid goes right on playing until the *nurse* tells him to do what his daddy says. Not *my* kid."

Dale and Jackie are willing and eager to shoulder the full responsibility for Rochelle's upbringing, though Jackie, in the last few weeks before the baby came, worried a little about her adequacy for the new job.

She had never handled a baby in her life. Of course, she had a fat contingent of willing coaches: her mother, her sister-in-law, who had a baby last spring, and her good friend, Boots Carson, Kit's wife. Yet Jackie had her moments of anxiety, usually in the middle of the night, wondering if she would ever learn to bathe the wriggling little thing, or change its diapers, or make the formula.

Rochelle's tardiness of arrival didn't help. Four whole weeks before the baby came, Jackie had her hospital bag packed and ready. The clean towels were already in place on the bathinette. The new blankets on the crib were turned back.

After two weeks of this, Jackie moved into town to stay with the Carsons for "the last few days." The Robertsons' home is twenty-seven miles from the hospital, and Jacqueline had begun to have visions of having her child in a filling station somewhere along the way, even though "Dale is a wonderful driver, and most babies come in the middle of the night when there's not much traffic."

Every day was going to be *the* day. Jackie had a series of "spurts of energy"—a sure sign. One day she shopped all day for a washing machine. And nothing happened. So she moved back home.

"Maybe you're *never* gonna have a baby," Dale joshed her, but, to tell the truth, he was getting nervous, too. He worked all day at the studio, came home for dinner, played two hours of softball with his Dale Robertson Shamrocks in the evening, and then settled down to look at a few fights on television before turning in. Each night, as he locked up, he'd look at Jackie.

"Feel all right?" he'd ask. Jackie says that she knew he was wishing she *didn't*.

It was four o'clock in the morning of the tenth of July when things started to happen. At five-thirty he called the doctor. At six o'clock Jackie was in the hospital labor room and Dale was directed to the Fathers' Room down the hall. He looked in as he passed by—commiserated with the other waiters—and hurried on. For at eight o'clock Dale had to be on the set, resplendent in sideburns and wedding clothes of the 1850 era for "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

He shrugged it off with a laugh for his pals in the picture. "My wife is having a baby over in town and I'm here gettin' married."

But it was a long, rough day for Dale. For Jackie, too, he is willing to admit.

Anyhow, the *next* time—when Jackie goes to the hospital to have that baby brother for Rochelle that the whole family wants—any singin', dancin', and lovin' Dale Robertson is booked to do for his employers will just have to wait until the good news comes.

That—you can take Dale's word for it—is for sure. THE END

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Fall Beauty Hints

—by Ruth Pearse

Top News—
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She's a New Woman

(*Continued from page* 51)

downhearted, dejected and dispirited souls.

Nobody in Hollywood quibbled last spring when M-G-M chose "The Girl Who Had Everything" as the title for Liz's post-honeymoon picture. If the label would fit any girl it seemed, if you will excuse the pun, tailor-made for Taylor.

But Liz, then in England to marry her Michael, quibbled.

"It's sort of ridiculous," she cabled, "the title, I mean, because no one has everything." It seemed even more ridiculous, even presumptuous, for people to couple her with the title in their thinking.

At some point, however, between her London marriage and her return to Hollywood as a radiant—and expectant—bride, Liz forgot that she was upset. A title change, after her return, was never again mentioned. Mrs. Wilding, it appeared, was much too happy to bother herself about titles.

Not that she had changed her mind.

"Of course I don't have everything," she insisted. "Nobody has. But I have everything I want. And I have a reason for existing."

Her "reason for existing" was first revealed to her, Liz will tell you, in the first exciting days of her marriage to Michael. Like two very happy and slightly addle-pated children, they journeyed from England to Switzerland by boat and by train to honeymoon at a professional skiers' resort high in the Alps. She was intrigued—and mildly alarmed—to find that her handsome and maturely sophisticated bridegroom was almost as baffled as she was by the intricacies of international travel.

"One of us was always misplacing a passport or losing a suitcase," she says. "We were always terrified that we'd miss our trains."

And once Michael almost did.

"Bless him, he got off at a small town in Southern France to get me a glass of water. And while I watched him hurrying down the platform the train started chug-chugging off toward Italy! There I was, alone in the compartment, knowing not a single word of French . . . oooh!"

But Michael made a flying leap and reboarded the train, without, unfortunately, the glass of water, but with his very useful knowledge of conversational French.

A series of similar miracles saw them safely to their honeymoon lodge.

There Liz found herself, found the new Elizabeth. She doesn't ski, and Michael—who does, and well—couldn't. His British film contract expressly forbade him to risk life or limb on the slopes. So they spent the long, sunny days on the balcony outside their suite, tanning gloriously in the ninety-degree heat while the bright sun beat down on the heavy drifts of pure white snow on the ground.

They had time in great, quiet patches to discover one another. They *knew* now that they were meant to be together. Their reason for existing was that they were very much in love.

A whole new way of life was opening up for Elizabeth. Feeling a security and permanence she had never known before, she had everything she wanted.

It had all been different—before she married Michael.

In the period of her vague discontent, Elizabeth recalls, she cast about anxiously for ways to change—"to improve myself." She tried to find specific reasons for the inadequacy, the incompleteness she felt.

"Maybe it was more brains I needed," she concedes frankly.

Perhaps her education, which amounted to high school training in Metro's Professional school, had been insufficient. "I was by no stretch of the imagination an intellectual. To be honest, I must admit the main thing that interested me in school was the bell that rang when classes were over.

"Perhaps I should have tried to be the book-worm type. I would have loved to learn more languages . . . especially French.

"Michael knows French," she says proudly. "He can teach me."

With the failure of her first marriage to Nicky Hilton, her feelings of inadequacy had been intensified. . . . Perhaps *she* had failed somehow. Why, she couldn't even cook, not even boil an egg.

So she determined she would learn to cook. She went so far as to buy a couple of cook books, and look into the rates of schools which teach gourmet cooking. But somehow she didn't get around to doing anything about it. So that was that, at the time, for the cooking. But now: "Michael is a wonderful cook. He can teach me. And we'll have fun."

"Michael" is the magic word. It is clear that Elizabeth, having Michael, at last has everything she wants.

Michael arrived from England only a few days before Elizabeth was scheduled to start work on "The Girl Who Had Everything." Elizabeth whisked him home to their small apartment and allowed him a brief two hours for a bath, a change of clothes, and a reunion dinner. After that—it was 10:00 P.M. in Beverly Hills—she took him house-hunting!

Elizabeth had been combing the town for a new home from the day of her own arrival from Europe a few weeks earlier. With a baby coming they must have more room, and time was running short.

"We prowled all through the streets of Beverly Hills that night," Elizabeth recalls, "looking at houses with 'For Sale' signs. It was well after midnight when we gave up. It's a wonder the police didn't pick us up as suspicious characters!"

Michael—not yet adjusted to the time change—was wide awake at 6:00 A.M. the next day, and continued the search while Elizabeth slept. They are determined to find just the right house—"new, contemporary design, all on one floor, with, of course, room for a nursery.

"And," Elizabeth adds, "Room for a pool. Not that the pool matters immediately. There will be time enough to worry about that when our baby is old enough to learn to swim."

All that Elizabeth's heart desires, now that she is married to Michael and expecting his child, is to have her baby and to have a proper place to bring him—or her—home. And although neither will definitely state a preference, Elizabeth dreams more often about a daughter, with Michael thinking about a son. If the baby is a girl she is to be named Michele, if a boy he will be Michael.

The desire for a home is a simple basic desire which all young wives can understand. They understand it far better, probably, than they could understand the Liz Taylor of only a year ago, when she was a girl restless and unhappy, deeply dissatisfied with herself.

Incredible as it may seem to girls who would give anything to look exactly like Elizabeth Taylor, Liz wasn't, until very recently, at all satisfied with the way she looked.

"I always wanted to be taller," she admits. "Tall girls are so graceful, so willowy. I am only five-foot, four—and only when I'm standing *very* straight. How could I hope to look willowy?"

She yearned for green eyes. And she hated, for awhile, her shining black hair.

At first she thought she wanted to be a blonde. And in "Little Women" she had her chance, thanks to a wig.

"Make-up wanted me to bleach my eyebrows," she remembers, but she rebelled. "How would I have looked going around at night with coal black hair and blonde eyebrows?" So they compromised by covering her thick brows with make-up.

"They turned out bright green," Elizabeth laughs, grimacing. "Fortunately, since the picture was in technicolor, not quite Kelly green."

After a look at herself in "Little Women," Liz decided she had made a mistake. It wasn't a blonde she wanted to be after all, it was a redhead. A redhead with green eyes. There was nothing she could do about the eyes, but she *could* change her hair color. Again, fortunately, she first visited the make-up department and tried on a red wig. Everybody shrieked. Even Elizabeth had to admit that red hair was definitely *not* for her.

All her periods of rebellion were equally short-lived. They were just symptoms, really, of her pervading unhappiness, her restless discontent with life and with herself.

There was even a period when Liz "escaped" by pretending that she was much more grown-up than she was, that she was "sophisticated." She wore clothes that everyone, including her mother, thought were much too old for her, disciplined her wonderfully unruly hair into a glamour girl up-sweep.

Michael Wilding changed all that. Michael changed *everything* by making it very clear from the first that he loved her just the way she was, the age she was, just for herself.

With Michael's help Elizabeth learned that "sophistication" wasn't even a pleasant word.

"As for false sophistication . . . there is nothing worse. Of course," Elizabeth adds, "I would like to have more poise. But I think that will come with a few more years.

"Already," she confides, smiling, "I'm much less shy than I used to be. It still takes me awhile to get to know people. . . . but I try. And I've stopped making snap judgments of people the first time I meet them. No more instantaneous crushes or, even worse, immediate dislikes."

What Elizabeth really learned, basically, is that, to be happy, she need not be anyone but herself.

Michael, who loved her for herself, made her see that important truth. Or rediscover it.

"I really knew it long ago," Elizabeth says. "When I was ten years old my singing teacher gave me a little gold pin. It was a musical note, B-Natural, and inscribed with a single word 'Always.'

"It meant a great deal to me then—and still does. I still have the little pin, and I value it."

The most important part of being natural for Elizabeth, these days, is enjoying her pregnancy, even, she insists, the unpleasant parts.

"I'm sick all the time," she says, "and I couldn't care less. It's a wonderful feeling to be sick, and like it. You like it because you know what it's for. I love all my symptoms."

She feels like a "contented cat," she says, "nice and warm and feminine."

Happiness is a contagious thing. Everyone knows it who is exposed these days to this girl—the girl who has absolutely everything she could possibly want.

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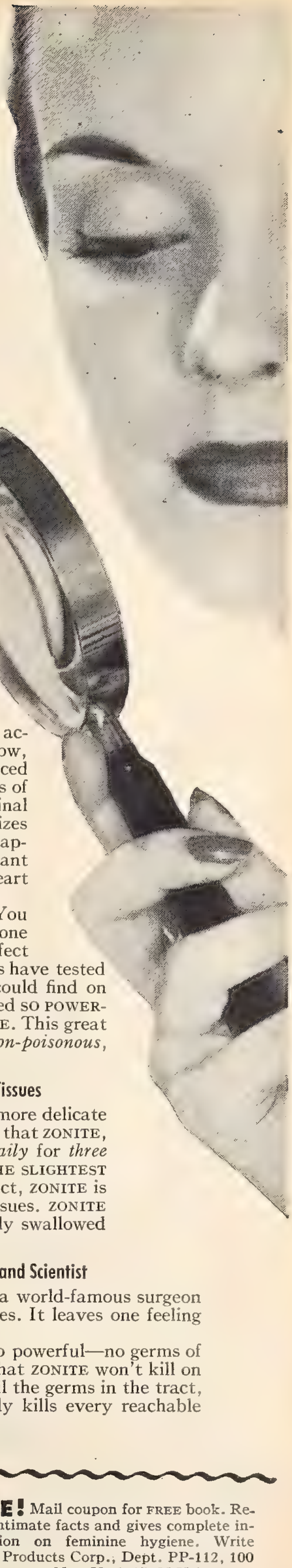

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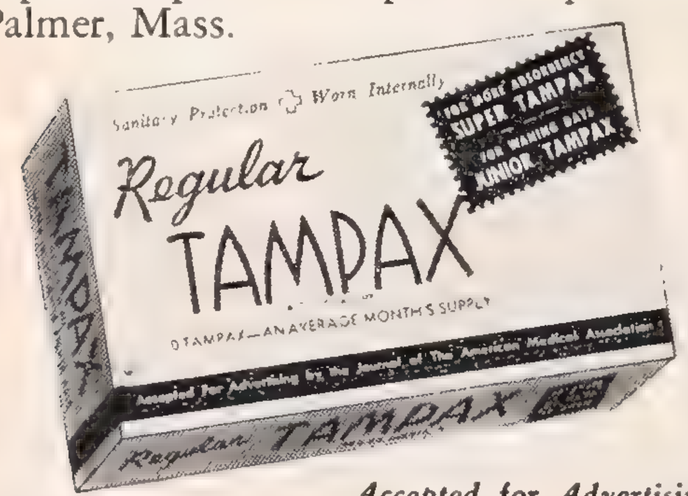

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Howard Keel's Untold Story

(*Continued from page* 37)

God-fearing family. He joined the Navy and went off to see the world. But he came back to Gillespie. A letter that the youthful sailor sent to his home-town sweetheart probably provided the reason. Discovered after his death, it was a "nice" letter, the family remembers, expressing a tenderness that all too often, like the music, remained unexpressed.

Homer Keel came back to Gillespie and married the tall, slender Grace Osterkamp. But for the head of this new household there was no "happily-ever-after." He went down into the mines. While other men worked there doggedly and proudly to support themselves and their families, Homer seemed to feel himself trapped.

So the first son, William, and the second, Harry (later to be known as Howard), were born into a life of tension and hardship. To help keep the home going, mother Grace set up a small paper-hanging business, in partnership with her sister-in-law. This, like all other departments of homemaking, was traditionally a woman's lookout in a town that saw its men come home dead-tired after each shift.

But the rigors of this life were lightened by neighborliness. Shy, quiet little Howard and his more high-spirited brother weren't left to run wild. A childhood playmate of Howard's remembers: "Nobody in this neighborhood had ever heard of a babysitter. Our mothers pitched in to help each other." Two of Grace Keel's particular friends looked out for her boys while she worked. And there was another ray of light: Howard's family picked up some added prestige as the only one on the block that owned a car. The Keels were generous with their car; days the mines weren't being worked, they'd crowd a lot of neighborhood kids in with their own twosome and go for outings. On these occasions, Homer Keel seemed like another person—gay, comradely, full of adventurous stories. But the difference was only temporary.

Finally, the depression struck. Mines began closing. Seeing no hope ahead, the unhappy, erratic Homer Keel died defeated, openly acknowledging his defeat—before the eyes of eleven-year-old Howard. Neighbors remember that they flocked to help Grace, but how the tragedy affected the boy—this, no one knows. Yet surely it must have hurt him deeply. And his older brother grew increasingly restless in Gillespie after his father's death.

Grace Keel's indomitable spirit wasn't quenched. Even now the neighbors say proudly, "That's when Grace really began to fight." Young as he was, Howard fought at her side. He and his closest pal picked up a few nickels by "tin-canning." They made the rounds of the more well-to-do homes and offered to take household rubbish to the dump. Then they sorted out the bottles and sold them.

At least, the family wasn't fighting alone. There was the ritual of the lunch pails, for instance. Every evening, when the miners came home, each child would run to meet his father, shouting, "Whatcha got in your bucket, Dad?" After teasing protests that the lunch pail was empty, Dad would hand it over, and the youngster would dig into it eagerly for the one sandwich that was always saved from the day's lunch, no matter how skimpy it had been. Howard's father was never to come home again, but childless miners joined in the ritual, too, saving that one sandwich for youngsters like him. One of his childhood playmates says, "I realize now that those sandwiches must have been musty and stale—they'd been packed away since morning. But it was always the big treat of our day."

Choicer treats came Howard's way when he visited Grandma Osterkamp's farm. The sprightly old lady called Howard and his cousin Oren Osterkamp "my two young mules." Stubborn, mischievous, the two were always into something—usually Grandma's jam jar. They were always hungry, even beyond the degree that's normal for growing boys. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and many Sundays, Grandma rounded up the whole family for huge meals in the big kitchen. Two or three tables of grown-ups ate first; then Howard and the other kids pitched in. His favorite dishes, an aunt remembers, were fried chicken, devil's food cake and ice cream.

But such dinners were special occasions; at home, rabbit stew was about the best the family table could achieve. Howard used to save the nickels he'd earned "tin-canning" and use them to buy shells for his gun.

From such a hand-to-mouth existence, music might have been the perfect escape. But the way was cut off. In high school, Howard's cousin Leo Klein, Jr., was a member of the glee club and the male quartet, and Leo's mother remembers the boy coming home one day and saying, "I feel so bad for Howard. He isn't going to get into the glee club, and he's got his heart set on it. I wish there was something I could do."

Actually, the townspeople's recollections of this incident differ. Perhaps Howard was turned down; perhaps he shrank from even asking, afraid that his patched blue jeans and blue shirts wouldn't be acceptable for the club's recitals, or simply afraid of being turned down. The bitter experiences behind him had given him no cause for optimism, and his schoolmates never had a chance to learn of his hidden gift for song.

Frustrated, Howard sought another outlet, took out his father's old trombone and tried to teach himself to play it. His efforts weren't exactly a success. Art Covelli, the young manager of the Lyric Theatre in Gillespie and once a boarder at the Keels', says, "I can remember the way he would shut himself up in a room and practice on that trombone, and it was awful. But I never once heard him raise his voice."

Though Art, then only seventeen, making all of $12.50 a week, also had trouble getting by, he could offer Howard another way to escape. Each evening, when the youthful manager dressed to go down and open the theatre, Howard had a newly-shined pair of shoes ready for him. In return, Art gave the boy two passes each time the bill changed. For Howard, they were more than theatre tickets; they were tickets to another, glittering world. But if the movies roused any dreams, any ambitions in this lanky youngster, Howard never spoke about them.

He was no recluse; when the other kids went to the river for a swim, Howard was usually there, one of the best swimmers in the crowd. But when they hung around at their favorite spot by the railroad trestle, drying off, building a camp-fire, talking for hours about their hopes, their plans for the future, Howard was silent.

Yet it wasn't long before he was on the road to a future the other kids wouldn't have dared to dream of. Already stretching out toward his present height, the boy was growing *too* fast. On his uncertain diet, his health suffered. The family doctor advised Grace Keel to get Howard away from the coal dust and the slag heaps into the sun. His older brother had already gone to California. So Grace and her

younger son courageously started west.

Letters that came to Gillespie told the rest of the family that Grace and Howard had both found work (though the money was hardly rolling in), that Howard had recovered his health—and that he was taking singing lessons. This last bit of information impressed nobody, until Grace returned to Gillespie to watch at the bedside of Grandpa Osterkamp, who was dying. She brought a record with her, a privately cut record of "The Lord's Prayer" set to music, and played it for the old man. It was played again at his funeral, and the family and the Keels' friends made the astonishing discovery. Mrs. Gennelle Abbott Barry, whose mother had been one of Howard's substitute "mothers," recalls, "It was weird. I never knew Howard could sing. And then there, in the funeral parlor, suddenly I heard from an amplifier above me this great, rich voice. I recognized it, even if I had never heard it before. It put a chill down my spine, but it was wonderful, too."

Hearing these deep, true notes, did the townspeople remember Howard's unhappy father, whose urge to express himself in music had brought forth nothing but discord? Probably not; this voice told them instead that Howard himself must have become a person very different from the youngster they had seen leaving for California. Just how different, they realized when Howard paid a visit to his home town. Early one summer morning, there was a knock at Mrs. Barry's door, and on her doorstep stood a tall, broad-shouldered, smiling stranger—who was no stranger, she immediately recognized. Before she could rub the sleep out of her eyes, he was inside, shouting, "Anybody up? Who's got some coffee?"

"We drank three pots of coffee and ate six dozen doughnuts," Mrs. Barry says. "I went to the store four times. All the neighbors came in. Nobody shut up for two hours, we had so much to say."

The shadow of his father's failure had lifted, and confidence was beginning to cast its light on Howard's life. Still on his wartime job as an aircraft worker, he was a long way from his final success, but now he could believe it might be possible. Perhaps as a mark of this new confidence in his own future, he had taken a wife, and Gillespie met the bride, a tall, red-haired, spectacularly beautiful show girl named Rosemary Randall, who had been in "Earl Carroll's Vanities."

Those who knew Howard later, as a newcomer to the Broadway theatre, remember that he and the first Mrs. Keel made a gorgeous-looking couple. Personally, too, they *seemed* compatible. Not at all the show girl of fiction, Rosemary proved to be a quiet, cheerful-natured "home girl," who loved to sew and expertly made most of her own clothes.

Raised in a tradition of neighborliness, Howard quickly made friends with his new

(*Continued on page* 96)

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(*Continued from page* 95)

show-business colleagues. While he was playing in "Oklahoma!" on Broadway, he and Rosemary, Betty Jayne Watson (also in the show) and her husband, Jerry Austen, became a steady foursome. When the budget was flush, they made a Saturday-night routine of going to the swank Pierre after the show. Betty Jayne remembers one gay evening when she and Harry (like most of his old friends, she calls him by his real name) spontaneously got up to sing "People Will Say We're in Love."

So far had he come; the music that had been in him from the start was now free to emerge on impulse. Ironically, on this night he and Betty Jayne proceeded to forget the lyrics they sang nightly. Instead of being embarrassed before the Pierre's patrons, he broke up in laughter—at himself. The shy, retiring young Howard Keel was left far behind.

He was enjoying his new life. But a newcomer to the theatre doesn't draw a very royal wage, and there were times when the budget was slightly battered. Then, Howard was just as content to go to Childs or the Automat. The two couples had another weekly routine: Thursday night was "Pie Night" at the Austens', with generous helpings of pie and ice cream for all hands, pleasantly recalling to Howard those feasts at Grandma Osterkamp's. One quality of his childhood he hadn't—and still hasn't—outgrown: a robust appetite.

The friends who shared these happy evenings were surprised when Howard and Rosemary, after four years together, regretfully decided upon divorce. Genuinely hard-hit by the failure of the marriage, Howard became more absorbed than ever in his career.

Through his work, romance appeared for the second time. Blonde, vivacious Mary Hatcher, another "Oklahoma!" colleague, must have seemed to Howard a symbol of the glamorous theatre world. Chiefly, this was a gay companionship. Their roles left little time for real dates; there were usually parties after work, or sometimes they'd just grab a bite to eat. Mary found Howard "the sweetest guy in the world"; in his unfailing thoughtfulness, he impressed her as "a real old-fashioned gentleman." And he could be "hilariously funny," she recalls, occasionally making her break up onstage. Never for a moment did she suspect that there was any tragedy in his background.

The romance never went beyond this companionship. After Howard had been shifted to the London company of "Oklahoma!" he seemed to miss Mary very much at first. So Betty Jayne Watson, who was also in the London troupe, reports. But he didn't spread gloom around. His London home was in a veddy, veddy English block of "flats" (British for "apartments"). Many of the residents had lived there for as long as thirty years without doing more than nod to each other in the hallway. But after the boy from Gillespie had been there only a couple of weeks, he might be found playing Canasta with the man upstairs, or running down to have tea with the little old lady on the floor below. Soon he knew everybody in the building.

He had started going out with one of the dancers in the "Oklahoma!" ballet. Not so spectacular in appearance as Rosemary, not so famous as Mary, Helen Anderson had a quiet charm, a wholesome prettiness an innate dignity very like his mother's. Their love was no sudden, overwhelming at-first-sight emotion; it grew slowly and surely, and separation only strengthened it.

While Helen's work took her back to the United States, Howard remained in England, busy tackling a new field. The British star Valerie Hobson and her producer-husband, Anthony Havelock-Allan, had seen Keel in "Oklahoma!" and drafted him to play the lead in their film, "The Small Voice." It was his first movie, and Valerie remembers that he was terribly nervous, though he performed like a veteran once he stepped in front of the cameras.

For Howard, this was a chance to make more friends. After a day's shooting, he'd sometimes ask the rest of the film troupe to come home with him for a supper featuring American-style baked beans, turned out by chef Keel. But on the set there were times when he didn't do much talking with his co-workers between takes. Then, he'd be seen off in a corner, poring over the latest letter from Helen. The letters, of course, were for his eyes alone, but the photographs that often came with them were proudly shown off all 'round.

For a while after his return to the States, his career and Helen's continued to keep them apart. The earnest correspondence grew more and more frequent. Once, he went to Pittsburgh to see her, while she was on tour; again, he followed her to Canada. And at last they agreed that they wanted to be together always.

With Helen, Kaiya Liane (going on three) and Kristine (four months old), Howard now has a home life so secure, so precious that it's small wonder he is determined to keep it inviolate—especially when you consider its contrast with his own childhood. On the screen, Howard comes across as a personality different from the quiet, home-loving family man. There he is . . . big, handsome, swaggering . . . the music pouring out of him freely and gloriously . . . perhaps the sort of man his father Homer Keel might have been in happier circumstances. THE END

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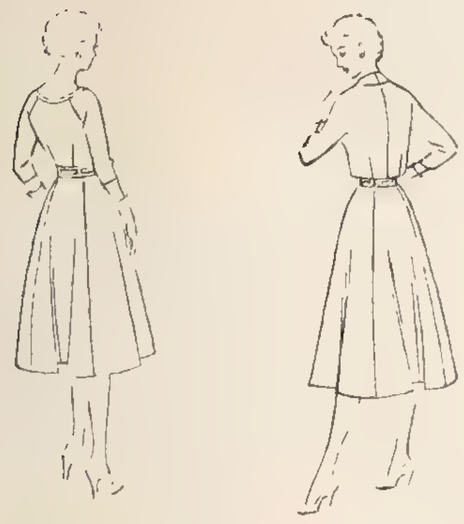

Above: back views of Anne Baxter separates, pattern #13 on p. 65. Below: its fabric, Security jersey

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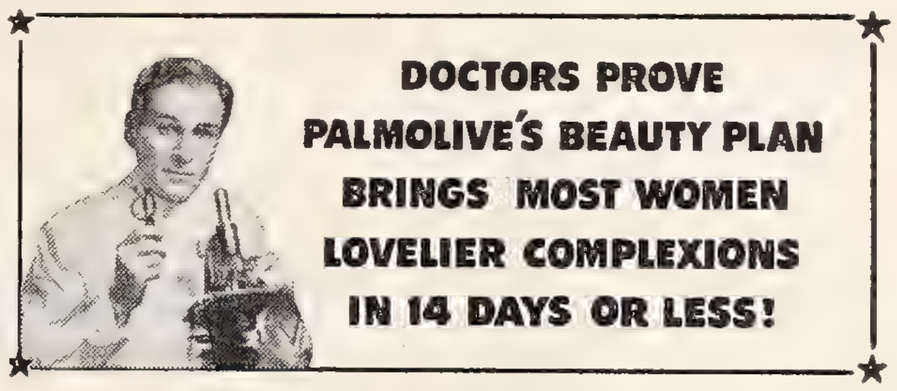

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Barbara Stanwyck

(*Continued from page* 44)

woman married to Robert Taylor could ever do that. But she didn't work at it quite conscientiously enough. While she was busily building an admirable reputation for diligence at the studios, Bob was filling the gaps in his life with interests of his own.

"It's easy to see now," Barbara said, "what I should have known then. When Bob got his own plane—and began flying about, I should have realized that it was an important symbol—a sign that he was needing me less. But I didn't."

And she didn't realize that it was a mistake not to accompany Bob to Italy, as he wanted her to, when he went there in 1950 to shoot "Quo Vadis." She stayed in Hollywood on the off-chance that a picture, in which she was tentatively scheduled to star, would go into production. Ironically, nothing came of that. And by the time she flew to Rome—remorseful at not having gone in the first place, and alarmed at rumors about Bob's alleged romance with an Italian beauty—it was too late.

"I had been an ostrich until then," Barbara muses. "By the time I pulled my head out of the sand and looked around me, there was nothing to see but a wall of stark, irrefutable facts."

It was almost a year after the Taylors had agreed to disagree that Barbara actually went ahead with the suit for divorce. In the meantime, Bob had gone to England for "Ivanhoe," giving them time to think things over.

"When Bob came back," Barbara said, "the reconciliation rumors went into full swing. And the only truth in any of them is that we did behave like 'friends.'"

Barbara would have given marriage another try at that point. But Bob did not feel they could achieve anything except a temporary re-patching. And neither of them wanted that.

They talked it through, reasonably, sanely, maturely.

"That was just a few days before Christmas," Barbara recalls. "And I had a lot of hysterical, sentimental plans for the holidays. But after the hours and hours Bob and I spent reviewing our errors, dissecting our souls, I knew there was only one thing I could possibly do about Christmas. Give him his freedom as my gift.

"Getting through the holidays wasn't easy. As soon as they were over, I went ahead with the divorce."

Hurt as she was, Barbara knew that the only salvation lay in trying to build a new life, as quickly as possible. She began by selling the house in which she and Bob had shared eleven years of happiness.

"I believe that the wisest decision a woman facing divorce can make is to separate herself from the tangibles of her marriage. It's good sense to start clean.

"Probably all about-to-be-divorced women have experienced this—and even though it was my decision—the day our things went to the auctioneers was certainly brutal for me. I know it sounds trite, but it's true: a little bit of my heart went along with every piece that was sold."

That was the lowest ebb in Barbara's life—the moment when the bitterness was most vividly etched. "I moved into my new little house—holed in is a better phrase—like an automaton. I never answered my phone. I accepted no invitations."

Her dearest friends were upset and alarmed. But Barbara wouldn't allow them to break through her emotional coat of armor—until a time, she says, "when I couldn't defend myself.

"It was last December—just a year after my separation from Bob. I suddenly became ill. The external symptoms were real enough—but I'm sure now that I induced them.

"It was almost like singing a dirge to the anniversary of my unhappiness. Everyone around me was in that childlike glow that precedes Christmas. But not me! I wasn't going to be happy. I had suffered—and I was going to keep on suffering.

"The doctors diagnosed it as pneumonia and rushed me to the hospital. No one was permitted to see me.

"But there was one person who knew that what was really wrong with me was way down deep inside. That was Van Johnson.

"The day before Christmas, Van broke through the vanguard of doctors and nurses. He was carrying a big bottle of champagne in an ice bucket all done up with bows. He towered over my bed and said firmly, 'Evie and I are going to be drinking a toast to you tonight. We want you to be in on the partying too. It's Christmas—and by God, the Johnsons say you are going to be merry!'

"And suddenly, right then, I realized that I had been deliberately nursing my grief—getting a perverse pleasure out of it. I had been refusing to try to be happy.

"With Van clowning like crazy there in the room, I discovered how good it was to laugh again. He didn't stay long, but his visit was gay while it lasted. It unfroze the bitterness. And it gave me the courage to be humble. I vowed right then that I was through being a bum sport.

"I began to get better almost at once—and in less than a week, I was home. It was too late to do anything about Christmas—but the New Year was right at hand. So I gave my first dinner party."

The invitation list to that "coming out" party—and to dozens Barbara has given since—reflected one vital conclusion: "It's society we dames are afraid of when we're alone, because it turns us into a social problem. We're 'extra women'—the exact reverse of 'extra men.' We're considered liabilities—not assets—to any hostess."

Barbara has been doing a lot of concentrating on other people ever since. And her own happiness has reached a new high.

Today she smiles the smile of the girl she used to be, long before anybody thought of casting her as a murderess, as in "Double Indemnity," or an adulteress, as in "Clash by Night." Ironically, she's playing the "perfect wife" in M-G-M's forthcoming "Jeopardy."

"This coming Christmas," she says, "I'm going to be the Christmas-iest thing you ever heard about. I'm going to have the biggest tree and the most wreaths—and I'm going to give a party that will include every 'extra woman' I know. What's more, I'll have the best time of anybody there."

Barbara wants friendship now. Love, too.

"I believe in love," she says, "I can look back on the eleven and a half wonderful years that Bob and I had together—and know that it was love that made it

possible. I haven't turned my back on it.

"Just because I do believe in love again, I can afford to wait. And those romance rumors notwithstanding, I am waiting.

"I know that somewhere there must be a man who feels about love the way I do —and who wants to share it equally. But there's no hurry. Now that I have the courage to want love again, I have the courage to wait for a love that's right."

Robert Taylor

(*Continued from page* 45)

and attentive. And because he is certainly one of moviedom's most eligible bachelors, would-be matchmakers do a lot of vicarious romancing for him.

But the ever-present fictitious romance is only one of the problems that face a handsome talented man who, after almost twelve years of marriage, suddenly finds himself without a wife.

Problem most ponderous: where does he live?

Some years ago, Bob bought a home for his mother in Westwood. (His father died just before Bob made his big success.) His mother has a companion living with her—a woman near her own age. It seemed logical for Bob to go back home again.

But the house is small. Bob couldn't see himself inconveniencing two elderly ladies by sharing the bath with them. So he took the tiny servant's room, because it has a bath of its own.

And that's where he lives. At least it isn't lonely.

And he travels for the same reason.

"Travel is an escape from boredom," he says, "but I no sooner get away than I want to come home. I wish I were the kind of guy who's interested in art. You know, the type who likes to sit around and discuss it. I like to see all the big galleries, like the *Louvre*. But I just like to look and go. Same way I wish I could sit on some balcony in Europe reading a book. But I can't sit still."

Besides his work, he has three great enthusiasms—flying, hunting and fishing. And these add complications to the complex life of this divorced man.

His closest friend has said, "It's funny about dames. You know, Barbara disliked flying and hunting and fishing. And Barbara wouldn't go up in Bob's plane with him. Oh, maybe once or twice, but she didn't enjoy it. Well, this didn't worry Bob. Lots of married couples have different interests and it's okay.

"But those advice to the lovelorn columns—they're always telling the girls how they should be interested in whatever the guy is interested in. So all of a sudden there are dozens of dames in this town who are just crazy about flying and hunting and fishing."

It's best for Bob when he's working, and he has taken a new attitude toward his work—a more mature attitude. He is delighted with "Ivanhoe" and has high hopes for "Vaquero."

The future? What does the future hold for the man who never even contemplated divorce—never dreamed it could happen?

He's going to Europe again. He'll get a small car in Paris and drive through France and, he laughs, "I'll probably get lost and the gendarmes will think I'm a shady character."

Beyond that—no plans.

About one thing he is sure at the moment. "I don't really believe in love at first sight. You know that thing a lot of guys say, 'I just looked at her and *knew*.' I ask you: how can anybody know? But I do know this—at least for me. Going around with a girl for a couple of years and finally deciding to get married is no good either. If you see a girl for five or six months and don't know whether or not you're in love—then you're not!"

Is he happy? Ask him that question and he counters, "Who is?"

Bob has his problems. But he is facing them honestly and intelligently. And if anybody deserves happiness, this guy does. He is just so darn nice.

For example, after he had finished telling what not many people have bothered to ask him—the truth about his present situation, he said, "Gee, I hope nothing I've said sounds rough on Barbara."

"Rough on Barbara?" What he had said about her was, "They broke the mold after they made her." What he had said was, "She's a great girl—the greatest." What he had said was, "Everything was all my fault." What he had said was, "Barbara's the most intelligent and understanding person I've ever known."

And that, you see, is the biggest problem for this newly-divorced man. He makes comparisons. He's looking for a woman to measure up to Barbara.

"And where?" he asks, "am I going to find her?" THE END

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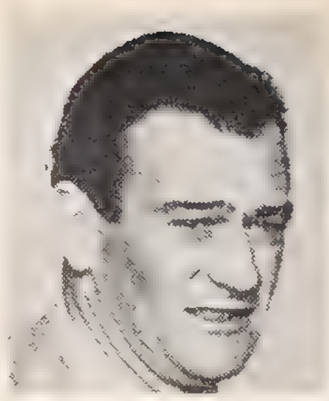

John Wayne

(*Continued from page* 46)

make a big movie star out of him but it flopped. Then he did a few other pictures and went into a decline. (Wayne recently was named Number One box-office star, along with Doris Day, for the third year by theatre owners in the country.)

During his decline he had to make a living doing something, so he made westerns that took only eight days to shoot for Republic and Universal—"The Three Mesquiteers" series and other quickies. It was hard work. There were no doubles; he did his own fighting. He arrived on the set at 6:00 A.M. and after a rugged day got home dirty and tired at 7:30 P.M. only to find that his dinner clothes had been laid out by Josephine. And off they went to a party!

Speaking of this, John says, "A guy in pictures has got to look wide-eyed. I used to be so sleepy I could die. I loved having my friends around, but the routine of getting in at 1:00 A.M. and then up again at five to be on a horse in front of a camera at six—well, I began to curl up."

To John it was his *old* friends who were important—the people he went to school with. He was—and is—a loyal person, as indicated by his actions toward Herbert J. Yates, the president of Republic, one of Hollywood's small studios. John could have signed with Universal a few years ago at twice the money Republic was paying him but preferred to stick with "Papa" Yates, who helped give him his start.

Despite the fact that John didn't care for society, he did like almost every other aspect of his life with Josephine, including that of religion. They had four children. Michael, nineteen, and Toni, seventeen, are students at Loyola University in Los Angeles. Patrick, fifteen, is in junior high, and Melinda, thirteen, is in the eighth grade.

Of his children, John says, "I think my kids are the most wonderful, handsomest kids on earth."

A turning point came in 1938 with John's smash hit in "Stagecoach," which made him the top star he was supposed to have become when "The Big Trail" was produced. Following "Stagecoach" came more big roles and the inevitable separation from Josie and the children while he was on location.

These enforced location-separations, plus a possible sense of inferiority to the elegant Josephine, brought about a new assertiveness in Wayne's manner which caused differences that, starting out as small ones, grew and grew in the eyes of both of them.

There was a gradual drifting apart. Then, in 1943, came an unofficial separation. It was during this period that John met Esperanza Baur at a dance in Mexico City given by mutual friends. Esperanza was an up-and-coming Mexican actress.

She was a beautiful dark-haired girl with snapping black eyes, a cute pug-nose, and a smile that would charm the birds off the trees. Like Josephine, she was of Spanish descent. John called her Chata, which is Spanish for "pug-nose." She, oddly enough, had been married in 1941 to a fellow named Morrison, Wayne's real name. This one's first name was Eugene. She divorced Eugene the same year she married him.

Both women are tall, slender and dark. Although there is a remarkable first-glance resemblance between the two, Chata actually is the complete antithesis of Josephine. Josie is reserved and has a patrician appearance. Chata is hoydenish, and when she smiles her nose and her eyes and her whole face wrinkle. She is thirty; Josephine is forty.

Chata wanted the things John wanted: the simple uncluttered life—a fire in the fireplace around which old friends could gather, and good, simple fun around a barbecue pit.

However, the ties that bound John to Josephine and their four children were too strong for John to ignore at first, and he did break up with Chata and go back to Josephine. They effected a precarious reconciliation. It was agreed between them that John would forget about Chata if Josephine would never mention her name. Two minutes later Josie brought up the subject. From then on it was no good.

Even so, Duke's love for his family was stronger than his desire for happiness in his own personal life and he stuck with Josephine—for a while. But the reconciliation failed to jell.

They broke up again. After the breakup and the divorce (it is understood that Josephine receives $30,000 a year alimony from John), he sought out Chata in Mexico City and on Januaray 17, 1946, they were married at Long Beach. Ward Bond was best man and Mrs. Ollie Carey, wife of the late Harry Carey, was matron of honor. "Papa" Yates gave the bride away.

When they returned to Hollywood after the honeymoon, I met them for the first time at the Associated Press Editors' Convention at the Biltmore Hotel. They were the center of attention, along with the other newlywed couple who shared our table—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall—and Danny Thomas and his wife. They were having a wonderful time and were obviously very much in love.

Wayne's star was still in the ascendancy career-wise, and the location-separations that had come about with his stardom while he was married to Josephine continued throughout his marriage to Chata.

In addition, John took on more business commitments than he had ever carried before—responsibilities that demanded more time than Chata was willing for him to give. For instance, he signed a producing contract with Republic as well as an acting contract, and became involved with the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals—and he was increasingly in demand for pictures until it got to a point where he was making pictures for Republic, Warner Brothers, RKO and himself, with little time left to enjoy the home life that he and Chata had originally pictured for themselves.

And Wayne was changing. He was now a star of top stature and was gradually discovering he liked the Hollywood social life—the life that was distasteful when he was married to Josephine.

All these factors set the pattern for the separation last June, while John was making "Big Jim McLain" with Nancy Olson in Honolulu. John produced it and starred in it for Warners' release. Chata went with John on the location trip but flew back home after several fights. No one has ever reported what these fights were about but

the reasons seem obvious to their friends.

It was when Chata returned from Honolulu that I came up with an "exclusive" on the rift in my column in *The Hollywood Reporter.*

Before taking off to attend the GOP Convention in Chicago last July, John asked his lawyer to request Chata's attorney to file for a divorce immediately. He said he was anxious to get it over with as soon as possible.

John and Chata then put their Encino home up for sale, the home they bought two years ago for $140,000.

Josie, devout Catholic that she is, has never remarried.

The question now is: Will John and Josephine try it again?

Chata Wayne

(*Continued from page* 47)

thing. Chata had been working for her living as an actress. She co-starred with Arturo de Cordova in "The Count of Monte Cristo" in Mexico. But being a star was not important to her. It was merely the means toward a desirable end—a comfortable life. And as the wife of John Wayne she could have that comfortable life plus the real home she and John both desired so fervently.

But as the star of John Wayne rose in the movie firmament, the long evenings at home with Chata became less and less frequent. Then, too, there was his great desire to spend more time than ever with his children. In fact, in 1948 when John was playing the lead in "Rio Grande," his son Michael made his acting debut in the same picture, while younger son, Patrick, accompanied them on location. John's relationship with his children is very close and warm.

More and more Chata found that after a hard day's work at the studio her Duke was best left alone to "gloom by himself." And more and more, as John became a Number One box-office star, he was separated from Chata and home by long location trips. A victim of loneliness, Chata would often visit her mother in Mexico City. "The Quiet Man" took John to Ireland for a long location trip.

As the situation grew worse, Chata found herself beset by frequent illnesses which were aggravated, if not caused, by her unhappiness over the increasing failure of their marriage. Hollywood gossiped about her unhappiness, predicted that the estrangements and reconciliations would finally end in a parting of the ways. A reconciliation in February of this year, after six weeks apart, soon ended in another rift.

Finally, when John went to Honolulu to make "Big Jim McLain," the rift was admitted to the public. Neither John nor Chata had much to say—each had too much regard for the other's feelings—but it seemed the beginning of the end. Reconciliation had failed, and Chata once again left Hollywood to visit her mother.

In Mexico City, Chata said, "While I was in Hollywood, all of the columnists tried to get me to talk about the divorce. I refused to say anything to anyone, preferring not to hurt John. But by trying to protect him, I am the one who has been hurt the most.

"Since I have been in Mexico City the columnists have printed cruel and untrue things about me. Also, I have been 'evicted' from my own home! When I return to Hollywood, which will be as soon as the doctor lets me travel, it is definitely true that I will go ahead and take the steps to get a divorce," she says.

"I am terribly ill and deeply hurt and confused—more confused than anything else. I have kept quiet for a long time. As soon as I return to Hollywood, get to feeling better and have a chance to become oriented to the crazy confusion that has taken place in the last few months, I will talk. And it will be the truth, the entire truth that I will tell.

"John is the one who is wrong in this whole situation. When the time comes, I shall prove him wrong. He is the cause of our marriage being broken. The first time we separated, not too long ago, I became terribly ill then too. We patched that up —and now comes this. But this is definitely the end of our marriage. Things cannot be mended now."

Now Chata has returned to Hollywood, and although she has not yet told her side of the story completely, she has begun her divorce action.

And in Hollywood, the scene of her former great happiness, with her career as an actress definitely behind her, Chata faces only illness and heartbreak—the heartbreak that screen stardom can bring to those who rise to the heights, and to those who are dearest to them. THE END

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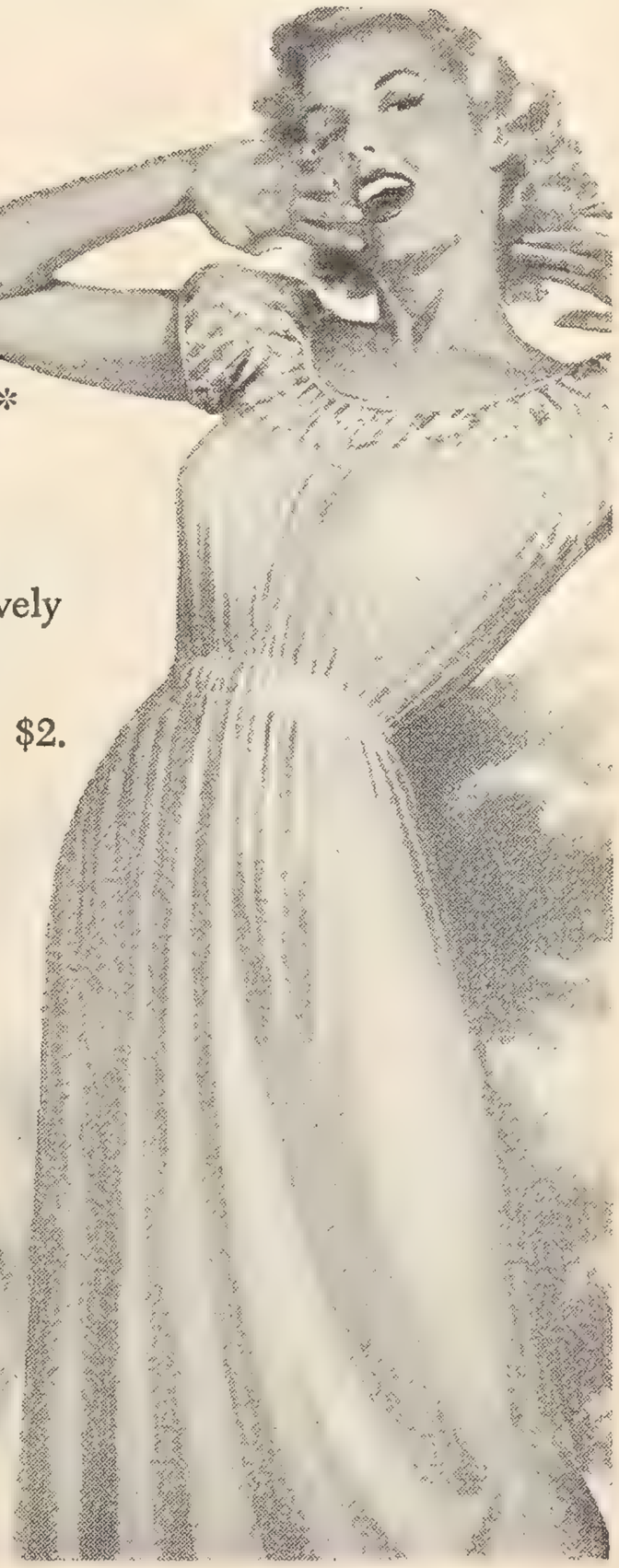

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Eleanor Powell

(*Continued from page* 48)

and Eleanor confessed that she *didn't know* where he was. Another stated that it was merely a foolish quarrel such as many couples have, and that he hadn't left home at all. There have been rumors of Glenn's interest in other women. However, all actors are subject to such rumors.

At this writing, Glenn and Eleanor are reported to be living peacefully under the same roof. To still the growing number of separation stories, they left Hollywood, and together with son Peter, drove to the mountains on a fishing trip. However, friends have seen little of Eleanor in the past few months. They called in vain to invite her out while Glenn was in Europe making a picture.

When Glenn married Eleanor he extracted a promise that she would give up her career. She was on top. All her life she had worked and struggled to achieve her fame. It was a difficult decision to make. Eleanor, a warm-hearted, sentimental girl, confided to friends, "I've danced nearly all my life. I've lived in hotels, on trains, out of a trunk. I've never really had a home, and Glenn wants this more than anything else. I think what I have to gain is much greater than what I am giving up."

Even after Peter was born, wonderful offers continued to pour in for Eleanor. A fabulous one came from South America. The London Palladium wanted her. It would have been easy for Eleanor to return to work then. Peter was too young to miss her. They needed the money badly. But, to Eleanor, such a move was out of the question. She was Mrs. Glenn Ford, wife and mother.

Glenn had first become aware of his future wife in 1938, when she was dancing on the New York stage in "At Home Abroad." The then unknown Ford sat in the balcony and watched—entranced. Across the street Eleanor was also dancing in "Broadway Melody" on screen.

Actor Pat O'Brien played cupid when Glenn was working in his picture called "Flight Lieutenant." Between scenes, Glenn had confided that he was looking for a girl who wasn't "shopworn." A girl who loved a home and family. A girl who liked a quiet, normal life. He "casually" mentioned Eleanor. So Pat invited the couple to a party at his home.

They were engaged for over a year. And at the time they were married, Glenn said, they wanted an old fashioned kind of marriage. Eleanor, who had worked so long and so hard, would retire to raise a family and run a happy home. There are those who believe that it was also a matter of pride with Glenn. A man isn't comfortable when his wife makes ten times the salary he can command. And so when offers of dancing engagements kept pouring in, they fell on deaf ears. Eleanor was contented with her life. But not so, Glenn. Ambition gnawed. His three years in the service had interrupted his career and he was determined to catch up.

Fate in the form of Bette Davis entered the picture. Unable to get Henry Fonda for "A Stolen Life," she tested Glenn. His immediate click in this picture sent him right into "Gilda" with Rita Hayworth. This boosted his stock sky high. In the meantime, Glenn had grown more restless with his life. He wanted to live better, to expand, and the general impression was that he was no longer the simple, frightened "kid" whom everyone felt sorry for and wanted to help.

One day Glenn came home. "I've found our new house," he announced to Eleanor's unbelieving ears. They did need more room, she knew. They really weren't in a position to go into debt, but—if Glenn wanted it— Eleanor got into the car and drove with Glenn to Beverly Hills. When they stopped and she saw the house, her heart sank. It was an estate. Three-and-a-half acres of fruit trees, gardens, a swimming pool—and for neighbors, Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire. The price was reportedly over $100,000.

Glenn was elated. The house came completely furnished. There was a special housekeeping suite where Glenn could study. It was just what he wanted. And so Eleanor wanted the house too.

Marriage, after all is a partnership, and her friends say she felt she would be able to do her bit to help pay for the house. But she was leery of the idea of dancing again. To one of her good friends she confided, "When I quit I was champ in my line. I was on top. Now we've had a war. Night club business is bad. How do I know people will even remember who I am?"

However, against great odds, Eleanor went into the Beverly Hills Club in Cincinnati. She broke all records . Previous to this she had opened in Buffalo, danced at Las Vegas.

Rumors began again that there was trouble with the Glenn Fords. One columnist even printed that Eleanor Powell had better come home and take care of her family—if she expected to find a family waiting for her. Another sympathized with the lonely figure of Glenn while his wife was away "taking bows and hearing the plaudits of the crowd." It nearly broke Eleanor's heart.

From this time on the rumors grew, and rumors have a way of multiplying. It was reported that both Glenn and Eleanor were unhappy. It was intimated that they had never been meant for one another, that in the first glow of love, Hollywood spectators had overlooked the fact that Glenn and Ellie are opposites in many ways—especially in their relationships with other people. Normally, Ellie is a very gay, friendly, enthusiastic and talkative person. Glenn is retiring and uncommunicative. When she is out socially, she always appears to be enjoying herself, whereas Glenn seems unhappy.

But then the things Glenn and Eleanor do have in common are often overlooked. Their backgrounds are similar. Both are from small towns and prefer a quiet, simple life. Each is an only child and they have both always been exceptionally devoted to their mothers. As children they were painfully shy. Yet both assumed family responsibilities early in life. Essentially they are the same kind of people. They love their son and, more than anything, want to give him a happy home.

From the beginning, Glenn and Eleanor have shared a belief that a perfect marriage is built on a foundation of love. If they remain together, perhaps their next ten years will find this belief and their love growing even stronger.

Glenn Ford

(*Continued from page* 48)

always will be, terrific highs and lows in the life of Glenn Ford. These moods produce shyness, loneliness, aggressiveness, unrest. During the years of her married life with him, Eleanor Powell Ford has lived to learn that the expected is usually the unexpected. Glenn, himself, has frankly admitted that he is far from easy to live with.

"I get tired of reading about how wonderful movie stars are," he once told a writer. "You and I know it's not possible to be absolutely perfect. If, for instance, you've ever been led to believe that I approach being an ideal man, ask anyone who actually has to bear up under the strain of me at close range. Holy cow, you'll receive a blast."

He's honest and outspoken, this Ford. "It never occurs to me to deny myself an honest opinion whenever one hits me," he also has said. "Ellie is always telling me I hurt acquaintances with my straight talk to them. If we have company who want to stay late and I've had a hard day with an early studio call ahead, I don't mind announcing I've got to get some sleep. If we are stuck at a dull party, I'll hiss in Ellie's ear, 'Honey, let's get out of here!' We do, but if I were alone, I'd not ease out in the slow, polite way she prefers."

Even in a crowd, Glenn seems lonely. Bette Davis saw it when he tested with her for his role in "A Stolen Life," the picture that brought him into Hollywood's big-time league. "There's something about Glenn—an air of loneliness, a sort of helplessness—that makes you want to do everything within your power to help him," she says.

People were always inclined to feel this way about Glenn. "I looked forlorn," I guess," he has remarked, referring to his pre-service days, "because I was inclined to brood, subject to spells of depression. I had never learned how to have fun, you see. Being an only son, my father's death made me the head of the family when I was just out of high school. I grew up by myself. I didn't make friends easily and I wasn't considered good company."

Glenn realized that it was a sense of kindness that prompted people to help him and, strangely enough, when he tried to discourage them he seemed to rob them of a kind of personal satisfaction. But there were times when he had to prove that he could look out for himself.

People, including Glenn, are also inclined to believe that the war years changed him. Formerly, he was afraid to say no to requests. Afraid of hurt feelings. As a result, he seemed always to be obligating himself to do what he least wished.

A year-and-a-half after his and Ellie's marriage—just two months before Peter Newton Ford was born—Glenn got out of the service. It was just like beginning all over again, as far as his interrupted career was concerned. Glenn was making a small salary when he answered the call to arms. The unforgettable "Gilda" that shot him to the top was yet in the future, so he returned to the scale of living he had known before the war. Only this time there was a family to consider. The future was uncertain as far as progress and a better scale of living were concerned. Things are different now. However, outsiders believe that although he collected a six-figure salary for his role opposite Rita Hayworth in "Affair in Trinidad," an inner conflict shows in his face.

That Glenn has changed, there is little doubt. He hardly seems the same fellow who proposed to his girl over a soda in an ice cream parlor. The Fords seldom entertain these days. Glenn's former weekly poker parties with tried and true friends are a thing of the past. But people who have known Glenn Ford along the way have always said that you never really do know him—that just when you feel closest to him, he shuts you out. It's something he can't help. And that must make a happily married life difficult.

It would seem that Glenn has everything one man would want out of life—a wife who certainly loves him, a fine son, a flourishing career that now pays off in huge hunks. He was handsomely paid for making "Time Bomb" in England recently. Perhaps it has been his intense fight for security for his family that has made the difference.

When you sum it all up, it takes you right back to his very first picture of any importance—the picture that got one foot inside the Hollywood gates for Glenn. The picture was called "Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence," and the unknown Ford was acclaimed by critics. It would seem—sitting on the outside and looking at Glenn on the inside—that this is the life he has made for himself today . . . heaven with a barbed wire fence! THE END

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Anything Goes

(*Continued from page* 69)

however, and successfully saw her anonymous partner through the routine.

In the wings, in the meantime, the director was fuming. And after Danny had taken his bows, the director rushed up to the imposter and furiously demanded his name. Danny was suitably meek. "Danny Kaye," he murmured.

"Danny Kaye!" the director almost exploded. "But this is wonderful!"

The director did *not* offer Danny an engagement—although the one-shot ballet dancer is convinced he might have, with just a little encouragement. But Danny couldn't have done anything about it anyway. He was scheduled to get back to London for a Command Performance before the Royal Family.

Another escapade of a star involved a bit of detective work on my part.

Italian villagers, several years ago, flocked to the tent on the outskirts of town to see the mysterious Cagliostro. Never, rumor whispered, had so mighty a master of legerdemain been seen in Lombardy—certainly not since the Middle Ages. The wonder-worker was a huge, dark-browed man of ferocious aspect for whom animals and flowers appeared and disappeared.

"Maraviglioso," exclaimed the awestruck patrons.

Next day the tent was gone, and Cagliostro's shingle was out in another village. Who was the mystery man who appeared from nowhere to bewitch the peasants and their pretty wives as well as to charm the precious *lire* from their pockets?

Cagliostro disappeared from the Italian byways as suddenly as he had come, and, perhaps the audiences in the ancient hill-towns are wondering about him yet.

Intrigued with the story, I remembered one remarkable magician I knew. And in Rome, I went straight to him and demanded the truth. I was a good detective. The culprit grinned.

"You see, Elsa, I was broke and I had to see myself through to my next picture. But some of the experiences I had are going to be mighty useful when Greg Ratoff and I get together on the 'Great Cagliostro.' . . ." Which they certainly proved to be.

The mighty magician's name: Orson Welles.

Gene Tierney has been missing from this season's social flurry in Europe. She's been abroad, all right, but she has been spending almost all her time in serious pursuits—working on "Never Let Me Go" in London with Clark Gable, and in her spare time, studying ballet dancing.

But last year, she was completely caught up in the social whirl. And one of the biggest events of the year—a costume ball in Venice, found her arriving at the door dressed as a little Italian peasant girl. Her costume was perfect, down to the last detail—a basket of produce which swung over her arm.

One look at her, and the doorman sent her around to the servants' entrance. For a moment, Gene wanted to protest. But then she decided to relax—and just see what happened. Next thing, she was in the kitchens of the *Palazzo*.

She was busily making friends with the staff, when one of the guests who had seen her herded off, made his way back to rescue her. Gene should have been grateful—but she wasn't.

"I was having such a wonderful time," she said.

Also "having a wonderful time" is Errol Flynn. On location in the English countryside, where he is filming "Master of Ballantrae," Errol has been trying to behave like a "perfect English gentleman"—no

THE TOPS!

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practical jokes, no bizarre clothes, no displays of temperament. He's rented a beautiful home in suburban London pending the arrival of Patrice and has admitted to being "too tired" from shooting to raise cain at the night clubs.

The only deviation from this new approach to life happened when bit player, Jane Harte, complained of being "warm enough to take a shower with my clothes on." Before she knew what hit her, Errol had picked her up and tossed her into a nearby shower stall and turned the water on full force.

Clark Gable was accessory—rather than instigator in a little adventure last summer. It was the height of the holiday season in Cornwall when Clark arrived on location for M-G-M's "Never Let Me Go." In the hundreds-of-years-old town of Mevagissey, Clark was working on an outdoor set surrounded at respectful distances by adoring holiday-makers. Those with cameras would come hesitantly up between shots to take a candid picture of their idol and were given full cooperation.

One day he noticed a middle-aged man standing at the edge of the crowd, camera in hand, just watching. Hour after hour, the man didn't budge. Finally as the sun was setting, and the unit was packing up for the night, he approached slowly, purple in the face with terror.

"Begging your pardon Mr. Gable, can I take your picture?"

"Well, sure," Clark agreed, grinning his famous grin. "But why did you wait all day?"

"To tell you the truth, I didn't want to be here at all. It was my wife started this," he explained. "She made me get up early this morning—it's my day off from the quarry—and go out and buy a camera. She said, 'Don't come back till you've got Gable's picture.' It's past my tea now and I don't mind telling you I'm hungry!"

So the willing model posed for the reluctant photographer.

One of the best bull fights I've ever seen was in a villa at Biarritz.

It happened this way. About thirty of us had met for lunch in the home of a dear old friend of mine who lives near the Spanish border. Our plan was to go to San Sebastian afterwards, to see the bull fights. But just as we were getting ready to leave, a terribly heavy storm broke out, and that was the end of our plans. We looked forward to a pretty grim afternoon, with the rain pelting at the windows and lightning flashing all around us.

Suddenly, down the stairs swept a matador—waving a red velvet drape in front of him. In his hands, he held two long toasting forks. He paused dramatically. "You wanted a bull fight. Here you are!"

For the next hour, Charlie Chaplin proved to our little group just how well he deserves his reputation as the greatest mimic in the world. He was the bull, he was the picador, he was the matador. And he was sensational.

As a fitting climax to the performance—after he had, as the matador, successfully slain himself, as the bull, he transformed himself into thousands of cheering Spaniards and exited shouting, *"Olé, Olé!"*

British stars—for all you hear of their so-called dignity and restraint—are just as likely as our home-grown variety to let themselves go and have a little fun when they get away from home. The famous Bea Lillie didn't even bother to get very *far* away.

After years of star billings, she thought it would be fun to see how it felt to work as an unknown music hall entertainer again. So calling herself Miss Brown, she applied to the manager of a variety house in a seaside resort not far from London. She didn't try very hard to sell herself on talent. Her appeal was emotional: she was broke, and she was hungry—and well, yes—she could do some fairly decent imitations of Bea Lillie.

"Let's see," said the sympathetic manager. Bea ran through a slightly exaggerated burlesque of herself. "Well," said the manager, "I've seen better. But it's not bad." And he hired her for a week at thirty quid—about seventy-five dollars.

For seven days, she worked a two-a-day schedule that had the audiences rolling in the aisles—a Beatrice Lillie cavalcade. The manager was impressed—but business being business—he didn't let her know how much, except to offer her a slight raise, "If, Miss Brown, you'd care to stay on."

She rejected the offer, with an apology. "Oh, I'd like to, very much," she said, "but I can't. You see, I start another engagement tomorrow—at £1,000 a week. That's what I usually earn when I work under my own name—Bea Lillie."

Turning her back on the home fires has pretty much the same effect on Ginger Rogers that it has on a lot of girls on holiday: kindling romantic fires!

Ginger, much in evidence at the Riviera gay spots last summer, was seen a great deal with one Monsieur Jacques Bergerac, a prominent Paris lawyer. And while at this writing Ginger wouldn't commit herself beyond the fact that she was "loving France," the talk hereabouts is that, unlike the sad, long-nosed Bergerac (first name, Cyrano) of literature, who lost the girl of his dreams, the suave, elegant Bergerac (first name, Jacques) of contemporary history is very likely to wind up with his dream girl permanently in his arms.

So, there's a chance that at least one far-from-home escapade will shape up into a serious hearthside matter. THE END

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COLDS' MISERIES

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 35)

"The Student Prince." Some say he has financial worries. Others believe it's just plain temperament . . . Expensive news for M-G-M was the announced abandonment of the Lanza picture. They had forked out $700,000 for costumes, pre-recordings of Mario's songs, Ann Blyth's services on loan from U-I, other salaries and expenses.

At The Moment: Jane Powell's public appearances without Geary Steffen are easily explained. He reports annually to the Army Reserve Corps for special training . . . Robert Wagner with a similar setup, celebrating his last night in town with Debbie two-double-chocolate-sundae-girl Reynolds! . . . To our knowledge it's never been printed, and we join all of Hollywood in wondering why Olivia de Havilland finds it necessary to hire a bodyguard for her son Benjy . . . According to Bob Hope: "So many mysterious fires have broken out at Warners, they're now signing all new contracts on asbestos!"

Twinkle Twinkle: Remember, Cal told you first that Terry Moore is going to get the most super-sexy buildup of any gal in pictures. Literally and physically speaking, she's busting out all over! When she makes "Man on the Tight Rope" opposite Fredric March in Germany, Terry will keep a date with Kirk Douglas in Capri. Then, when the picture finishes, she'll have a whirl in Paris with attorney Greg Bautzer. These charming chaps have a charming surprise waiting for them, however. Terry's mama is traveling with her daughter!

Happy Chappy: No wonder Gig Young's neighbors were startled when they saw him working in his garden attired in shorts and wearing a monocle. No, the ol' boy hasn't gone European on us. He was merely "breaking" in the monocle for the role he was scheduled to play in "The Student Prince." Gig is very happy these days with a new contract, plus raise from M-G-M.

Friendly Enemies: It always happens in Hollywood. By the time Rock Hudson and Yvonne DeCarlo dated a few times and played in two pictures together, they decided they could get along without each other just fine. Anyway, Rock was very excited about playing opposite Linda Darnell in "Toilers of the Sea," in England. So what happens? So Linda's doctor advised her against taking the trip and you know who got the part! Those torrid love scenes between Rock and Yvonne will really prove what good actors they are.

Sights You See: Jane Russell at Dora and Jody Hutchison's fabulous Luau, wearing long jade-green feather earrings . . . Vera-Ellen and Doris Day, who attended the same dancing classes in Cincinnati, lunching in the Brown Derby with home-town girl friends who were vacationing in Holly-

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wood . . . Rory Calhoun, who bought a new house on Beverly Drive, running across the street to borrow electric light bulbs from good neighbor Cornel Wilde.

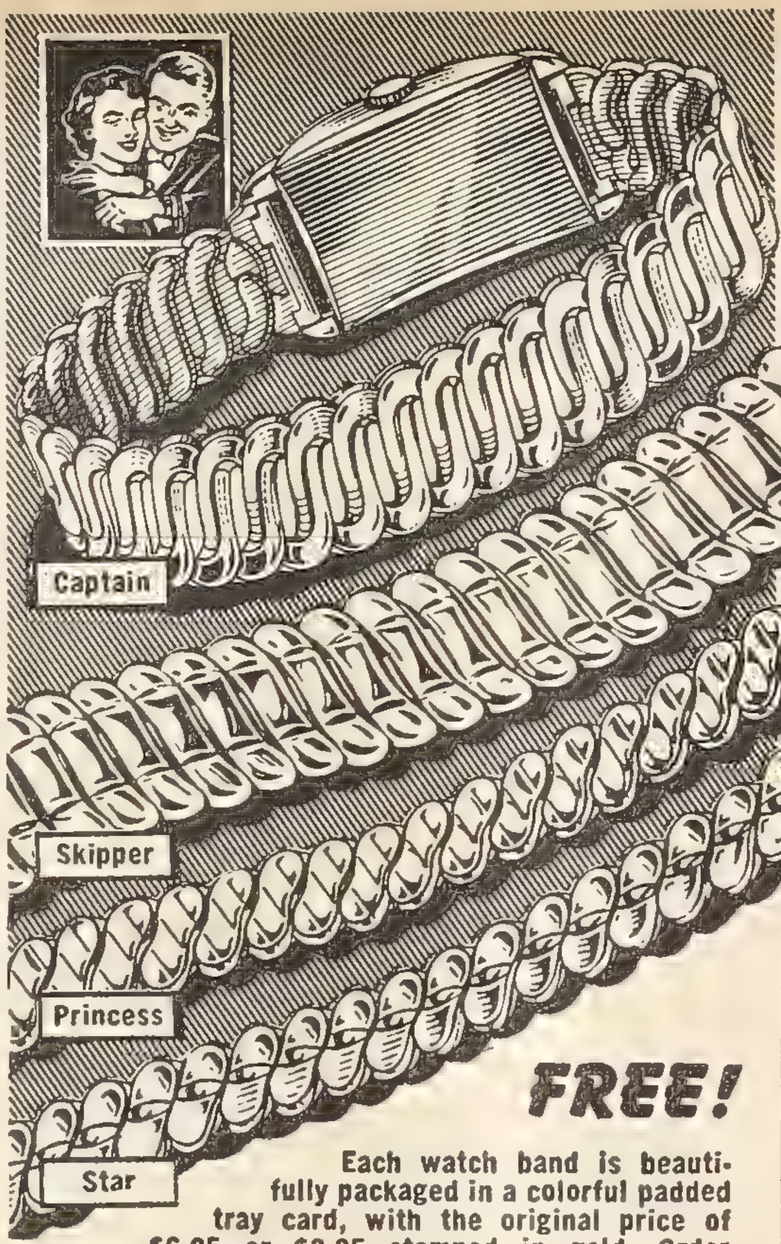
Seen and Heard on Sets: Betty Grable taking a bath for "The Farmer Takes a Wife": "Get me, with two stand-ins—one wet and one dry!" . . . Van Johnson shooting "A Steak for Connie": "I love the first day of a picture because I'm anxious to get back to work. I love the last day, too, because I can eat again and not have to worry about putting on weight!" . . . Jean Peters between scenes on "Niagara": "Marilyn Monroe plays a sexpot in this one, so I'm happy to add six inches to all my necklines. In my next picture, however, I'll be out in front!"

Gold Fish Bowl: Cal heard it with his own two flapping ears, as he sat back-to-back with Marlon Brando in the M-G-M commissary. With the fabulous fellow were famous Shakespearean actor John Gielgud, and James Mason, all acting together in "Julius Caesar." "I wish," said Brando almost wistfully, "that people would look at me with interest instead of curiosity." As he said it, the waitress arrived and placed before him a big bowl of raw eggs topped with sour cream!

Hollywood Kaleidoscope: Alan Ladd is the kindest actor they've ever served, so waitresses in the U-I commissary are forming a fan club, and calling themselves "Ladd's Lassies" . . . . Because she's near-sighted and looks like she's staring on the screen, Patrice Wymore now wears special contact lenses over her pupils . . . Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis get their wish to work together in Paramount's "Houdini" . . . Jerry Lewis turned over his dressing room for their use with a sign on the door reading, "Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz!"

Big Boy: A twenty-first birthday happens once in a lifetime, which is why Tab Hunter, your "Choose Your Star" winner, will never forget his. The muscular blond who clicked quick in "Island of Desire" (his first picture) lost his own father at the age of twelve. So he was deeply touched when Harold Lloyd gave a party for him. The famous comedian became interested in Tab when Harold Lloyd, Jr. brought his friend to the house. Senior has been his mentor ever since. Old Harold Lloyd comedies, which they had never seen (natch!), were projected for Tab and his guests.

Home Sweet Home: Bill Holden tells it on himself! "We loved Europe, but yearned for home again. First, we ran out of money—it's so expensive there. We missed the kids, and we were nostalgic about our beautiful home and the peaceful life we live. The city was smothered in fog and smog when we arrived. Landing in Palmdale, we waited three hours to be picked up. As we walked in, our house stood on end. It was Mother Nature's way of welcoming us—with an earthquake!"



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What should I do?

Your letters answered by ***Claudette Colbert***

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a divorcée, nineteen years old and have a beautiful baby daughter fifteen months old. I haven't seen my husband for a year.

We were married while my husband was in service three years ago. He was based at a camp near the city in which I live. His home was nearly two thousand miles away. After his discharge, we talked about going to his home town, but I didn't want to leave home.

You see, my mother was ill of an incurable disease, and I had been warned by the doctor that it was only a matter of time. I begged my husband to be patient as long as I could be of some comfort to my mother, but he finally walked out one day, leaving just a note.

I have written to him every single week since, but I have had no word from him.

We had such a perfect two years of marriage that I don't see how he could have forgotten it so soon. I have the notion he hasn't been receiving my letters.

Please tell me how I can win him back. My mother has been gone nearly three months, and I have been wondering if I should make the trip to his home to talk things over. What would you advise?

Paula J.

Dear Mrs. J:

When one person feels an overwhelming love, it is difficult to face the fact that so great an affection is not returned. However, there are certain definite signs of love. When a man holds a woman dear, he wants to be with her; her griefs are his and he can be relied upon to bolster her strength; he cares for the children; he shows in many ways that his affection is steadfast.

Deep down in your heart, you must know that a man in love does not walk out and then maintain a year's silence.

To avoid further heartache, you should accept the fact that the divorce you obtained, and which he did not contest, was your husband's desire. To follow him would only be to expose yourself to humiliation.

You should rebuild your life as quickly as possible. If this is any comfort, experience has indicated that a man who will do what your husband has done is not worth the salt of a woman's tears.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT? If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she will consider answering it here. Names will be held confidential.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen years old and very much worried about my hair. It is beginning to turn gray so fast that it will be whipped cream white in another year.

Some of my friends suggest that I have it dyed. Others say that I should leave it as it is. It is naturally curly, which is one advantage.

I hope to get married one day when I meet Mr. Right, but everyone says that a man is not attracted by gray hair. I will be thought old and no one will take an interest in me.

What do you think I should do?

Leona D.

Dear Miss D:

Contrary to your statement that a man is not attracted by gray hair, I should like to say that some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood have gray or graying hair. Mrs. Ray Milland looks blonde in her photographs, but her hair is really gray, thick, beautiful. Barbara Stanwyck's hair is also more white than black and photographs to great advantage. Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe and many others are platinum blondes which actually is almost white.

It seems to me that you will be happier to allow your hair to turn white. Dye processes are highly successful in many cases, but they are expensive if done in beauty shops, and sometimes the results are not completely successful when tried at home. Also, the dye sometimes removes part of the curling tendency from hair.

There are so many gorgeous colors and fabrics to be worn by the woman with white hair: burgundy velvet, turquoise satin, shocking pink chiffon, are just a few.

Most girls yearn to be striking and chic; you have the perfect opportunity. Make the most of it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

You may think this is a silly problem, but I've got to tell someone. I am afraid that when I do anything, no matter how unimportant, people who are watching me will make fun if something goes wrong. This might not be so bad in civilian life, but I am a member of one of the women's uniformed services.

All my life I have wanted to be able to get up in front of people and talk with poise and grace. Instead, I simply get nervous and give up.

How can I overcome this dreadful self-consciousness?

I have two assets. I am told that I have a lovely face and a "million dollar" smile, but they aren't much help when my tongue freezes and my mind goes blank.

Uarda F.

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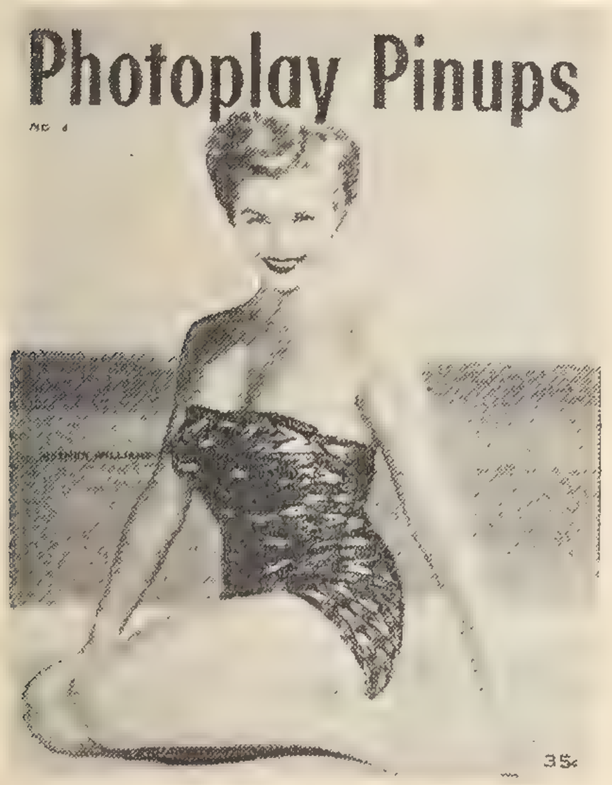

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Dear Miss F:

There are some simple tricks you can try. The first hurdle you must leap is your own self-criticism. Don't compare yourself with the best speaker you have ever heard; compare yourself with the worst. You KNOW you can do better than he did, don't you?

Next, when you stand up, look around the audience, using that million-dollar smile of yours, and locate your best friend. Aim what you have to say at her. Probably the two of you chat by the hour unrestrainedly, so it is easy for you to express yourself to her.

Be natural. Don't grope for big, impressive words. Use your simple, comfortable, everyday vocabulary. Say what you have to say and then thank your audience and sit down.

Finally, don't expect compliments even if you make the best speech since Gettysburg. Talking in public is no greater a trick than walking in public and you've been doing that since you were a year old!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I will be thirty my next birthday, but my mother seems to think I am still in bobby sox.

She has had a very difficult life. She had four children, three older than I. All three passed away during the past ten years. We lost both my brothers in World War II. My older sister died of pneumonia, leaving two small children who were taken by her husband, although my mother wanted them.

Then, when I was twenty-one, my father left home. I rented an apartment for my mother and took one myself in a building several miles away. I call her every day and try to spend at least one weekend a month with her and I contribute to her support.

Now I am in love with a man who works in my office and I want to marry him. When I told my mother, she had a nervous collapse. She says I am all she has left in the world.

I haven't told this man much about my mother. We have talked of my continuing to work, but I haven't explained why. Perhaps I'm afraid of losing him. Do you think I should go ahead and get married and then have him meet my mother, or should I discuss it in advance?

Glenda A.

Dear Miss A:

Certainly, you should tell this man about your mother, and the sooner the better. She is a vital part of your life and one which he has every right to know about. If he truly loves you, he will be understanding of your problem and will want to help you shoulder it.

You must not let your mother's hysteria prevent your marriage. Although her life has, admittedly, been difficult, her tragic memories must not be allowed to stand in the way of your future happiness. The life pattern demands that the younger generation take precedence over the older.

When you marry, however, you must not desert your mother. She continues to be your responsibility and you should go on working for her support. If eventually your future husband can afford to do so—and will volunteer to help out, so much the better. But you cannot, of course, demand this of him.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married five years ago, when I was fourteen, and now I have two lovely babies, a girl of three and a boy of ten months. I realize now that I married too early; I am just now beginning to be an adult and the number of things I *don't* know simply scares me to death.

More and more I realize that I don't know enough about children and how to raise them. All my life I grew up too fast. I want to teach the babies not to grab at adult life, because it comes soon enough.

My little girl is showing signs of rebellion against me and I don't know what to do. I

(*Continued on page* 110)

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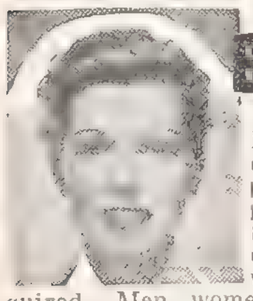

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What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 109)

hate to seem like a tyrant to her, but she won't do anything I ask.

Can you tell me how I can get advice on child care, and how I can grow up faster in order to cope with my responsibilities?

My daughter isn't really bad, just unruly. She seems to try me at times as though she realized I don't know what to do.

Barbara E.

Dear Mrs. E:

There is an important book called "The Inner World of Childhood" by Frances G. Wickes, and published by D. Appleton-Century Company, New York City, which you should read. If you can't borrow it from your public library, you might ask your local bookstore to order it for you, or you might write to the publisher direct.

It will give you important insight into both your own problems and those of your children.

Meanwhile, your relationship with your daughter might be improved if you remember that an elder child frequently becomes a demon when a new baby is born. The elder child feels set aside and, as a result, tries to attract attention to itself.

If you will give your daughter exceptional attention and constant reassurance of your love, and if you will make her feel that the new baby is hers as much as yours, there is an excellent chance that your daughter will again become loving and cooperative.

Whether you know it or not, you are already a good mother. You are eager to improve yourself in order to help your youngsters. That is the essence of good parenthood.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a widow of fifty-six, and after years of independence, now live with my daughter who is divorced.

Our household is made up of my daughter, her son, myself, and my dead son's boy. Unfortunately the two boys dislike each other intensely. Add to that discord the fact that I am not happy to have to accept a dole from my daughter. I keep house, so I more than earn my keep but it is galling to my pride not to have my own money.

There is a widower of sixty living not far away who has asked me to marry him. He is deeply religious, super-religious I think, and he wants everyone to think along his ideas. He told me once that he wouldn't allow me to cook for him as long as I wore nail polish.

He could give me everything in a material way and he could provide a home for my grandson, away from the arguments of my daughter's home.

Do you think that a woman my age can make over her life and find happiness? Love is for youngsters, I am reconciled to that; but is quiet affection possible? Can a mature man and woman find contentment together?

Mrs. Anne M.

Dear Mrs. M:

I believe that love, the real thing, can come at any age. In your case, however, it would seem to me that this man might bring you more misery than you could possibly know if you continued in your present situation.

At least you, your daughter, and your two grandsons are all members of the same family. You can forgive a great deal among yourselves.

It is the idiosyncrasies of a stranger which are difficult to understand or to endure.

Why wouldn't it be possible to make a business deal with this man? Agree to accept the responsibility of his home and his care in exchange for a home for yourself and your grandson, plus a reasonable cash salary. It is much easier to put up with sermons and dictatorial conduct from an employer than from a husband.

Claudette Colbert

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Room for One More

(*Continued from page* 40)

identified and understood the empty space in her heart. It was the niche meant for the brothers and sisters she'd never had.

At the discovery, the faint gloom lifted from the spirit of this only child, and a cheering warmth took its place. She was making herself a promise: some day *she* would be the mother in a duplication of this Christmas scene; she and her husband would be surrounded by children trimming the tree, bickering happily, enjoying the delights of this family holiday.

Of course, on that faraway night the girl who was Suzanne Burce hadn't the remotest idea that she would become Jane Powell, world-famous movie star. She dreamed simply of becoming the wife of someone like Geary Steffen, the mother of a baby like Geary III and of his brothers and sisters-to-be.

In the Hollywood restaurant, Geary was startled to hear his wife laugh suddenly and say, "Do you know, one of the first reasons I liked you was because you had such a nice brother and sister. And because your sister had two children. I said to myself, 'Isn't it wonderful to know that our children are all set with cousins in advance?' I consider cousins almost as important as brothers and sisters," Janie announced positively.

"Oh fine!" Geary growled. "And all the time I thought you loved me because I could give you diamonds."

"That reminds me." Janie tapped his shoulder with an admonitory forefinger. "No presents when the new baby is born. *No* more diamonds!" When Jay was born, Geary rushed to the town's most famous jeweler to buy Jane a pair of magnificent earrings. "If you want to splurge," Janie added, "just put the money into our New House Fund."

That new house has been a family joke with the Steffens for over a year. They've been gradually outgrowing the little house they bought on a love-at-first-sight basis when they were newlyweds, and the arrival of the second baby will complete the process. But the Steffens have found the "perfect" home for themselves and the dreamed-of family that might well reach O'Sullivan-Farrow size.

This is how they found it: While they were driving around idly one Sunday, they passed a low, rambling English cottage of weathered red brick, with a wide-eaved shingled roof. It was surrounded by gardens vivid with bougainvillea, geraniums, copa de oro, lantana, petunias and even hollyhocks. A redwood stake fence enclosed a patio and a turquoise tiled pool.

Jane and Geary drove around it several times, exchanging breathless comments: "It's vacant . . . How *could* it be? It's so appealing . . . How much, do you suppose? . . ." Finally, they drove to the office of the real-estate firm listed on the "For Sale" sign, Jane keeping her fingers crossed all the way.

Yes, the agent said, the house was vacant. A very unusual house. He wouldn't quote a price until they had seen the interior. He would meet them at the property with a key. "Today?" asked Jane.

Back they went, and the interior proved to be as much to their tastes as the exterior. There was a gracious living room with a deep fireplace, wide windows and a perfect spot for the television set; there were a family-size dining room, a big, homey kitchen, a paneled den with a second fireplace and floor-to-ceiling bookshelves (a good room for parents to retreat to when daughters start entertaining beaux); there were six great, airy bedrooms and six tiled bathrooms.

(*Continued on page* 112)

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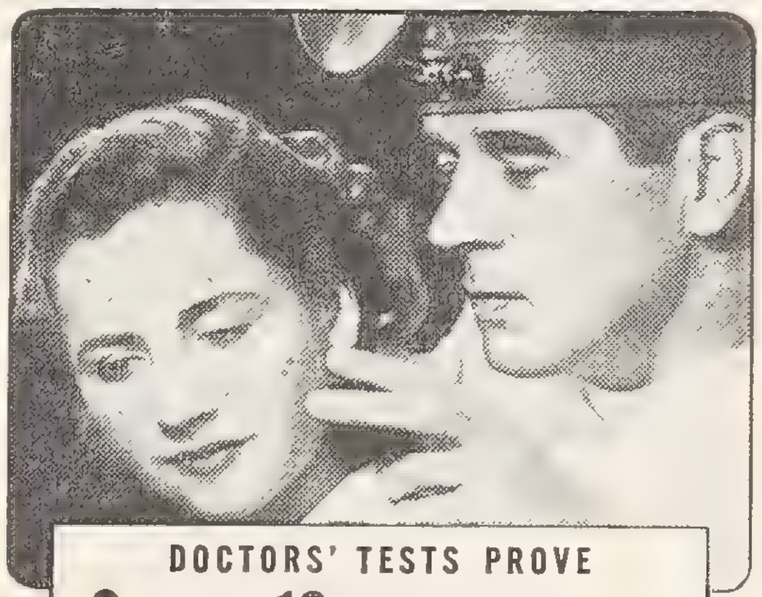

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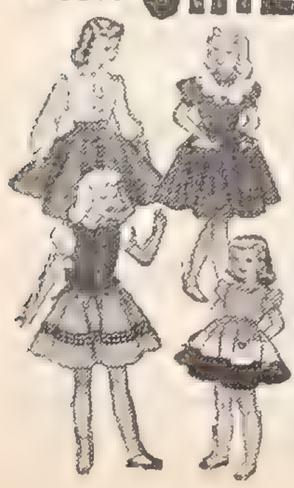

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(*Continued from page* 111)

By the time they returned to the living room, the Steffens were walking in a dream that was spoiled only by a sense of foreboding: there must be a catch. Clearing his throat, Geary at last nerved himself to ask the vital questions about taxes, down payment, bank-loan appraisal . . . and price.

Jane gasped when she heard the figure; but she managed to turn the sound effect into a cough.

The figure might have referred to the cubic footage of the Empire State Building or the amount of postage necessary to carry a special-delivery letter to the moon; it had about that much relationship to the price a pair af junior householders with kids could afford.

"We must be going, Geary," said Jane with great dignity.

But they talked about it all the way home—about the hardwood floors and the elegant fireplaces—about the wide windows and the huge closets—the ample cupboard space and the many built-in conveniences. Then, like many another young couple, they told each other staunchly that they certainly wouldn't sink that kind of money into a house right now. Furthermore, think of the cost of carpets, draperies, furniture!

They didn't sigh when they said it—not very much, anyhow.

They went home to the small house in which they are still living. Jane announced that the two upstairs bedrooms were adequate and would be for a long time. "We can set up screens to separate Jay's half of the room from the new baby's nursery. And the nurse loves her downstairs room; she's comfortable. And the new baby won't change that. We're getting along fine here, and here we'll stay—until people start putting sensible prices on things."

The Steffens have formed an interesting habit. On the way home after an evening spent with friends, they often drive to the dream house and casually pull into the driveway as if they were about to enter their own garage and then turn the key in their own door. Sometimes, they walk up the moon-dappled path and around the broad, low veranda. "The trim around the windows needs repainting," they'll say. "Next time, let's use forest green instead of black." Pleasant make-believe . . .

To this day, the house remains unsold. Jane and Geary feel that it winks at them as they drive by. Sooner or later, they're sure, they'll be coming home to it. Meanwhile, they don't mind waiting. It's only reasonable to postpone moving until the stork's intentions are clear, they tell themselves; then they'll know whether they need one bedroom with blue draperies and one with pink, or whether they should plan on installing bunk beds in the boys' dormitory.

With such a tangible dream in mind, small wonder that Jane was so firm about remembering the New House Fund and forgetting the diamonds when the new baby arrives. Over the coffee on that gala evening, she went on discussing the welcome-home arrangements. "We have to think about clothes, too. One thing's sure: This baby won't have any hand-me-downs to wear. Do you know, Jay's used up every single one of the shirts and the soakers and the rubber panties and the blankets he started out with. Everything! And it looks to me as if that young man's always going to wear out his equipment faster than he can outgrow it."

"Is that bad?" Geary said. "What kid enjoys wearing his big brother's old clothes?" (Note that Geary's sticking to his hunch about the new baby's sex.)

"But if the baby's a girl she'll *want* to

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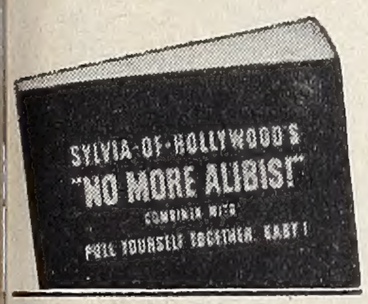

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wear Jay's clothes," Jane explained. "When I was in school, I was *so* envious of the girls who had older brothers that they could borrow shirts and levis from. You know—in your teens, brand-new clothes of your own are never as sharp as outfits that somebody else has broken in. They have to be a little bit faded and frayed to look cool."

It was understood between Jane and Geary that certain items Jay hasn't had a chance to wear out *will* become hand-me-downs. Boy or girl, the new Steffen will inherit some of the silver porringers, silver comb-and-brush sets, silver flatware and silver cups that were showered upon Jane before Jay's arrival. She rationed her firstborn to one each of the handsome gifts, and the duplicates were placed in a safe-deposit box to be initialed for the brothers and sisters to come.

If the newcomer is a girl, she will eventually inherit one of her mother's dearest possessions, a gold signet ring that was given to Jane on her seventh birthday. Jane still wears it and swears that she'll continue to wear it until she has a daughter who has grown up enough to treasure it too. By that time, Jane hopes, she'll have to buy a few similar signet rings to keep the peace among several daughters.

Thinking of souvenirs for herself, this sentimental mother plans to preserve the new baby's first walking shoes by having them cast in bronze and set on weighted bookend bases. She has her own scuffed and wrinkled baby shoes (saved by her mother) ready to be combined with Jay's first walkers to form another pair of bookends.

Then there is the final bit of preparation for Miss or Master Steffen—a very important aspect that comes up whenever Jane and Geary discuss this delightful topic. It is, in keeping with modern techniques of child-rearing, the indoctrination of Jay. The Steffens decided well in advance that Jay was to hear the word "baby" often enough that its sound would be familiar to him. He was to see his mother cuddling a doll or a teddy bear wrapped in a blanket often enough that he would accept this behavior as ordinary and everyday, not as a threat to his own position in the household.

On the set of Metro's "Small Town Girl," a fellow player asked Jane how she was getting along with this task. "Not very fast," she admitted. "I've explained to him over and over that he's going to have company, and told him how wonderful it will be to have a little brother or sister. He listens to me with a bright look on his face, but I'm not sure he understands a word I'm saying. After all, it's an awfully complicated idea for such a little boy to grasp. And I don't think he'll ever learn what the word 'No!' means."

But a few days later Jane was able to report progress. The night before, she had been holding a doll, and Jay decided to take it. "But I want to hold the baby," his mother protested.

Master Jay tucked the Raggedy Andy under his arm, tottered to his own chair, sat down with the doll on his lap, and rocked back in forth in perfect imitation of his mother.

"No," he said.

He had learned a new word. And at the same time he had shown some understanding of the needs of Raggedy Andies.

"So I guess everything will work out all right," his proud mother sighed. "And we'll have a much better idea how to go about it *next* time." THE END

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DOROTHY KIRSTEN,
Metropolitan Opera star

"Singing is my love—and my living. So my voice and throat mean a lot to me. When I made my own 30-day **Camel** test, I found Camels suit my **throat.** I've smoked Camels ever since...and smoking has never been so **pleasant!**"

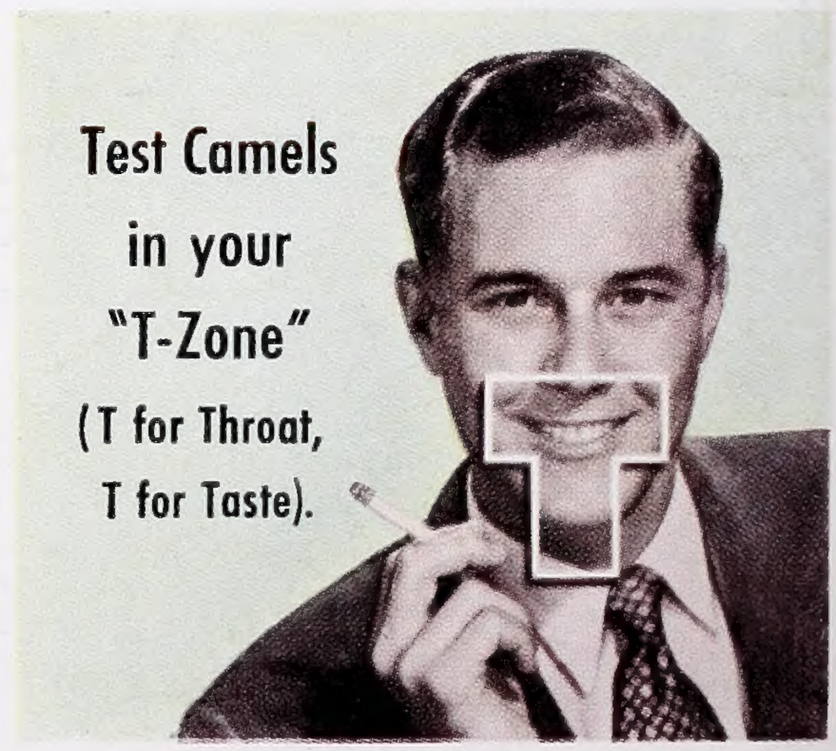
Smoke only Camels for 30 days...see for yourself how well

CAMELS AGREE WITH YOUR THROAT!

Try America's most popular cigarette as your steady smoke. Make the Camel 30-day test. Smoke Camels and only Camels for 30 days. Enjoy their rich, full flavor . . . enjoy their cool, cool mildness. You'll see how Camels keep on pleasing *your* taste. You'll see how Camels suit *your* throat—pack after pack, week after week!

You'll prove to yourself in your own "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste) how mild and good tasting Camels are. You'll see why so many smokers say, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel".

Test Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste).



CAMEL OUTSELLS ALL OTHER BRANDS

BY BILLIONS OF CIGARETTES!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.